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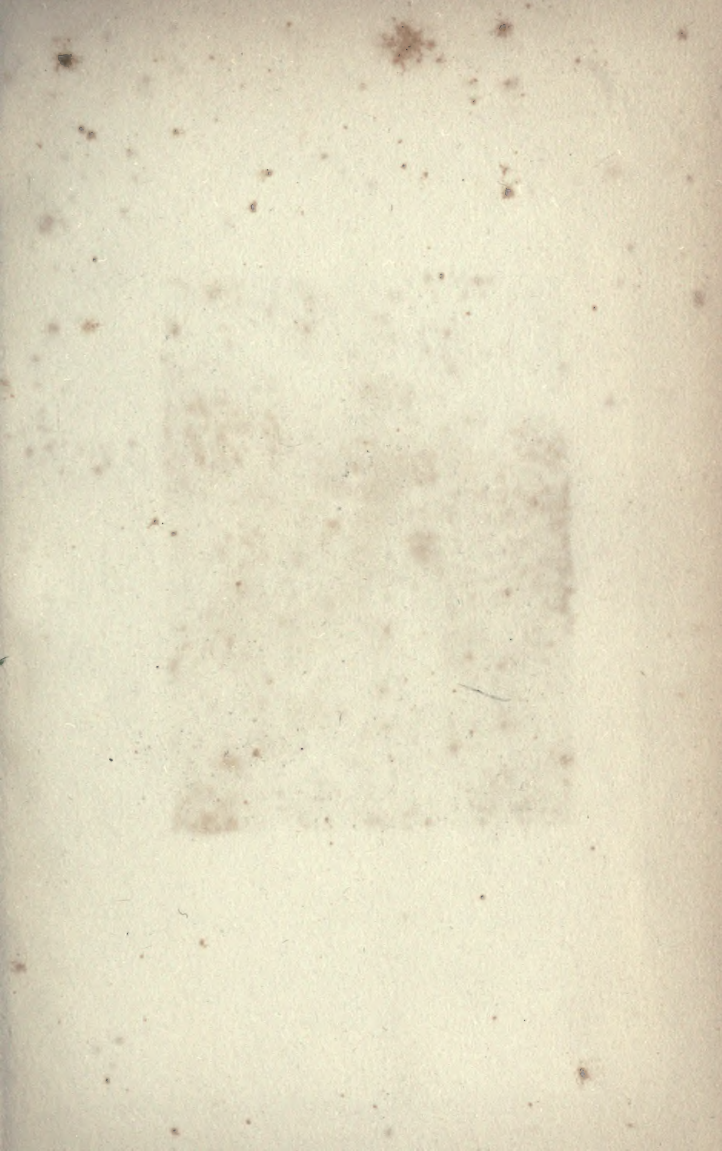






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OF
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THE VESPERS OF PALERMO.

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COUNT DI PROCIDA.	GUIDO.
RAIMOND DI PROCIDA, <i>his Son.</i>	ALBERTI.
ERIBERT, <i>Viceroy.</i>	ANSELMO, <i>a Monk.</i>
DE COUCH.	VITTORIA.
MONTALBA.	CONSTANCE, <i>Sister to Eribert.</i>

Nobles, Soldiers, Messengers, Vassals, Peasants, &c. &c.

SCENE—*Palermo.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Valley with Vineyards and Cottages*
Groups of Peasants—PROCIDA, disguised as a
Pilgrim, among them.

1st Pea. Ay, this was wont to be a festal time
In days gone by! I can remember well
The old familiar melodies that rose
At break of morn, from all our purple hills,
To welcome in the vintage. Never since
Hath music seem'd so sweet. But the light hearts
Which to those measures beat so joyously,
Are tamed to stillness now. There is no voice
Of joy through all the land.

2d Pea. Yes! there are sounds
Of revelry within the palaces,
And the fair castles of our ancient lords,
Where now the stranger banquets. Ye may hear,
From *thence* the peals of song and laughter rise
At midnight's deepest hour.

3d Pea. Alas! we sat,
In happier days, so peacefully beneath
The olives and the vines our fathers rear'd,
Encircled by our children, whose quick steps
Flew by us in the dance! The time hath been
When peace was in the hamlet, wheresoe'er
The storm might gather. But this yoke of France

Falls on the peasant's neck as heavily
As on the crested chieftain's. We are bow'd
E'en to the earth.

Pea.'s Child. My father, tell me when
Shall the gay dance and song again resound
Amidst our chestnut-woods, as in those days
Of which thou'rt wont to tell the joyous tale?

1st Pea. When there are light and reckless hearts once more
In Sicily's green vales. Alas! my boy,
Men meet not now to quaff the flowing bowl,
To hear the mirthful song, and cast aside
The weight of work-day care :—they meet to speak
Of wrongs and sorrows, and to whisper thoughts
They dare not breathe aloud.

Pro. (from the background.) Ay, it is well
So to relieve th' o'erburthen'd heart, which pants
Beneath its weight of wrong; but better far
In silence to avenge them!

An Old Pea. What deep voice
Came with that startling tone?

1st Pea. It was our guest's,
The stranger pilgrim who hath sojourn'd here
Since yesternorn. Good neighbors mark him well:
He hath a stately bearing, and an eye
Whose glance looks through the heart. His mien accords
Ill with such vestments. How he folds round him
His pilgrim cloak, e'en as it were a robe
Of knightly ermine! That commanding step
Should have been used in courts and camps to move.
Mark him!

Old Pea. Nay, rather, mark him not; the times
Are fearful, and they teach the boldest hearts
A cautious lesson. What should bring him here?

A Youth. He spoke of vengeance!

Old Pea. Peace! we are beset
By snares on every side, and we must learn
In silence and in patience to endure.
Talk not of vengeance, for the word is death.

Pro. (coming forward indignantly.) The word is death!

And what hath life for thee,
That thou shouldst cling to it thus? thou abject thing?
Whose very soul is moulded to the yoke,
And stamp'd with servitude. What! is it life,
Thus at a breeze to start, to school thy voice
Into low fearful whispers, and to cast
Pale jealous looks around thee, lest e'en then,
Strangers should catch its echo?—Is there aught
In this so precious, that thy furrow'd cheek
Is blanch'd with terror at the passing thought
Of hazarding some few and evil days,
Which drag thus poorly on?

Some of Peas.

Away, away!

Leave us, for there is danger in thy presence.

Pro. Why, what is danger?—Are there deeper ills
Than those ye bear thus calmly? Ye have drain'd
The cup of bitterness till nought remains
To fear or shrink from—therefore, be ye strong!
Power dwelleth with despair.—Why start ye thus
At words which are but echoes of the thoughts
Lock'd in your secret souls?—Full well I know,
There is not one among you, but hath nursed
Some proud indignant feeling, which doth make
One conflict of his life. I know *thy* wrongs,
And thine—and thine,—but if within your breasts
'I here is no chord that vibrates to *my* voice,
Then fare ye well.

A youth (coming forward.) No, no! say on, say on!
There are still free and fiery hearts e'en here,
That kindle at thy words.

Pea. If that indeed
Thou hast a hope to give us—

Pro. There is hope
For all who suffer with indignant thoughts
Which work in silent strength. What! think ye Heaven,
O'erlooks th' oppressor, if he bear awhile
His crested head on high?—I tell you, no!
Th' avenger will not sleep. It was an hour
Of triumph to the conqueror, when our king,
Our young brave Conradin, in life's fair morn
On the red scaffold died. Yet not the less
Is Justice throned above; and her good time
Comes rushing on in storms; that royal blood
Hath lifted an accusing voice from earth,
And hath been heard. The traces of the past
Fade in *man's* heart, but ne'er doth Heaven forget.

Pea. Had we but arms and leaders we are men
Who might earn vengeance yet; but wanting these,
What wouldst thou have us do?

Pro. Be vigilant;
And when the signal wakes the land, arise!
The peasant's arm is strong, and there shall be
A rich and noble harvest. Fare ye well. [*Exit PROCIDA*]

1st Pea. This man should be a prophet: how he seem'd
To read our hearts with his dark searching glance
And aspect of command! and yet his garb
Is mean as ours.

2d Pea. Speak low; I know him well.
At first his voice disturb'd me, like a dream
Of other days, but I remember now
His form, seen oft when in my youth I served
Beneath the banners of our kings! 'Tis he
Who hath been exiled and proscribed so long,
The Count di Procida.

Pea. And is this he?

Then Heaven protect him ! for around his steps
Will many snares be set.

1st Pea. He comes not thus
But with some mighty purpose ; doubt it not ;
Perchance to bring us freedom. He is one,
Whose faith, through many a trial, hath been proved
True to our native princes. But away !
The noontide heat is past, and from the seas
Light gales are wandering through the vineyards ; now
We may resume our toil. [*Exeunt Peasants*]

SCENE II.—*A Terrace of a Castle.*

ERIBERT, VITTORIA.

Vit. Have I not told thee, that I bear a heart
Blighted and cold ?—Th' affections of my youth
Lie slumbering in the grave : their fount is closed,
And all the soft and playful tenderness
Which hath its home in woman's breast, ere yet
Deep wrongs have sear'd it ; all is fled from mine.
Urge me no more.

Eri. O lady ! doth the flower
That sleeps entomb'd through the long wintry storms,
Unfold its beauty to the breath of Spring,
And shall not woman's heart, from chill despair,
Wake at love's voice ?

Vit. Love !—make *love's* name thy spell,
And I am strong !—the very word calls up
From the dark past, thoughts, feelings, powers, array'd
In arms against thee !—Know'st thou *whom* I loved,
While my soul's dwelling place was still on earth ?
One who was born for empire, and endow'd
With such high gifts of princely majesty,
As bow'd all hearts before him !—Was he not
Brave, royal, beautiful ?—and such he died ;
He died !—hast thou forgotten ?—And thou'rt here,
Thou meet'st my glance with eyes which coldly look'd,
—Coldly !—nay, rather with triumphant gaze,
Upon his murder !—Desolate as I am,
Yet in the mien of *thine* affianced bride,
Oh ! my lost Conradin ! there should be still
Somewhat of loftiness, which might o'erawe
The hearts of thine assassins.

Eri. Haughty dame ;
If thy proud heart to tenderness be closed,
Know, danger is around thee : thou hast foes
That seek thy ruin, and my power alone
Can shield thee from their arts.

Vit. Provençal, tell
Thy tale of danger to some happy heart
Which hath its little world of loved ones round,
For whom to tremble ; and its tranquil joys

That make earth Paradise. I stand alone ;
—They that are blest may fear.

Eri. Is there not one
Who ne'er commands in vain ?—proud lady, bend
Thy spirit to thy fate ; for know that he,
Whose car of triumph in its earthquake path,
O'er the bow'd neck of prostrate Sicily,
Hath borne him to dominion ; he, my king,
Charles of Anjou, decrees thy hand the boon
My deeds have well deserved ; and who hath power
Against his mandates ?

Vit. Viceroy, tell thy lord,
That e'en where chains lie heaviest on the land,
Souls may not all be fetter'd. Oft, ere now,
Conquerors have rock'd the earth, yet fail'd to tame
Unto their purposes that restless fire
Inhabiting man's breast.—A spark bursts forth,
And so they perish !—'tis the fate of those
Who sport with lightning—and it may be his.
—Tell him I fear him not, and thus am free.

Eri. 'Tis well. Then nerve that lofty heart to bear
The wrath which is not powerless. Yet again
Bethink thee, lady !—Love may change—*hath* changed
To vigilant hatred oft, whose sleepless eye
Still finds what most it seeks for. Fare thee well.
—Look to it yet !—To-morrow I return. [*Exit ERIBERT.*]

Vit. To-morrow !—Some ere now have slept and dreamt
Of morrows which ne'er dawn'd—or ne'er for them,
So silently their deep and still repose
Hath melted into death !—Are there not balms
In nature's boundless realms, to pour out sleep
Like this on me ?—Yet should my spirit still
Endure its earthly bonds, till it could bear
To *his* a glorious tale of his own isle,
Free and avenged.—*Thou* should'st be now at work,
In wrath, my native Etna ! who dost lift
Thy spiry pillar of dark smoke so high,
Through the red heaven of sunset !—sleep'st thou still,
With all thy founts of fire, while spoilers tread
The glowing vales beneath ? [*PROCIDA enters, disguised.*]

Ha ! who art thou,
Unbidden guest, that with so mute a step
Dost steal upon me ?

Pro. One, o'er whom *hath* pass'd
All that can change man's aspect !—Yet not long
Shalt thou find safety in forgetfulness.
—I am he, to breathe whose name is perilous,
Unless thy wealth could bribe the winds to silence
—Know'st thou *this* lady ? [*He shows a ring.*]

Vit. Righteous Heaven ! the pledge
Amidst his people from the scaffold thrown
By him who perish'd, and whose kingly blood

E'en yet is unatoned.—My heart beats high—
—Oh, welcome, welcome! thou art Procida,
Th' Avenger, the Deliverer!

Pro. Call me so,
When my great task is done. Yet who can tell
If the return'd *be* welcome?—Many a heart
Is changed since last we met.

Vit. Why dost thou gaze
With such a still and solemn earnestness,
Upon my alter'd mien?

Pro. That I may read
If to the widow'd love of Conradin,
Or the proud Eribert's triumphant bride,
I now entrust my fate.

Vit. Thou, Procida,
That *thou* shouldst wrong me thus!—prolong thy gaze
Till it hath found an answer.

Pro. 'Tis enough.
I find it in thy cheek whose rapid change
Is from death's hue to fever's; in the wild
Unsettled brightness of thy proud dark eye,
And in thy wasted form. Ay, 'tis a deep
And solemn joy, thus in thy looks to trace,
Instead of youth's gay bloom, the characters
Of noble suffering:—on thy brow the same
Commanding spirit holds its native state,
Which could not stoop to vileness. Yet the voice
Of Fame hath told afar, that thou should'st wed
This tyrant Eribert.

Vit. And told it not
A tale of insolent love repell'd with scorn,
Of stern commands and fearful menaces,
Met with indignant courage?—Procida!
It was but now that haughtily I braved
His sovereign's mandate, which decrees my hand,
With its fair appanage of wide domains
And wealthy vassals, a most fitting boon,
To recompense his crimes.—I smiled, ay, smiled—
In proud security, for the high of heart
Have still a pathway to escape disgrace,
Though it be dark and lone.

Pro. Thou shalt not need
To tread its shadowy mazes Trust my words:
I tell thee, that a spirit is abroad,
Which will not slumber till its path be traced
By deeds of fearful fame. Vittoria, live!
It is most meet that thou *shouldst* live, to see
The mighty expiation; for thy heart
Forgive me that I wrong'd its faith) hath nursed
A high, majestic grief, whose seal is set
Deep on thy marble brow.

Vit. Then thou *canst* tell

By gazing on the wither'd rose, that there
Time, or the blight, hath work'd!—Ay, this is in
Thy vision's scope: but oh! the things unseen,
Untold, undreamt of, which like shadows pass
Hourly o'er that mysterious world, a mind
To ruin struck by grief!—Yet doth my soul,
Far 'midst its darkness, nurse one soaring hope,
Wherein is bright vitality.—'Tis to see
His blood avenged, and his fair heritage,
My beautiful native land, in glory risen,
Like a warrior from his slumbers!

Pro. Hear'st thou not
With what a deep and ominous moan, the voice
Of our great mountain swells?—There will be soon
A fearful burst!—Vittoria! brood no more
In silence o'er thy sorrows, but go forth
Amidst thy vassals (yet be secret still)
And let thy breath give nurture to the spark
Thou'lt find already kindled. I move on
In shadow, yet awakening in my path
That which shall startle nations. Fare thee well.

Vit. When shall we meet again?—Are we not those
Whom most he loved on earth, and think'st thou not
That love e'en yet shall bring his spirit near
While thus we hold communion?

Pro. Yes, I feel
Its breathing influence whilst I look on thee,
Who wert its light in life. Yet will we not
Make womanish tears our offering on his tomb;
He shall have nobler tribute!—I must hence,
But thou shalt soon hear more. Await the time.

[*Exeunt separately.*]

SCENE III.—*The Sea-Shore.*

RAIMOND DI PROCIDA, CONSTANCE.

Con. There is a shadow far within your eye,
Which hath of late been deepening. You were wont
Upon the clearness of your open brow
To wear a brighter spirit, shedding round
Joy like our southern sun. It is not well,
If some dark thought be gathering o'er your soul,
To hide it from affection. Why is this,
My Raimond, why is this?

Raim. Oh! from the dreams
Of youth, sweet Constance, hath not manhood still
A wild and stormy wakening?—They depart,
Light after light, our glorious visions fade,
The vaguely beautiful! till earth, unveil'd,
Lies pale around; and life's realities
Press on the soul. from its unfathom'd depth
Rousing the fiery feelings, and proud thoughts,
In all their fearful strength!—'Tis ever thus,

And doubly so with me ; for I awoke
 With high aspirings, making it a curse
 To breathe where noble minds are bow'd, as here.
 —To breathe !—It is not breath !

Con. I know thy grief,
 —And is't not mine ?—for those devoted men
 Doom'd with their life to expiate some wild word,
 Born of the social hour. Oh ! I have knelt,
 E'en at my brother's feet, with fruitless tears,
 Imploping him to spare. His heart is shut
 Against my voice ; yet will I not forsake
 The cause of mercy.

Raim. Waste not thou thy prayers,
 Oh, gentle love, for them. There's little need
 For pity, though the galling chain be worn
 By some few slaves the less. Let them depart !
 There is a world beyond the oppressor's reach,
 And thither lies their way.

Con. Alas ! I see
 That some new wrong hath pierced you to the soul.

Raim. Pardon, beloved Constance, if my words
 From feelings hourly stung, have caught, perchance,
 A tone of bitterness ! Oh ! when thine eyes
 With their sweet eloquent thoughtfulness, are fix'd
 Thus tenderly on mine, I should forget
 All else in their soft beams ; and yet I came
 To tell thee—

Con. What ? What would'st thou say ? O speak !—
 'Thou would'st not leave me !

Raim. I have cast a cloud,
 The shadow of dark thoughts and ruin'd fortunes,
 O'er thy bright spirit. Haply, were I gone,
 Thou wouldst resume thyself, and dwell once more
 In the clear sunny light of youth and joy,
 E'en as before we met—before we loved !

Con. This is but mockery.—Well thou know'st thy love
 Hath given me nobler being ; made my heart
 A home for all the deep sublimities
 Of strong affection ; and I would not change
 Th' exalted life I draw from that pure source,
 With all its chequer'd hues of hope and fear,
 E'en for the brightest calm. Thou most unkind !
 Have I deserved this ?

Raim. Oh ! thou hast deserved
 A love less fatal to thy peace than mine.
 Think not 'tis mockery !—But I cannot rest
 To be the scorn'd and trampled thing I am
 In this degraded land. Its very skies,
 That smile as if but festivals were held
 Beneath their cloudless azure, weigh me down
 With a dull sense of bondage, and I pine
 For freedom's charter'd air. I would go forth

To seek my noble father: he hath been
Too long a lonely exile, and his name
Seems fading in the dim obscurity
Which gathers round my fortunes.

Con. Must we part?

And is it come to this? Oh! I have still
Deem'd it enough of joy with *thee* to share
E'en grief itself—and now—but this is vain:
Alas! too deep, too fond, is woman's love.
Too full of hope, she casts on troubled waves
The treasures of her soul!

Raim. Oh, speak not thus!
Thy gentle and desponding tones fall cold
Upon my inmost heart.—I leave thee but
To be more worthy of a love like thine.
For I have dreamt of fame!—A few short years,
And we may yet be blest.

Con. A few short years!
Less time may well suffice for death and fate
To work all change one earth!—To break the ties
Which early love had form'd; and to bow down
Th' elastic spirit, and to blight each flower
Strewn in life's crowded path! but be it so!
Be it enough to know that happiness
Meets thee on other shores.

Raim. Where'er I roam.
Thou shalt be with my soul!—Thy soft low voice
Shall rise upon remembrance, like a strain
Of music heard in boyhood, bringing back
Life's morning freshness.—Oh! that there should be
Things, which we love with such deep tenderness,
But through that love, to learn how much of woe
Dwells in one hour like this!—Yet weep thou not!
We shall meet soon; and many days, dear love,
Ere I depart.

Con. Then there's a respite still,
Days!—not a day but in its course may bring
Some strange vicissitude to turn aside
Th' impending blow we shrink from.—Fare thee well.

(*Returning.*)

—Oh, Raimond! this is not our *last* farewell!
Thou would'st not so deceive me?

Raim. Doubt me not,
Gentlest and best beloved! we meet again.

[*Exit* CONSTANCE.]

Raim. (after a pause.) When shall I breathe in freedom,
and give scope
To those untamable and burning thoughts,
And restless aspirations, which consume
My heart i' th' land of bondage!—Oh! with you
Ye everlasting images of power,
And of infinity! thou blue-rolling deep,

And you, ye stars ! whose beams are characters
 Wherewith the oracles of fate are traced ;
 With you my soul finds room, and casts aside
 The weight that doth oppress her.—But my thoughts
 Are wandering far ; there should be one to share
 This awful and majestic solitude
 Of sea and heaven with me.

[PROCIDA enters unobserved.

It is the hour

He named, and yet he comes not.

Pro. (*coming forward.*) He is here.

Raim. Now, thou mysterious stranger, thou, whose glance
 Doth fix itself on memory, and pursue
 Thought like a spirit, haunting its lone hours ;
 Reveal thyself, what art thou ?

Pro. One, whose life
 Hath been a troubled stream, and made its way
 Through rocks and darkness, and a thousand storms,
 With still a mighty aim. But now the shades
 Of eve are gathering round me, and I come
 To this, my native land, that I may rest
 Beneath its vines in peace.

Raim. Seek'st thou for peace ?
 This is no land of peace ; unless that deep
 And voiceless terror, which doth freeze men's thoughts
 Back to their source, and mantle its pale mien
 With a dull hollow semblance of repose,
 May so be call'd.

Pro. There are such calms full oft
 Preceding earthquakes. But I have not been
 So vainly school'd by fortune, and inured,
 To shape my course on peril's dizzy brink,
 That it should irk my spirit to put on
 Such guise of hush'd submissiveness as best
 May suit the troubled aspect of the times.

Raim. Why, then, thou art welcome, stranger, to the land
 Where most disguise is needful.—He were bold
 Who now should wear his thoughts upon his brow
 Beneath Sicilian skies. The brother's eye
 Doth search distrustfully the brother's face ;
 And friends, whose undivided lives have drawn
 From the same past their long remembrances,
 Now meet in terror, or no more ; lest hearts
 Full to o'erflowing, in their social hour,
 Should pour out some rash word, which roving winds
 Might whisper to our conquerors.—This it is,
 To wear a foreign yoke.

Pro. It matters not
 To him who holds the mastery o'er his spirit,
 And can suppress its workings, till endurance
 Becomes as nature. We can tame ourselves
 To all extremes, and there is that in life

To which we cling with most tenacious grasp
 Even when its lofty climes are all reduced
 To the poor common privilege of breathing,—
 Why dost thou turn away?

Raim. What wouldst thou with me?
 I deem'd thee, by th' ascendant soul which lived,
 And made its throne on thy commanding brow,
 One of a sovereign nature, which would scorn
 So to abase its high capacities
 For aught on earth. But thou art like the rest.
 What wouldst thou with me?

Pro. I would counsel thee.
 Thou must do that which men—ay, valiant men—
 Hourly submit to do; in the proud court,
 And in the stately camp, and at the board
 Of midnight revellers, whose flush'd mirth is all
 A strife, won hardly.—Where is he whose heart
 Lies bare, through all its foldings, to the gaze
 Of mortal eye?—If vengeance wait the foe,
 Or fate th' oppressor, 'tis in depths conceal'd
 Beneath a smiling surface.—Youth, I say,
 Keep thy soul down!—Put on a mask!—'tis worn
 Alike by power and weakness, and the smooth
 And specious intercourse of life requires
 Its aid in every scene.

Raim. Away, dissembler!
 Life hath its high and its ignoble tasks,
 Fitted to every nature. Will the free
 And royal eagle stoop to learn the arts
 By which the serpent wins his spell-bound prey?
 It is because I *will* not clothe myself
 In a vile garb of coward semblances,
 That now, e'en now, I struggle with my heart,
 To bid what most I love a long farewell,
 And seek my country on some distant shore,
 Where such things are unknown!

Pro. (exultingly.) Why, this is joy:
 After a long conflict with the doubts and fears,
 And the poor subtleties, of meaner minds,
 To meet a spirit, whose bold elastic wing
 Oppression hath not crush'd.—High-hearted youth,
 Thy father, should his footsteps e'er again
 Visit these shores—

Raim. My father! what of him?
 Speak! was he known to thee?

Pro. In distant lands
 With him I've traversed many a wild, and look'd
 On many a danger; and the thought that thou
 Wert smiling then in peace, a happy boy,
 Oft through the storm hath cheer'd him.

Raim. Dost thou deem
 That still he lives?—Oh! if it be in chains,

In woe, in poverty's obscurest cell,
Say but he lives—and I will track his steps
E'en to earth's verge !

Pro. It may be that he lives,
Though long his name hath ceased to be a word
Familiar in man's dwellings. But its sound
May yet be heard !—Raimond di Procida,
Rememberest thou thy father ?

Raim. From my mind
His form hath faded long, for years have pass'd
Since he went forth to exile : but a vague,
Yet powerful image of deep majesty,
Still dimly gathering round each thought of him,
Doth claim instinctive reverence ; and my love
For his inspiring name hath long become
Part of my being.

Pro. Raimond ! doth no voice
Speak to thy soul, and tell thee whose the arms
That would enfold thee now ?—My son ! my son !

Raim. Father !—Oh God !—my father ! Now I know
Why my heart woke before thee !

Pro. Oh ! this hour
Makes hope reality ; for thou art all
My dreams had pictured thee !

Raim. Yet why so long
E'en as a stranger hast thou cross'd my paths,
One nameless and unknown !—and yet I felt
Each pulse within me thrilling to thy voice.

Pro. Because I would not link thy fate with mine,
Till I could hail the dayspring of that hope
Which now is gathering round us.—Listen, youth !
Thou hast told me of a subdued and scorn'd
And trampled land, whose very soul is bow'd
And fashion'd to her chains :—but I tell thee
Of a most generous and devoted land,
A land of kindling energies ; a land
Of glorious recollections !—proudly true
To the high memory of her ancient kings,
And rising in majestic scorn, to cast
Her alien bondage off !

Raim. And where is this ?

Pro. Here, in our isle, our own fair Sicily !
Her spirit is awake, and moving on,
In its deep silence mightier, to regain
Her place amongst the nations ; and the hour
Of that tremendous effort is at hand.

Raim. Can it be thus indeed ?—Thou pour'st new life
Through all my burning veins !—I am as one
Awakening from a chill and death-like sleep
To the full glorious day.

Pro. Thou shalt hear more !
Thou shalt hear things which would—which will arouse

The proud free spirits of our ancestors
 E'en from their marble rest. Yet mark me well !
 Be secret !—for along my destined path
 I yet must darkly move.—Now, follow me ;
 And join a band of men, in whose high hearts
 There lies a nation's strength.

Raim. My noble father !
 Thy words have given me all for which I pined—
 An aim, a hope a purpose !—And the blood
 Doth rush in warmer currents through my veins,
 As a bright fountain from its icy bonds
 By the quick sun-stroke freed.

Pro. Ay, this is well !
 Such natures burst men's chains !—Now, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Apartment in a Palace.*

ERIBERT, CONSTANCE.

Con. Will you not hear me ?—Oh ! that they who need
 Hourly forgiveness, they who do but live,
 While mercy's voice, beyond th' eternal stars,
 Wins the great Judge to listen, should be thus,
 In their vain exercise of pageant power,
 Hard and relentless !—Gentle brother, yet
 'Tis in your choice to imitate that heaven
 Whose noblest joy is pardon.

Eri. 'Tis too late.
 You have a soft and moving voice, which pleads
 With eloquent melody—but they must die. [*trace*

Con. What !—die !—for words ?—for breath which leaves no
 To sully the pure air, wherewith it blends,
 And is, being utter'd, gone ?—Why, 'twere enough
 For such a venial fault to be deprived
 One little day of man's free heritage,
 Heaven's warm and sunny light !—Oh ! if you deem
 That evil harbors in their souls, at least
 Delay the stroke, till guilt, made manifest,
 Shall bid stern Justice wake.

Eri. I am not one
 Of those weak spirits, that timorously keep watch
 For fair occasions, thence to borrow hues
 Of virtue for their deeds. My school hath been
 Where power sits crown'd and arm'd.—And, mark me, sister !
 To a distrustful nature it might seem
 Strange, that your lips thus earnestly should plead
 For these Sicilian rebels. O'er my being
 Suspicion holds no power.—And yet, take note
 —I have said, and they must die.

Con. Have you no fear ?

Eri. Of what ?—that heaven should fall ?

Con. No !—But that earth

Should arm in madness.—Brother ! I have seen
Dark eyes bent on you, e'en 'midst festal throngs,
With such deep hatred settled in their glance,
My heart hath died within me.

Eri. Am I then
To pause, and doubt, and shrink, because a girl,
A dreaming girl, hath trembled at a look ?

Con. Oh ! looks are no illusions, when the soul,
Which may not speak in words, can find no way
But theirs, to liberty !—Have not these men
Brave sons, or noble brothers ?

Eri. Yes ! whose name
It rests with me to make a word of fear,
A sound forbidden 'midst the haunts of men.

Con. But not forgotten !—Ah ! beware, beware !
—Nay, look not sternly on me.—There is one
Of that devoted band, who yet will need
Years to be ripe for death.—He is a youth,
A very boy, on whose unshaded cheek
The spring-time glow is lingering. 'Twas but now
His mother left me, with a timid hope
Just dawning in her breast : and I—I dared
To foster its faint spark.—You smile !—Oh ! then
He will be saved !

Eri. Nay, I but smiled to think
What a fond fool is Hope !—She may be taught
To deem that the great sun will change his course
To work her pleasure ; or the tomb give back
Its inmates to her arms. In sooth, 'tis strange !
Yet, with your pitying heart, you should not thus
Have mock'd the boy's sad mother—I have said.
You should not thus have *mock'd* her !—Now farewell !

[Exit ERIBERT

Con. Oh, brother ! hard of heart !—for deeds like these
There must be fearful chastening, if on high
Justice doth hold her state.--And I must tell
Yon desolate mother that her fair young son
Is thus to perish !—Haply the dread tale
May slay *her* too--for Heaven is merciful.
--'Twill be a bitter task !

[Exit CONSTANCE.

SCENE II.--*A ruined Tower, surrounded by Woods.*

PROCIDA, VITTORIA.

Pro. Thy vassals are prepared then ?

Vit. Yes, they wait
Thy summons to their task.

Pro. Keep the flame bright,
But hidden till this hour.--Would'st thou dare, lady,
To join our counsels at the night's mid watch,
In the lone cavern by the rock-hewn cross ?

Vit. What should I shrink from ?

Pro. Oh! the forest paths
Are dim and wild, e'en when the sunshine streams
Through their high arches; but when powerful night
Comes, with her cloudy phantoms, and her pale
Uncertain moonbeams, and the hollow sounds
Of her mysterious winds; their aspect *then*
Is of another and more fearful world;
A realm of indistinct and shadowy forms.
Waking strange thoughts, almost too much for this,
Our frail terrestrial nature.

Vit. Well I know
All this, and more. Such scenes have been th' abodes
Where through the silence of my soul have pass'd
Voices, and visions from the sphere of those
That have to die no more!—Nay, doubt it not!
If such unearthly intercourse hath e'er
Been granted to our nature, 'tis to hearts
Whose love is with the dead. They, they alone,
Unmadden'd could sustain the fearful joy
And glory of its trances!—at the hour
Which makes guilt tremulous, and peoples earth
And air with infinite, viewless multitudes,
I will be with thee, Procida.

Pro. Thy presence
Will kindle nobler thoughts, and, in the souls
Of suffering and indignant men, arouse
That which may strengthen our majestic cause
With yet a deeper power.—Know'st thou the spot?
Vit. Full well. There is no scene so wild and lone
In these dim woods, but I have visited
Its tangled shades.

Pro. At midnight then, we meet. [*Exit PROCIDA.*]
Vit. Why should I fear?—Thou wilt be with me, thou
Th' immortal dream and shadow of my soul,
Spirit of him I love! that meet'st me still
In loneliness and silence; in the noon
Of the wild night, and in the forest depths,
Known but to me; for whom thou giv'st the winds
And sighing leaves a cadence of thy voice,
Till my heart faints with that o'erthrilling joy!
—Thou wilt be with me there, and lend my lips
Words, fiery words, to flush dark cheeks with shame,
That thou art unavenged! [*Exit VITTORIA.*]

SCENE III.—*A Chapel, with a Monument on which is laid a sword.—Moonlight.*

PROCIDA, RAIMOND, MONTALBA.

Mon. And know you not my story?

Pro. In the lands
Where I have been a wanderer, your deep wrongs
Were numbered with our country's; but their tale

Came only in faint echoes to mine ear.
I would fain hear it now.

Mon. Hark! while you spoke,
There was a voice-like murmur in the breeze
Which even like death came o'er me—'twas a night
Like this, of clouds contending with the moon.
A night of sweeping winds, of rustling leaves,
And swift wild shadows floating o'er the earth,
Clothed with a phantom life; when, after years
Of battle and captivity, I spurr'd
My good steed homewards.—Oh! what lovely dreams
Rose on my spirit!—There were tears and smiles,
But all of joy!—And there were bounding steps,
And clinging arms, whose passionate clasp of love
Doth twine so fondly round the warrior's neck
When his plumed helm is doff'd—Hence, feeble thoughts!
—I am sterner now, yet once such dreams were mine!

Raim. And were they realized?

Mon. Youth! Ask me not,
But listen!—I drew near my own fair home;
There was no light along its walls, no sound
Of bugle, pealing from the watch-tower's height
At my approach, although my trampling steed
Made the earth ring; yet the wide gates were thrown
All open.—Then my heart misgave me first,
And on the threshold of my silent hall
I paused a moment, and the wind swept by
With the same deep and dirge-like tone, which pierced
My soul e'en now.—I call'd—my struggling voice
Gave utterance to my wife's, my children's names;
They answer'd not—I roused my failing strength,
And wildly rush'd within.—And they were there.

Raim. And was all-well?

Mon. Ay, well!—for death is well,
And they were all at rest!—I see them yet,
Pale in their innocent beauty, which had fail'd
To stay th' assassin's arm!

Raim. Oh, righteous Heaven!
Who had done this?

Mon. Who!

Pro. Canst thou question, *who*?
Whom hath the earth to perpetrate such deeds,
In the cold blooded revelry of crime,
But those whose yoke is on us?

Raim. Man of woe!
What words hath pity for despair like thine?

Mon. Pity!—fond youth!—My soul disdains the grief
Which doth unbosom its deep secrecies,
To ask a vain companionship of tears,
And so to be relieved!

Pro. For woes like these,
There is no sympathy but vengeance.

Mon.

None !

Therefore I brought you hither, that your hearts
Might catch the spirit of the scene !—Look round !
We are in the awful presence of the dead ;
Within yon tomb *they* sleep, whose gentle blood
Weighs down the murderer's soul.—*They* sleep !—but I
Am wakeful o'er their dust !—I laid my sword,
Without its sheath, on their sepulchral stone,
As on an altar ; and the eternal stars,
And heaven, and night, bore witness to my vow,
No more to wield it, save in one great cause,
The vengeance of the grave !—And now the hour
Of that atonement comes ! [*He takes the sword from the tomb.*]

Raim. My spirit burns !

And my full heart almost to bursting swells.
—Oh ! for the day of battle !

Pro.

Raimond, they

Whose souls are dark with guiltless blood must die,
—But not in battle.

Raim.

How, my father ?

Pro.

No !

Look on that sepulchre, and it will teach
Another lesson.—But the appointed hour
Advances.—Thou wilt join our chosen band,
Noble Montalba ?

Mon.

Leave me for a time,

That I may calm my soul by intercourse.
With the still dead, before I mix with men,
And with their passions. I have nursed for years,
In silence and in solitude, the flame
Which doth consume me ; and it is not used
Thus to be look'd or breathed on.—*Procida !*
I would be tranquil—or appear so—ere
I join your brave confederates. Through my heart
There struck a pang—but it will soon have pass'd.

Pro. Remember !—in the cavern by the cross.

Now, follow me, my son. [*Exeunt PROCIDA and RAIMOND.*]

Mon. (*After a pause, leaning on the tomb.*) Said he,

“ *My son ?* ”—Now, why should this man's life
Go down in hope, thus resting on a son,
And I be desolate ?—How strange a sound
Was that—“ *my son !* ”—I had a boy, who might
Have worn as free a soul upon his brow
As doth this youth.—Why should the thought of *him*
Thus haunt me ?—When I tread the peopled ways
Of life again, I shall be pass'd each hour
By fathers with their children, and I must
Learn calmly to look on.—Methinks 'twere now
A gloomy consolation to behold
All men bereft, as I am !—But away,
Vain thoughts !—One task is left for blighted hearts,
And it shall be fulfill'd.

[*Exit MONTALBA.*]

SCENE IV.—*Entrance of a Cave, surrounded by Rocks and Forests. A rude Cross seen among the Rocks*

PROCIDA, RAIMOND.

Pro. And is it thus, beneath the solemn skies
Of midnight, and in solitary caves,
Where the wild forest creatures make their lair—
Is't thus the chiefs of Sicily must hold
The councils of their country?

Raim. Why, such scenes
In their primeval majesty, beheld
Thus by faint starlight, and the partial glare
Of the red-streaming lava, will inspire
Far deeper thoughts than pillar'd halls, wherein
Statesmen hold weary vigils.—Are we not
O'ershadow'd by that Etna, which of old
With its dread prophecies, hath struck dismay
Through tyrant's hearts, and bade them seek a home
In other climes?—Hark! from its depths e'en now
What hollow moans are sent!

Enter MONTALBA, GUIDO, and other SICILIANS.

Pro. Welcome, my brave associates!—We can share
The wolf's wild freedom here!—Th' oppressor's haunt
Is not 'midst rocks and caves. Are we all met?

Sicilians. All, all!

Pro. The torchlight, sway'd by every gun,
But dimly shows your features. Where is he
Who from his battles had return'd to breathe
Once more without a corselet, and to meet
The voices, and the footsteps, and the smiles,
Blent with his dreams of home?—Of that dark tale
The rest is known to vengeance!—Art thou here,
With thy deep wrongs, and resolute despair,
Childless Montalba?

Mon. (advancing.) He is at thy side.
Call on that desolate father, in the hour
When his revenge is nigh.

Pro. Thou, too, come forth,
From thine own halls an exile!—Dost thou make
The mountain-fastnesses thy dwelling still,
While hostile banners, o'er thy rampart walls,
Wave their proud blazonry?

First Sicilian. Even so. I stood,
Last night, before my own ancestral towers
An unknown outcast, while the tempest beat
On my bare head—what reck'd it?—There was joy
Within, and revelry; the festive lamps
Were streaming from each turret, and gay songs,
I th' stranger's tongue, made mirth. They little deem'd
Who heard their melodies!—but there are thoughts
Best nurtured in the wild; there are dread vows
Known to the mountain echoes.—Procida!

Call on the outcast, when revenge is nigh.

Pro. I knew a young Sicilian—one whose heart
Should be all fire. On that most guilty day,
When, with our martyr'd Conradin, the flower
Of the land's knighthood perish'd ; he, of whom
I speak, a weeping boy, whose innocent tears
Melted a thousand hearts that dared not aid,
Stood by the scaffold with extended arms,
Calling upon his father, whose last look
Turn'd full on him its parting agony.
The father's blood gush'd o'er him !—and the boy
Then dried his tears, and with a kindling eye,
And a proud flush on his young cheek, look'd up
To the bright heaven.—Doth he remember still
That bitter hour ?

Second Sicilian. He bears a sheathless sword
Call on the orphan when revenge is nigh.

Pro. Our land shows gallantly—but there are men
Who should be with us now, had they not dared
In some wild moment of festivity
To give their full hearts way, and breathe a wish
For freedom !—and some traitor—it might be
A breeze perchance—bore the forbidden sound
To Eribert :—so they must die—unless
Fate (who at times is wayward) should select
Some other victim first !—But have they not
Brothers or sons among us ?

Gui. Look on me !

I have a brother—a young high-soul'd boy,
And beautiful as a sculptor's dream, with brow
That wears, amidst its dark rich curls, the stamp
Of inborn nobleness. In truth, he is
A glorious creature !—But his doom is seal'd
With their's of whom you spoke ; and I have knelt—
—Ay, scorn me not ! 'twas for his life—I knelt
E'en at the viceroy's feet, and he put on
That heartless laugh of cold malignity
We know so well, and spurn'd me.—But the stain
Of shame like this, takes blood to wash it off,
And *thus* it shall be cancell'd !—Call on me,
When the stern moment of revenge is nigh.

Pro. I call upon thee now ! The land's high soul
Is roused, and moving onward, like a breeze
Or a swift sunbeam, kindling nature's hues
To deeper life before it. In his chains,
The peasant dreams of freedom !—Ay, 'tis thus
Oppression fans th' imperishable flame
With most unconscious hands.—No praise be hers
For what she blindly works !—When slavery's cup
O'erflows its bounds, the creeping poison, meant
To dull our senses, through each burning vein
Pours fever, lending a delirious strength

To burst man's fetters—and they *shall* be burst !
 I have hoped, when hope seem'd frenzy ; but a power
 Abides in human will, when bent with strong
 Unswerving energy on one great aim,
 To make and rule its fortunes!—I have been
 A wanderer in the fullness of my years,
 A restless pilgrim of the earth and seas,
 Gathering the generous thoughts of other lands,
 To aid our holy cause. And aid is near :
 But we must give the signal. Now, before
 The majesty of yon pure heaven, whose eye
 Is on our hearts—whose righteous arm befriends
 The arm that strikes for freedom—speak ! decree
 The fate of our oppressors.

Mon. Let them fall
 When dreaming least of peril !—When the heart,
 Basking in sunny pleasure, doth forget
 That hate may smile, but sleeps not.—Hide the sword
 With a thick veil of myrtle, and in halls
 Of banqueting, where the full wine-cup shines
 Red in the festal torchlight ; meet we there
 And bid them welcome to the feast of death.

Pro. Thy voice is low and broken, and thy words
 Scarce meet our ears.

Mon. Why, then, I thus repeat
 Their import. Let th' avenging sword burst forth
 In some free festal hour—and woe to him
 Who first shall spare !

Raim. Must innocence and guilt
 Perish alike ?

Mon. Who talks of innocence ?
 When hath *their* hand been stay'd for innocence ?
 Let them all perish !—Heaven will choose its own,
 Why should *their* children live ?—The earthquake whelms
 Its undistinguish'd thousands, making graves
 Of peopled cities in its path—and this
 Is heaven's dread justice—ay, and it is well !
 Why then should *we* be tender, when the skies
 Deal thus with man ?—What if the infant bleed ?
 Is there not power to hush the mother's pangs ?
 What if the youthful bride perchance should fall
 In her triumphant beauty ?—Should we pause ?
 As if death were not mercy to the pangs
 Which make our lives the records of woes ?
 Let them all perish !—And if one be found
 Amidst our band to stay th' avenging steel
 For pity, or remorse, or boyish love,
 Then be his doom as theirs ! (*A pause.*) Why gaze ye thus ?
 Brethren, what means your silence !

Sicilians. Be it so !
 If one among us stay th' avenging steel
 For love or pity, be his doom as theirs !

Pledge we our faith to this?

Raim. (*rushing forward indignantly.*) Our faith to *this!*

No! I but *dreamt* I heard it:—Can it be?

My countrymen, my father!—Is it thus

That freedom should be won?—Awake!—awake

To loftier thoughts!—Lift up, exultingly,

On the crown'd heights and to the sweeping winds,

Your glorious banner!—Let your trumpet's blast

Make the tombs thrill with echoes! Call aloud,

Proclaim from all your hills, the land shall bear

The stranger's yoke no longer!—What is he

Who carries on his practised lip a smile,

Beneath his vest a dagger, which but waits

Till the heart bounds with joy, to still its beatings?

That which our nature's instinct doth recoil from,

And our blood curdle at—ay, yours and mine—

A murderer! Heard ye?—Shall that name with ours

Go down to after days?—Oh friends! a cause

Like that for which we rise, hath made bright names

Of the elder time as rallying words to men,

Sounds full of might and immortality!

And shall not ours be such?

Mon.

Fond dreamer, peace!

Fame! What is fame?—Will our unconscious dust

Start into thrilling rapture from the grave,

At the vain breath of praise?—I tell thee, youth,

Our souls are parch'd with agonizing thirst,

Which must be quench'd though death were in the draught:

We must have vengeance, for our foes have left

No other joy unblighted.

Pro.

Oh, my son!

The time is past for such high dreams as thine,

Thou know'st not whom we deal with. Knightly faith

And chivalrous honor are but things whereon

They cast disdainful pity. We must meet

Falsehood with wiles, and insult with revenge.

And, for our names—whate'er the deeds by which

We burst our bondage—is it not enough

That in the chronicle of days to come,

We, through a bright "For Ever," shall be call'd

The men who saved their country?

Raim.

Many a land

Hath bow'd beneath the yoke, and then arisen,

As a strong lion rending silken bonds,

And on the open field, before high heaven,

Won such majestic vantage, as hath made

Its name a power on earth.—Ay, nations own

It is enough of glory to be call'd

The children of the mighty, who redeem'd

Their native soil—but not by means like these.

Mon. I have no children.—Of Montalba's blood

Not one red drop doth circle through the veins

Of aught that breathes ?—Why, what have *I* to do
 With far futurity ?—My spirit lives
 But in the past.—Away ! when thou dost stand
 On this fair earth, as doth a blasted tree
 Which the warm sun revives not, *then* return,
 Strong in thy desolation ; but till then,
 Thou art not for our purpose ; we have need
 Of more unshrinking hearts.

Raim. Montalba ! know,
 I shrink from crime alone. Oh ! if my voice
 Might yet have power among you, I would say
 Associates, leaders, *be* avenged ! but yet
 As knights, as warriors !

Mon. Peace ! Have we not borne
 Th' indellible taint of contumely and chains ?
 We *are not* knights and warriors. Our bright crests
 Have been defiled and trampled to the earth.
 Boy ! we are slaves—and our revenge shall be
 Deep as a slave's disgrace.

Raim. Why, then, farewell :
 I leave you to your counsels. He that still
 Would hold his lofty nature undebased,
 And his name pure, were but a loiterer here.

Pro. And is it thus indeed ?—dost *thou* forsake
 Our cause, my son !

Raim. Oh, father ! what proud hopes
 This hour hath blighted !—yet, whate'er betide,
 It is a noble privilege to look up
 Fearless in heaven's bright face—and this is mine,
 And shall be still. [Exit RAIMOND.]

Pro. He's gone !—Why, let it be !
 I trust our Sicily hath many a son
 Valiant as mine. Associates ! 'tis decreed
 Our foes shall perish. We have but to name
 The hour, the scene, the signal.

Mon. It should be
 In the full city, when some festival
 Hath gather'd throngs, and lull'd infatuate hearts
 To brief security. Hark ! is there not
 A sound of hurrying footsteps on the breeze ?
 We are betray'd.—Who art thou ? [VITTORIA enters.]

Pro. One alone
 Should be thus daring. Lady, lift the veil
 That shades thy noble brow.

[She raises her veil, the Sicilians draw back with respect.]

Sicilians. Th' affianced bride
 Of our lost king !

Pro. And more, Montalba ; know
 Within this form there dwells a soul as high
 As warriors in their battles e'er have proved,
 Or patriots on the scaffold,

Vit. Valiant men !

I come to ask your aid. You see me, one
Whose widow'd youth hath all been consecrate
To a proud sorrow, and whose life is held
In token and memorial of the dead.
Say, is it meet that lingering thus on earth,
But to behold one great atonement made,
And keep one name from fading in men's hearts,
A tyrant's will should force me to profane
Heaven's altar with unhallow'd vows—and live
Stung by the keen unutterable scorn
Of my own bosom, live—another's bride ?

Sicilians. Never, oh, never !—fear not, noble lady !
Worthy of Conradin !

Vit. Yet hear me still,
His bride, that Eriber't's, who notes our tears
With his insulting eye of cold derision,
And, could he pierce the depths where feeling works,
Would number e'en our agonies as crimes,
—Say, is this meet ?

Gui. We deem'd these nuptials, lady
Thy willing choice ; but 'tis a joy to find
Thou art noble still. Fear not ; by all our wrongs,
This shall not be.

Pro. Vittoria, thou art come
To ask *our* aid—but we have need of thine.
Know, the completion of our high designs
Requires—a festival ; and it must be
Thy bridal !

Vit. Procida !
Pro. Nay, start not thus,
'Tis no hard task to bind your raven hair
With festal garlands, and to bid the song
Rise, and the wine-cup mantle. No—nor yet
To meet your suitor at the glitt'ring shrine,
Where death, not love, awaits him ?

Vit. Can my soul
Dissemble thus ?

Pro. We have no other means
Of winning our great birthright back from those
Who have usurp'd it, than so lulling them
Into vain confidence, that they may deem
All wrongs forgot ; and this may be best done
By what I ask of thee.

Mon. Then we will mix
With the flush'd revellers, making their gay feast
The harvest of the grave.

Vit. A bridal day !
—Must it be so ?—Then, chiefs of Sicily,
I bid you to my nuptials ! but be there
With your bright swords unsheathed, for thus alone
My guests should be adorn'd.

Pro. And let thy banquet

Be soon announced, for there are noble men
Sentenced to die, for whom we fain would purchase
Reprieve with other blood.

Vit. Be it then the day
Preceding that appointed for their doom.

Gui. My brother, thou shalt live!—Oppression boasts
No gift of prophecy!—It but remains
To name our signal, chiefs!

Mon. The Vesper-bell!

Pro. Even so—the Vesper-bell, whose deep-toned peal
Is heard o'er land and wave. Part of our band,
Wearing the guise of antic revelry,
Shall enter, as in some fantastic pageant,
The halls of Eribert; and at the hour
Devoted to the sword's tremendous task,
I follow with the rest.—The Vesper-bell!
That sound shall wake th' avenger; for 'tis come,
The time when power is in a voice, a breath,
To burst the spell which bound us. But the night
Is waning, with her stars, which, one by one
Warn us to part. Friends, to your homes!—*your homes?*
That name is yet to win.—Away, prepare
For our next meeting in Palermo's walls.
The Vesper-bell! Remember!

Sicilians. Fear us not.
The Vesper-bell!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Apartment in a Palace.*

ERIBERT, VITTORIA.

Vit. Speak not of love—it is a word with deep
Strange magic in its melancholy sound,
To summon up the dead; and they should rest,
At such an hour, forgotten. There are things
We must throw from us, when the heart would gather
Strength to fulfil its settled purposes;
Therefore, no more of love!—But, if to robe
This form in bridal ornaments—to smile
(*I can smile yet*) at thy gay feast, and stand
At th' altar by thy side;—if this be deem'd
Enough, it shall be done.

Eri. My fortune's star
Doth rule th' ascendant still! (*Apart.*)—If not of love,
Then pardon, lady, that I speak of joy,
And with exulting heart—

Vit. There *is* no joy!
—Who shall look through the far futurity,
And, as the shadowy visions of events
Develop on his gaze, 'midst their dim throng,
Dare, with oracular mien, to point, and say,

"This will bring happiness?"—Who shall do this?
 —Who, thou and I, and all!—There's One, who sits
 In His own bright tranquillity enthroned,
 High o'er all storms, and looking far beyond
 Their thickest clouds; but we, from whose dull eyes
 A grain of dust hides the great sun—e'n *we*
 Usurp his attributes, and talk, as seers,
 Of future joy and grief!

Eri. Thy words are strange.
 Yet will I hope that peace at length shall settle
 Upon thy troubled heart, and add soft grace
 To thy majestic beauty.—Fair Vittoria!
 Oh! if my cares——

Vit. I know a day shall come
 Of peace to all. Ev'n from my darken'd spirit.
 Soon shall each restless wish be exorcised,
 Which haunts it now, and I shall then lie down.
 Serenely to repose. Of this no more.
 I have a boon to ask.

Eri. Command my power,
 And deem it thus most honor'd.

Vit. Have I then
 Soar'd such an eagle pitch, as to command
 The mighty Eriber?—And yet 'tis meet;
 For I bethink me now, I should have worn
 A crown upon this forehead. Generous lord!
 Since thus you give me freedom, know, there is
 An hour I have loved from childhood, and a sound
 Whose tones, o'er earth and ocean sweetly bearing
 A sense of deep repose, have lull'd me oft
 To peace—which is forgetfulness; I mean
 The Vesper-bell. I pray you let it be
 The summons to our bridal—Hear you not?
 To our fair bridal!

Eri. Lady, let your will
 Appoint each circumstance. I am too bless'd,
 Proving my homage thus.

Vit. Why, then, 'tis mine
 To rule the glorious fortunes of the day,
 And I may be content. Yet much remains
 For thought to brood on, and I would be left
 Alone with my resolves. Kind Eriber!
 (Whom I command so absolutely,) now
 Part we a few brief hours; and doubt not, when
 I'm at thy side once more, but I shall stand
 There—to the last!

Eri. Your smiles are troubled, lady—
 May they e'er long be brighter! Time will seem
 Slow till the Vesper-bell.

Vit. 'Tis lover's phrase
 To say—Time lags; and therefore meet for you:
 But with an equal pace the hour moves on,

Whether they bear, on their swift silent wing,
Pleasure or—fate,

Eri. Be not so full of thought
On such a day,—Behold, the skies themselves
Look on my joy with a triumphant smile
Unshadow'd by a cloud.

Vit. 'Tis very meet
That Heaven (which loves the just) should wear a smile
In honor of his fortunes.—Now, my lord,
Forgive me if I say, farewell until
Th' appointed hour.

Eri. Lady a brief farewell. [*Exeunt separately.*]

SCENE II.—*The Seashore.*

PROCIDA, RAIMOND.

Pro. And dost thou still refuse to share the glory
Of this, our daring enterprise?

Raim. Oh, father!
I, too, have dreamt of glory, and the word,
Hath to my soul been as a trumpet's voice,
Making my nature sleepless —But the deeds
Whereby 'twas won—the high exploits, whose tale
Bids the heart burn, were of another cast
Than such as thou requirest.

Pro. Every deed
Hath sanctity, if bearing for its aim
The freedom of our country; and the sword
Alike is honor'd in the patriot's hand,
Searching 'midst warrior-hosts, the heart which gave
Oppression birth; or flashing through the gloom
Of the still chamber, o'er its troubled couch,
At dead of night.

Raim. (turning away.) There is no path but one
For noble natures.

Pro. Wouldst thou ask the man
Who to the earth hath dash'd a nation's chains,
Rent as with Heaven's own lightning, by what *means*
The glorious end was won!—Go, swell th' acclaim:
Bid the deliverer, hail! and if his path
To that most bright and sovereign destiny
Hath led o'er trampled thousands, be it call'd
A stern necessity but not a crime!

Raim. Father! my soul yet kindles at the thought
Of nobler lessons, in my boyhood learn'd
Ev'n from thy voice.—The high remembrances
Of other days are stirring in the heart
Where *thou* didst plant them; and they speak of men
Who needed no vain sophistry to gild
Acts that would bear Heaven's light—and such be mine!
Oh, father! is it yet too late to draw
The praise and blessing of all valiant hearts

On our most righteous cause ?

Pro. What wouldst thou do ?

Rain. I would go forth, and rouse th' indignant land
To generous combat. Why should freedom strike
Mantled with darkness ?—Is there not more strength
Ev'n in the waving of her single arm
Than hosts can wield against her !—I would rouse
That spirit, whose fire doth press resistless
To its proud sphere—the stormy field of fight !

Pro. Ay ! and give time and warning to the foe
To gather all his might :—It is too late.
There is a work to be this eve begun,
When rings the Vesper-bell : and, long before
To-morrow's sun hath reach'd i' th' noonday heaven
His throne of burning glory, every sound
Of the Provençal tongue within our walls,
As by one thunderstroke—(you are pale my son)—
Shall be forever silenced !

Raim. What ! such sounds
As falter on the lip of infancy,
In its imperfect utterance ? or are breathed
By the fond mother, as she lulls her babe ?
Or in sweet hymns, upon the twilight air
Pour'd by the timid maid ?—Must all alike
Be still'd in death ; and wouldst thou tell my heart
There is no crime in *this* ?

Pro. Since thou dost feel
Such horror of our purpose, in thy power
Are means that might avert it.

Raim. Speak ! oh speak !

Pro. How would those rescued thousands bless thy name,
Shouldst thou betray us !

Raim. Father ! I can bear—
Ay, proudly woo—the keenest questioning
Of thy soul-gifted eye ; which almost seems
To claim a part of Heaven's dread royalty,
—The power that searches thought.

Pro. (after a pause.) Thou hast a brow
Clear as the day—and yet I doubt thee, Raimond !
Whether it be that I have learn'd distrust
From a long look through man's deep-folded heart ;
Whether my paths have been so seldom cross'd
By honor and fair mercy, that they seem
But beautiful deceptions, meeting thus
My unaccustom'd gaze ;—howe'er it be—
I doubt thee !—See thou waver not—take heed.
Time lifts the veil from all things !

[Exit PROCIDA.]

Raim. And 'tis thus
Youth fades from off our spirit ; and the robes
Of beauty and of majesty, wherewith
We clothed our idols, drop !—Oh ! bitter day,
When, at the crushing of our glorious world,

We start, and find men thus !—Yet be it so !
 Is not my soul still powerful in *itself*
 To realize its dreams ?—Ay, shrinking not
 From the pure eye of Heaven, my brow may well
 Undaunted meet my father's.—But away !
 Thou shalt be saved, sweet Constance !—Love is yet
 Mightier than vengeance. [Exit RAIMOND]

SCENE III.—*Gardens of a Palace.*

CONSTANCE, *alone.*

Con. There was a time when my thoughts wander'd not
 Beyond these fairy scenes !—when but to catch
 The languid fragrance of the southern breeze
 From the rich flowering citrons, or to rest,
 Dreaming of some wild legend, in the shade
 Of the dark laurel foliage, was enough
 Of happiness.—How have these calm delights
 Fled from before one passion, as the dews,
 The delicate gems of morning, are exhaled
 By the great sun ! [RAIMOND enters.]

Raimond! oh ! now thou 'rt come—
 I read it in thy look—to say farewell
 For the last time—the last !

Raim. No, best beloved !
 I come to tell thee there is now no power
 To part us but in death.

Con. I have dreamt of joy,
 But never aught like this.—Speak yet again !
 Say we shall part no more !

Raim. No more, if love
 Can strive with darker spirits, and he is strong
 In his immortal nature ! all is changed
 Since last we met. My father—keep the tale
 Secret from all, and most of all, my Constance,
 From Eribert—my father is return'd :
 I leave thee not.

Con. Thy father ! blessed sound !
 Good angels be his guard !—Oh ! if he knew
 How my soul clings to thine, he could not hate
 Even a Provençal maid !—Thy father !—now
 Thy soul will be at peace, and I shall see
 The sunny happiness of earlier days
 Look from thy brow once more !—But how is this ?
 Thine eye reflects not the glad soul of mine ;
 And in thy look is that which ill befits
 A tale of joy.

Raim. A dream is on my soul.
 I see a slumberer, crown'd with flowers, and smiling
 As in delighted visions, on the brink
 Of a dread chasm ; and this strange fantasy
 Hath cast so deep a shadow o'er my thoughts

I cannot but be sad.

Con. Why, let me sing
One of the sweet wild strains you love so well,
And this will banish it

Raim. It may not be.
Oh ! gentle Constance, go not forth to-day ;
Such dreams are ominous.

Con. Have you then forgot
My brother's nuptial feast ?—I must be one
Of the gay train attending to the shrine
His stately bride. In sooth, my step of joy
Will print earth lightly now.—What fear'st thou, love ?
Look all around ! the blue transparent skies,
And sunbeams pouring a more buoyant life
Through each glad thrilling vein, will brightly chase
All thought of evil.—Why, the very air
Breathes of delight !—Through all its glowing realms
Doth music blend with fragrance, and e'en here
The city's voice of jubilee is heard.
Till each light leaf seems trembling unto sounds
Of human joy !

Raim. There lie far deeper things—
Things that may darken thought for life, beneath
That city's festive semblance. I have pass'd
Through the glad multitudes, and I have mark'd
A stern intelligence in meeting eyes,
Which deem'd their flash unnoticed, and a quick
Suspicious vigilance, too intent to clothe
Its mien with carelessness ; and now and then,
A hurrying start, a whisper, or a hand
Pointing by stealth to some one, singled out
Amidst the reckless throng. O'er all is spread
A mantling flush of revelry, which may hide
Much from unpractised eyes ; but lighter signs
Have been prophetic oft.

Con. I tremble !—Raimond !
What may these things portend ?

Raim. It was a day
Of festival, like this ; the city sent
Up through her sunny firmament a voice
Joyous as now ; when, scarcely heralded
By one deep moan, forth from his cavernous depths
The earthquake burst ; and the wide splendid scene
Became one chaos of all fearful things,
Till the brain whirl'd, partaking the sick motion
Of rocking palaces.

Con. And then dist thou,
My noble Raimond ! through the dreadful paths
Laid open by destruction, past the chasms,
Whose fathomless clefts, a moment's work, had given
One burial unto thousands, rush to save
Thy trembling Constance ! she who lives to bless

Thy generous love, that still the breath of Heaven
Waits gladness to her soul!

Raim. Heaven!—Heaven is just
And being so, must guard thee, sweet one, still.
Trust none beside.—Oh! the omnipotent skies
Make their wrath manifest, but insidious *man*
Doth compass those he hates with secret snares,
Wherein lies fate. Know, danger walks abroad,
Mask'd as a reveller. Constance! oh! by all
Our tried affection, all the vows which bind
Our hearts together, meet me in these bowers,
Here, I adjure thee, meet me, when the bell
Doth sound for vesper-prayer!

Con. And knowst thou not
"Twill be the bridal hour?

Raim. It will not, love!
That hour will bring no bridal!—Naught of this
To human ear; but speed thou hither—fly,
When evening brings that signal.—Dost thou heed?
This is no meeting by a lover sought
To breathe fond tales, and make the twilight groves
And stars attest its vows, deem thou not so,
Therefore denying it!—I tell thee, Constance!
If thou wouldst save me from such fierce despair
As falls on *man*, beholding all he loves
Perish before him while his strength can but
Strive with his agony—thou'lt meet me then?
Look on me, love!—I am not oft so moved—
Thou'lt meet me?

Con. Oh! what mean thy words?—If then
My steps are free,—I will. Be thou but calm.

Raim. Be calm!—there is a cold and sullen calm,
And, were my wild fears made realities,
It might be mine; but in this dread suspense,—
This conflict of all terrible fantasies,
There is no calm.—Yet fear thou not, dear love!
I will watch o'er thee still. And now, farewell
Until that hour!

Con. My Raimond, fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Room in the Citadel of Palermo.

ALBERTI, DE COUCL.

De Cou. Said'st thou this night?

Alb. This very night—and lo!
E'en now the sun declines.

De Cou. What! are they arm'd?

Alb. All arm'd, and strong in vengeance and despair.

De Cou. Doubtful and strange the tale! Why was not this
reveal'd before?

Alb. Mistrust me not, my lord!
That stern and jealous Procida hath kept

O'er all my steps (as though he did suspect
The purposes which oft his eye hath sought
To read in mine) a watch so vigilant,
I knew not how to warn thee, though for this
Alone I mingled with his bands, to learn
Their projects and their strength. Thou know'st my faith
To Anjou's house full well.

De Cou. How may we now
Avert the gathering storm!—The viceroy holds
His bridal feast, and all is revelry.
—'Twas a true-boding heaviness of heart
Which kept me from these nuptials.

Alb. Thou thyself
May'st yet escape, and, haply of thy bands
Rescue a part, ere long to wreak full vengeance
Upon these rebels. 'Tis too late to dream
Of saving Eribert. E'en should'st thou rush
Before him with the tidings, in his pride
And confidence of soul, he would but laugh
Thy tale to scorn.

De Cou. He must not die unwarn'd,
Though it be all in vain. But thou, Alberti,
Rejoin thy comrades, lest thine absence wake
Suspicion in their hearts. Thou hast done well,
And shalt not pass unguerdon'd should I live
Through the deep horrors of th' approaching night.

Alb. Noble De Couci trust me still. Anjou
Commands no heart more faithful than Alberti's.

[Exit ALBERTI.]

De Cou. The grovelling slave!—And yet he spoke too true!
For Eribert, in blind elated joy,
Will scorn the warning voice.—The day wanes fast,
And through the city, recklessly dispersed,
Unarm'd and unpar'd, my soldiers revel,
E'en on the brink of fate.—I must away. [Exit DE COUCI.]

SCENE V.—*A Banqueting Hall. Provençal Nobles assembled.*

1st Noble. Joy be to this fair meeting?—Who hath seen
The viceroy's bride?

2d Noble. I saw her, as she pass'd
The gazing throngs assembled in the city.
'Tis said she hath not left for years, till now,
Her castle's wood-girt solitude. 'Twill gall
These proud Sicilians, that her wide domains
Should be the conqueror's guerdon.

3d Noble. 'Twas their boast
With what fond faith she worshipp'd still the name
Of the boy Conradin. How will the slaves
Brook this new triumph of their lords?

2d Noble. In sooth
It stings them to the quick. In the full streets
They mix with our Provençals and assume

A guise of mirth, but it sits hardly on them.
 'Twere worth a thousand festivals, to see
 With what a bitter and unnatural effort
 They strive to smile!

1st Noble. Is this Vittoria fair?

2d Noble. Of a most noble mien; but yet her beauty
 Is wild and awful, and her large dark eye,
 In its unsettled glances, hath strange power,
 From which thou'lt shrink as I did.

1st Noble. Hush! they come.

Enter ERIBERT, VITTORIA, CONSTANCE, and others.

Eri. Welcome, my noble friends!—There must not lower
 One clouded brow to-day in Sicily!
 —Behold my bride!

Nobles. Receive our homage, lady!

Vit. I bid all welcome. May the feast we offer
 Prove worthy of such guests!

Eri. Look on her, friends!
 And say, if that majestic brow is not
 Meet for a diadem?

Vit. 'Tis well, my lord!
 When memory's pictures fade—'tis kindly done
 To brighten their dimm'd hues!

1st Noble (apart.) Mark'd you her glance?

2d Noble (apart.) What eloquent scorn was there?

Yet he, th' elate
 Of heart, perceives it not.

Eri. Now to the feast!
 Constance, you look not joyous. I have said
 That all should smile to-day.

Con. Forgive me, brother;
 The heart is wayward, and its garb of pomp
 At times oppresses it.

Eri. Why, how is this?

Con. Voices of woe, and prayers of agony
 Unto my soul have risen, and left sad sounds
 There echoing still. Yet would I fain be gay,
 Since 'tis your wish.—In truth, I should have been
 A village maid.

Eri. But being as you are,
 Not thus ignobly free, command your looks
 (They may be taught obedience) to reflect
 The aspect of the time.

Vit. And know, fair maid!
 That if in this unskill'd, you stand alone
 Amidst our court of pleasure.

Eri. To the feast!
 Now let the red wine foam!—There should be mirth
 When conquerors revel!—Lords of this fair isle!
 Your good swords' heritage, crown each bowl, and pledge
 The present and the future! for they both
 Look brightly on us. Dost thou smile, my bride?

Vit. Yes, Eribert!—thy prophecies of joy
Have taught e'en *Æ* to smile.

Eri. 'Tis well. To-day
I have won a fair and almost *royal* bride;
To-morrow—let the bright sun spread his course,
To waft me happiness!—my proudest foes
Must die—and then my slumber shall be laid
On rose-leaves, with no envious fold, to mar
The luxury of its visions!—Fair Vittoria,
Your looks are troubled!

Vit. It is strange, but oft,
'Midst festal songs and garlands, o'er my soul
Death comes, with some dull image! as you spoke
Of those whose blood is claim'd, I thought for them
Who, in a darkness thicker than the night
E'er wove with all her clouds, have pined so long:
How blessed were the stroke which makes them things
Of that invisible world, wherein, we trust,
There is at least no bondage!—But should *we*
From such a scene as this, where all earth's joys
Contend for mastery, and the very sense
Of life is rapture; should *we* pass, I say,
At once from such excitements to the void
And silent gloom of that which doth await us—
—Were it not dreadful?

Eri. Banish such dark thoughts!
They ill beseem the hour.

Vit. There is no hour
Of this mysterious world, in joy or woe,
But they beseem it well!—Why, what a slight,
Impalpable bound is that, th' unseen, which severs
Being from death!—And who can tell how near
Its misty brink he stands?

1st Noble (aside.) What mean her words?

2d Noble. There's some dark mystery here.

Eri. No more of this!
Pour the bright juice which Etna's glowing vines
Yield to the conquerors! And let music's voice
Dispel these ominous dreams!—Wake, harp and song!
Swell out your triumph!

A Messenger enters bearing a letter.

Mes. Pardon, my good lord!
But this demands—

Eri. What means thy breathless haste?
And that ill-boding mien?—Away! such looks
Befit not hours like these.

Mes. The Lord de Couci
Bade me bear this, and say, 'tis fraught with tidings
Of life and death.

Vit. (hurriedly.) Is this a time for aught
But revelry?—My lord, these dull intrusions
Mar the bright spirit of the festal scene!

Eri. (to the messenger.) Hence! tell the Lord De Couci, we will talk
Of life and death to-morrow. [Exit messenger]

Let there be
Around me none but joyous looks to-day,
And strains whose very echoes wake to mirth!

[A band of the conspirators enter, to the sound of music disguised as shepherds, bacchanals. &c.]

Eri. What forms are these?—What means this antic triumph?

Vit. 'Tis but a rustic pageant, by my vassals
Prepared to grace our bridal. Will you not
Hear their wild music? Our Sicilian vales
Have many a sweet and mirthful melody,
To which the glad heart bounds. Breathe ye some strain
Meet for the time, ye sons of Sicily!

(One of the Masquers sings.)

The festal eve, o'er earth and sky,
In her sunset robe, looks bright,
And the purple hills of Sicily,
With their vineyards, laugh in light;
From the marble cities of her plains,
Glad voices mingling swell;
—But with yet more loud and lofty strains,
They shall hail the Vesper-bell!

Oh! sweet its tones, when the summer breeze

Their cadence wafts afar,
To float o'er the blue Sicilian seas,
As they gleam to the first pale star!
The shepherd greets them on his height,
The hermit in his cell;

—But a deeper voice shall breathe to-night,
In the sound of the Vesper-bell! [The bell rings.]

Eri. It is the hour!—Hark! hark!—my bride, our summons!
The altar is prepared and crown'd with flowers
That wait—

Vit. The victim!

[A tumult heard without.]

PROCIDA and MONTALBA enter, with others, armed.

Pro. Strike! the hour is come!

Vit. Welcome, avengers, welcome! Now, be strong!

[The conspirators throw off their disguise, and rush, with their swords drawn, upon the Provençals. ERIBERT is wounded, and falls.]

Pro. Now hath fate reach'd thee in thy mid career,
Thou reveller in a nation's agonies!

[The Provençals are driven off, and pursued by the Sicilians.]

Con. (supporting ERIBERT.) My brother! oh! my brother!
Eri. Have I stood

A leader in the battle-fields of kings,
 To perish thus at last?—Ay, by these pangs,
 And this strange chill, that heavily doth creep,
 Like a slow poison, through my curdling veins,
 This should be—death! In sooth, a dull exchange
 For the gay bridal feast! [spare none!]

Voices (without.) Remember Conradin!—spare none!—

Vit. (throwing off her bridal wreath and ornaments.) This
 is proud freedom! Now my soul may cast,

In generous scorn, her mantle of dissembling
 To earth forever! And it is such joy,
 As if a captive from his dull, cold cell,
 Might soar at once, on charter'd wing, to range
 The realms of starr'd infinity! Away!
 Vain mockery of a bridal wreath! The hour
 For which stern patience ne'er kept watch in vain
 Is come; and I may give my bursting heart
 Full and indignant scope. Now, Eribert!
 Believe in retribution! What! proud man!
 Prince, ruler, conqueror! didst thou deem Heaven slept?
 "Or that the unseen, immortal ministers,
 Ranging the world, to note e'en purposed crime
 In burning characters, had laid aside
 Their everlasting attributes for thee?"
 O blind security!—He, in whose dread hand
 The lightnings vibrate, holds them back, until
 The trampler of this goodly earth hath reach'd
 His pyramid-height of power; that so his fall
 May, with more fearful oracles, make pale
 Man's crown'd oppressors!

Con. Oh! reproach him not!
 His soul is trembling on the dizzy brink
 Of that dim world where passion may not enter.
 Leave him in peace.

Voices. (without.) Anjou, Anjou!—De Couci, to the rescue!

Eri. (half raising himself.) My brave Provençals! do ye
 combat still?

And I, your chief, am here!—Now, now I feel
 That death, indeed, is bitter!

Vit. Fare thee well!
 Thine eyes so oft, with their insulting smile,
 Have look'd on man's last pangs, thou shouldst by this,
 Be perfect how to die! [Exit VITTORIA.]

RAIMOND enters

Raim. Away, my Constance!
 Now is the time for flight. Our slaughtering bands
 Are scatter'd far and wide. A little while
 And thou shalt be in safety. Know'st thou not
 That low, sweet vale, where dwells the holy man,
 Anselmo? He whose hermitage is rear'd
 'Mid some old temple's ruins?—Round the spot

His name hath spread so pure and deep a charm,
 'Tis hallow'd as a sanctuary, wherein
 Thou shalt securely bide, till this wild storm
 Have spent its fury. Haste!

Con. I will not fly!
 While in his heart there is one throb of life,
 One spark in his dim eyes, I will not leave
 The brother of my youth to perish thus,
 Without one kindly bosom to sustain
 His dying head.

Eri. The clouds are darkening round.
 There are strange voices ringing in mine ear
 That summon me—to what?—But I have been
 Used to command!—Away! I will not die
 But on the field— [He dies.]

Con. (kneeling by him.) Oh Heaven! be merciful,
 As thou art just!—for he is now where nought
 But mercy can avail him.—It is past!

GUIDO enters with his sword drawn.

Gui. (to RAIMOND.) I've sought thee long—Why art thou
 lingering here?
 Haste, follow me!—Suspicion with thy name
 Joins that word—*Traitor!*

Raim. Traitor!—Guido?
Gui. Yes!

Hast thou not heard, that, with his men-at-arms,
 After vain conflict with a people's wrath,
 De Couci hath escaped?—And there are those
 Who murmur that from *thee* the warning came
 Which saved him from our vengeance. But e'en yet,
 In the red current of Provencal blood,
 That doubt may be effaced. Draw thy good sword,
 And follow me!

Raim. And thou couldst doubt me, Guido!
 'Tis come to this!—Away! mistrust me still.
 I will not stain my sword with deeds like thine.
 Thou know'st me not.

Gui. Raimond di Procida!
 If thou art he whom once I deem'd so noble—
 Call me thy friend no more! [Exit GUIDO.]

Raim. (after a pause.) Rise, dearest, rise!
 Thy duty's task hath nobly been fulfill'd,
 E'en in the face of death; but all is o'er,
 And this is now no place where nature's tears
 In quiet sanctity may freely flow.
 —Hark the wild sounds that wait on fearful deeds
 Are swelling on the winds, as the deep roar
 Of fast-advancing billows; and for *thee*
 I shame not thus to tremble.—Speed! oh, speed! [Exeunt]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A street in Palermo*

PROCIDA enters.

Pro. How strange and deep a stillness loads the air,
 As with the power of midnight!—Ay, where death
 Hath pass'd, there should be silence.—But this hush
 Of nature's heart—this breathlessness of all things,
 Doth press on thought too heavily, and the sky,
 With its dark robe of purple thunder-clouds
 Brooding in sullen masses o'er my spirit
 Weighs like an omen!—Wherefore should this be?
 Is not our task achieved, the mighty work
 Of our deliverance?—Yes; I should be joyous:
 But this our feeble nature, with its quick
 Instinctive superstitions, will drag down
 Th' ascending soul.—And I have fearful bodings
 That treachery lurks amongst us.—Raimond! Raimond!
 Oh! Guilt ne'er made a mien like his its garb!
 It cannot be!

MONTALBA, GUIDO, and other Sicilians enter.

Pro. Welcome! we meet in joy!
 Now may we bear ourselves erect, resuming
 The kingly port of freemen! Who shall dare,
 After this proof of slavery's dread recoil,
 To weave us chains again?—Ye have done well.

Mon. We have done well. There need no choral song,
 No shouting multitudes, to blazon forth
 Our stern exploits.—The *silence* of our foes
 Doth vouch enough, and they are laid to rest
 Deep as the sword could make it. Yet our task
 Is still but half achieved, since, with his bands,
 De Couci hath escaped, and, doubtless, leads
 Their footsteps to Messina, where our foes
 Will gather all their strength. Determined hearts,
 And deeds to startle earth, are yet required,
 To make the mighty sacrifice complete.—
 Where is thy son?

Pro. I know not. Once last night
 He cross'd my path, and with one stroke beat down
 A sword just raised to smite me, and restored
 My own, which in that deadly strife had been
 Wrench'd from my grasp; but when I would have press'd him
 To my exulting bosom, he drew back,
 And with a sad, and yet a scornful smile,
 Full of strange meaning, left me. Since that hour
 I have not seen him. Wherefore didst thou ask?

Mon. It matters not. We have deep things to speak of—
 Know'st thou that we have traitors in our councils?

Pro. I know some voice in secret must have warn'd
 De Couci, or his scatter'd bands had ne'er
 So soon been marshall'd, and in close array

Led hence as from the field.—Hast thou heard aught
That may develope this ?

Mon. The guards we set
To watch the city gates, have seized, this morn,
One whose quick fearful glance, and hurried step,
Betray'd his guilty purpose. Mark ! he bore
(Amidst the tumult, deeming that his flight
Might all unnoticed pass) these scrolls to him—
The fugitive Provençal. Read and judge !

Pro. Where is this messenger ?

Mon. Where *should* he be ?—
They slew him in their wrath.

Pro. Unwisely done !
Give me the scrolls. (*He reads.*) Now, if there be such things
As may to death add sharpness, yet delay
The pang which gives release ; if there be power
In execration, to call down the fires
Of yon avenging heaven, whose rapid shafts
But for such guilt were aimless ; be they heap'd
Upon the traitor's head !—Scorn make his name
Her mark for ever !

Mon. In our passionate blindness,
We send forth curses, whose deep stings recoil
Oft on ourselves.

Pro. Whate'er fate hath of ruin
Fall on his house !—What ! to resign again
That freedom for whose sake our souls have now
Engrain'd themselves in blood !—Why, who is he
That hath devised this treachery ?—To the scroll
Why fix'd he not his name, so stamping it
With an immortal infamy, whose brand
Might warn men from him ?—Who should be so vile ?
Alberti ?—In his eye is that which ever
Shrinks from encountering mine !—But no ! his race
Is of our noblest—Oh ! he could not shame
That high descent !—Urbino ?—Conti ?—No !
They are too deeply pledged.—There's one name more !
—I cannot utter it !—Now shall I read
Each face with cold suspicion, which doth blot
From man's high mien its native royalty,
And seal his noble forehead with the impress
Of its own vile imaginings !—Speak your thoughts,
Montalba ! Guido !—Who should this man be ?

Mon. Why, what Sicilian youth unsheathed last night
His sword to aid our foes, and turn'd its edge
Against his country's chiefs.—He that did *this*,
May well be deem'd for guiltier treason ripe.

Pro. And who is he ?

Mon. Nay, ask thy son.

Pro. My son !

What should *he* know of such a recreant heart ?
Speak, Guido ! thou'rt his friend !

Gui. I would not wear
The brand of such a name!

Pro. How? what means this?
A flash of light breaks in upon my soul!
Is it to blast me?—Yet the fearful doubt
Hath crept in darkness through my thoughts before,
And been flung from them.—Silence!—Speak not yet!
I would be calm and meet the thunder-burst
With a strong heart.

[*A pause.*

Now, what have I to hear?
Your tidings?

Gui. Briefly, 'twas your son did thus!
He hath disgraced your name.

Pro. My son did thus!
Are thy words oracles, that I should search
Their hidden meaning out?—*What* did my son?
I have forgot the tale.—Repeat it, quick!

Gui. 'Twill burst upon thee all too soon. While we
Were busy at the dark and solemn rites
Of retribution; while we bathed the earth
In red libations, which will consecrate
The soil they mingled with to freedom's step
Through the long march of ages: 'twas his task
To shield from danger a Provençal maid,
Sister of him whose cold oppression stung
Our hearts to madness.

Mon. What! should she be spared
To keep that name from perishing on earth?
—I cross'd them in their path, and raised my sword
To smite her in her champion's arms.—We fought.
The boy disarm'd me!—And I live to tell
My shame, and wreak my vengeance!

Gui. Who but he
Could warn De Couci, or devise the guilt
These scrolls reveal?—Hath not the traitor still
Sought, with his fair and specious eloquence,
To win us from our purpose?—All things seem
Leagued to unmask him.

Mon. Know you not there came,
E'en in the banquet's hour, from this De Couci,
One, bearing unto Eriberth the tidings
Of all our purposed deeds?—And have we not
Proof, as the noon-day clear, that Raimond loves
The sister of that tyrant?

Pro. There was one
Who mourn'd for being childless!—Let him now
Feast o'er his children's graves, and I will join
The revelry!

Mon. (apart.) You shall be childless too!

Pro. Was't you, Montalba!—Now rejoice, *I say!*
There is no name so near you, that its stains
Should call the fever'd and indignant blood

To your dark cheek!—But I will dash to earth
The weight that presses on my heart, and then
Be glad as thou art.

Mon. What means this, my lord?
Who hath seen gladness on Montalba's mien?

Pro. Why, should not all be glad who have no *sons*
To tarnish their bright name?

Mon. I am not used
To bear with mockery.

Pro. Friend! By yon high Heaven,
I mock thee not!—'Tis a proud fate, to live
Alone and unallied.—Why, what's alone?
A word whose sense is—*free*!—Ay, free from all
The venom'd stings implanted in the heart
By those it loves.—Oh! I could laugh to think
O' th' joy that riots in baronial halls,
When the word comes—"A son is born!"—A *son*!
—They should say thus—"He that shall knit your brow
To furrows, not of years; and bid your eye
Quail its proud glance to tell the earth its shame,
Is born, and so rejoice!"—*then* might we feast,
And know the cause!—Were it not excellent?

Mon. This is all idle. There are deeds to do:
Arouse thee, Procida!

Pro. Why, am I not
Calm as immortal Justice!—She can strike,
And yet be passionless—and thus will I.
I know thy meaning.—Deeds to do!—'tis well.
They shall be done ere thought on.—Go ye forth:
There is a youth who calls himself my son.
His name is—Raimond—in his eye is light
That shows like truth—but be not ye deceived!
Bear him in chains before us. We will sit
To-day in judgment, and the skies shall see
The strength which girds our nature. Will not this
Be glorious, brave Montalba?—Linger not,
Ye tardy messengers! for there are things
Which ask the speed of storms.

[*Exeunt GUIDO and others.*
Is not this well?

Mon. 'Tis noble. Keep thy spirit to this proud height—
(*Aside.*) And then be desolate like me!—my woes
Will at the thought grow light.

Pro. What now remains
To be prepared?—There should be solemn pomp
To grace a day like this.—Ay, breaking hearts
Require a drapery to conceal their throbs
From cold enquiring eyes; and it must be
Ample and rich, that so their gaze may not
Explore what lies beneath.

[*Exit PROCIDA.*

Mon. Now this is well!
—I hate this Procida; for he hath won

In all our councils that ascendancy
 And mastery o'er bold hearts, which should have been
 Mine by a thousand claims.—Had *he* the strength
 Of wrongs like mine?—No! for that name—his country—
He strikes—*my* vengeance hath a deeper fount:
 But there's dark joy in this!—And fate hath barr'd
 My soul from every other. [Exit MONTALBA.]

SCENE II.—*A Hermitage surrounded by the Ruins of an Ancient Temple.*

CONSTANCE, ANSELMO.

Con. 'Tis strange he comes not!—Is not this the still
 And sultry hour of noon?—He should have been
 Here by the daybreak.—Was there not a voice?
 —“No! 'tis the shrill Cicada, with glad life
 Peopling these marble ruins, as it sports
 Amidst them in the sun.”—Hark! yet again!
 No! no! forgive me, father! that I bring
 Earth's restless griefs and passions, to disturb
 The stillness of thy holy solitude:
 My heart is full of care.

Ans. There is no place
 So hallow'd, as to be unvisited
 By mortal cares. Nay, whither should we go
 With our deep griefs and passions, but to scenes
 Lonely and still, where he that made our hearts
 Will speak to them in whispers? I have known
 Affliction too, my daughter.

Con. Hark! his step!
 I know it well—he comes—my Raimond, welcome!

VITTORIA enters, CONSTANCE shrinks back on perceiving her.
 Oh, Heaven! that aspect tells a fearful tale.

Vit. (not observing her.) There is a cloud of horror on my
 soul;

And on thy words, Anselmo, peace doth wait,
 Even as an echo, following the sweet close
 Of some divine and solemn harmony:
 Therefore I sought thee now. Oh! speak to me
 Of holy things and names, in whose deep sound
 Is power to bid the tempests of the heart
 Sink, like a storm rebuked.

Ans. What recent grief
 Darkens thy spirit thus?

Vit. I said not grief.
 We should rejoice to-day, but joy is not
 That which it hath been. In the flowers which wreath
 Its mantling cup, there is a scent unknown,
 Fraught with a strange delirium. All things now
 Have changed their nature: still, I say, rejoice!
 'There is a cause, Anselmo!—We are free—

Free and avenged !—Yet on my soul there hangs
A darkness, heavy as th' oppressive gloom
Of midnight fantasies.—Ay, for this, too,
There is a cause.

Ans. How say'st thou, we are free?—
There may have raged, within Palermo's walls,
Some brief wild tumult, but too well I know
They call the stranger lord.

Vit. Who calls the *dead*
Conqueror or lord?—Hush ! breathe it not aloud
The wild winds must not hear it !—Yet, again,
I tell thee we are free !

Ans. Thine eye hath look'd
On fearful deeds, for still their shadows hang
O'er its dark orb.—Speak ! I adjure thee, say,
How hath this work been wrought ?

Vit. Peace ! ask me not !
Why shouldst *thou* hear a tale to send thy blood
Back on its fount ?—We cannot wake them now !
The storm is in my soul, but *they* are all
At rest !—Ay, sweetly may the slaughter'd babe
By its dead mother sleep ; and warlike men,
Who 'midst the slain have slumber'd oft before,
Making the shield their pillow, may repose
Well, now their toils are done.—Is't not enough ?

Con. Merciful Heaven ! have such things been ? **And yet**
There is no shade come o'er the laughing sky !
—I am an outcast now.

Ans. O thou, whose ways
Clouds mantle fearfully ; of all the blind,
But terrible ministers that work thy wrath,
How much is *man* the fiercest !—Others know
Their limits—Yes ! the earthquakes, and the storms,
And the volcanoes !—He alone o'erleaps
The bounds of retribution !—Couldst thou gaze,
Vittoria ! with thy woman's heart and eye,
On such dread scenes unmoved ?

Vit. Was it for *me*
To stay th' avenging sword ?—No, though it pierced
My very soul !—Hark ! hark ! what thrilling shrieks
Ring through the air around me !—Canst thou not
Bid them be hush'd ?—Oh ! look not on me thus !

Ans. Lady ! thy thoughts lend sternness to the looks
Which are but sad !—Have all then perish'd ? *all* ?
Was there no mercy !

Vit. Mercy ! It hath been
A word forbidden as th' unhallow'd names
Of evil powers.—Yet one there was who dared
To own the guilt of pity, and to aid
The victims ! but in vain.—Of him no more !
He is a traitor, and a traitor's death
Will be his meed.

Con. (coming forward.) Oh, Heaven!—his name, his name!
Is it—it cannot be!

Vit. (starting.) Thou here, pale girl!
I deem'd thee with the dead!—How hast thou 'scaped
The snare!—Who saved thee, last of all thy race!
Was it not he of whom I spake e'en now,
Raimond di Procida?

Con. It is enough.
Now the storm breaks upon me, and I sink.
Must he too die?

Vit. Is it e'en so?—Why then,
Live on—thou hast the arrow at thy heart!
"Fix not on me thy sad reproachful eyes,"
I mean not to betray thee. Thou may'st live!
Why should death bring thee his oblivious balms!
He visits but the happy.—Didst thou ask
If Raimond too must die?—It is as sure
As that his blood is on *thy* head, for thou
Didst win him to this treason.

Con. When did men
Call mercy *treason*?—Take my life, but save
My noble Raimond!

Vit. Maiden! he must die.
E'en now the youth before his judges stands,
And they are men, who, to the voice of prayer
Are as the rock is to the murmur'd sigh
Of summer waves! ay, though a father sit
On their tribunal. Bend thou not to me.
What wouldst thou?

Con. Mercy!—Oh! wert thou to plead
But with a look, e'en yet he might be saved!
If thou hast ever loved—

Vit. If I have loved?
It is *that* love forbids me to relent;
I am what it hath made me.—O'er my soul
Lightning hath pass'd, and sear'd it. Could I weep
I then might pity—but it will not be.

Con. Oh! thou wilt yet relent, for woman's heart
Was form'd to suffer and to melt.

Vit. Away!
Why should I pity thee?—Thou wilt but prove
What I have known before—and yet I live!
Nature is strong, and it may all be borne—
The sick impatient yearning of the heart
For that which is not; and the weary sense
Of the dull void, wherewith our homes have been
Circled by death; yes, all things may be borne!
All, save remorse.—But I will *not* bow down
My spirit to that dark power;—there *was* no guilt!
Anselmo! wherefore didst thou talk of guilt?

Ans. Ay, thus doth sensitive conscience quicken though
Lending reproachful voices to a breeze,

Keen lightning to a look.

Vit.

Leave me in peace!

Is't not enough that I should have a sense
Of things thou canst not see, all wild and dark,
And of unearthly whispers, haunting me
With dread suggestions, but that *thy* cold words,
Old man, should gall me, too?—Must all conspire
Against me?—Oh! thou beautiful spirit! wont
To shine upon my dreams with looks of love,
Where art *thou* vanish'd?—Was it not the thought
Of thee which urged me to the fearful task,
And wilt thou now forsake me?—I must seek
The shadowy woods again, for there, perchance,
Still may thy voice be in my twilight-paths;
—Here I but meet despair!

[*Exit VITTORIA.*]

Ans. (to *CONSTANCE*.) Despair not *thou*,
My daughter!—He that purifies the heart
With grief will lend it strength.

Con. (endeavoring to rouse herself.) Did she not say
That some one was to die?

Ans.

I tell thee not.

Thy pangs are vain—for nature will have way.
Earth must have tears; yet in a heart like thine,
Faith may not yield its place.

Con.

Have I not heard

Some fearful tale?—Who said that there should rest
Blood on my soul?—What blood?—I never bore
Hatred, kind father, unto aught that breathes;
Raimond doth know it well.—Raimond!—High Heaven,
It bursts upon me now!—and he must die!
For my sake—e'en for mine!

Ans.

Her words were strange,

And her proud mind seem'd half to frenzy wrought
—Perchance this may not be.

Con.

It must not be.

Why do I linger here?

[*She rises to depart.*]

Ans.

Where wouldst thou go?

Con. To give their stern and unrelenting hearts
A victim in his stead.

Ans.

Stay! would'st thou rush

On certain death?

Con.

I may not falter now.

—Is not the life of woman all bound up
In her affections?—What hath *she* to do
In this bleak world alone?—It may be well
For *man* on his triumphal course to move,
Uncumber'd by soft bonds; but *we* were born
For love and grief.

Ans.

Thou fair and gentle thing,
Unused to meet a glance which doth not speak
Of tenderness or homage! how shouldst *thou*
Bear the hard aspect of un pitying men.

Or face the King of Terrors?

Con. There is strength
Deep bedded in our hearts, of which we reck
But little, till the shaft of heaven have pierced
Its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent
Before her gems are found?—Oh! now I feel
Worthy the generous love which hath not shunn'd
To look on death for me!—My heart hath given
Birth to as deep a courage, and a faith
As high in its devotion. [Exit CONSTANCE.]

Ans. She is gone!
Is it to perish?—God of mercy! lend
Power to my voice, that so its prayer may save
This pure and lofty creature!—I will follow,
But her young footstep and heroic heart
Will bear her to destruction faster far
Than I can track her path. [Exit ANSELMO.]

SCENE III.—*Hall of a Public Building.*

PROCIDA, MONTALBA, GUIDO, and others, seated as on a
Tribunal.

Pro. The morn tower'd darkly, but the sun hath now
With fierce and angry splendor, through the clouds
Burst forth, as if impatient to behold
This our high triumph.—Lead the prisoner in.

[RAYMOND is brought in, fettered and guarded.]

Why, what a bright and fearless brow is here!
—Is this man guilty?—Look on him, Montalba!

Mon. Be firm. Should justice falter at a look?

Pro. No, thou say'st well. Her eyes are filleted,
Or should be so. Thou, that dost call thyself—
But no! I will not breathe a traitor's name—
Speak! thou art arraign'd of treason.

Raim. I arraign
You, before whom I stand, of darker guilt,
In the bright face of Heaven; and your own hearts
Give echo to the charge. Your very looks
Have ta'en the stamp of crime, and seem to shrink,
With a perturb'd and haggard wildness, back
From the too-searching light.—Why, what hath wrought
This change on noble brows?—There is a voice
With a deep answer, rising from the blood
Your hands have coldly shed!—Ye are of those
From whom just men recoil with curdling veins,
All thrill'd by life's abhorrent consciousness,
And sensitive feeling of a murderer's presence.
—Away! come down from your tribunal-seat,
Put off your robes of state, and let your mien
Be pale and humbled; for ye bear about you
That which repugnant earth doth sicken at,
More than the pestilence.—That I should live

To see my father shrink !

Pro. Montalba, speak !
There's something chokes my voice—but fear me not.

Mon. If we must plead to vindicate our acts,
Be it when thou hast made thine own look clear,
Most eloquent youth ! What answer canst thou make
To this our charge of treason ?

Raim. I will plead
That cause before a mightier judgment-throne,
Where mercy is not guilt. But here I feel
Too buoyantly the glory and the joy
Of my free spirit's whiteness ; for e'en now
The embodied hideousness of crime doth seem
Before me glaring out.—Why, I saw *thee*,
Thy foot upon an aged warrior's breast,
Trampling out nature's last convulsive heavings.
—And thou *thy* sword—Oh, valiant chief!—is yet
Red from the noble stroke, which pierced at once
A mother and the babe, whose little life
Was from her bosom drawn !—Immortal deeds
For bards to hymn !

Gui. (aside.) I look upon his mien,
And waver.—Can it be ?—My boyish heart
Deem'd him so noble once !—Away, weak thoughts !
Why should I shrink, as if the guilt were *mine*,
From his proud glance ?

Pro. Oh, thou dissembler ! thou,
So skill'd to clothe with virtue's generous flush
The hollow cheek of cold hypocrisy,
That, with thy guilt made manifest, I can scarce
Believe thee guilty !—look on me, and say
Whose was the secret warning voice, that saved
De Couci with his bands, to join our foes,
And forge new fetters for the indignant land ?
Whose was *this* treachery ? *[Shows him papers.]*

Who hath promised here
(Belike to appease the manes of the dead)
At midnight to unfold Palermo's gates,
And welcome in the foe ?—Who hath done this,
But thou—a tyrant's friend ?

Raim. Who hath done this ?
Father!—if I may call thee by that name—
Look, with thy piercing eye, on those whose smiles
Were masks that hid their daggers.—*There*, perchance,
May lurk what loves not light too strong. For me
I know but this—there needs no deep research
To prove the truth—that murderers may be traitors
Even to each other.

Pro. (to MONTALBA.) His unaltering cheek
Still vividly doth hold its natural hue,
And his eye quails not !—Is this innocence ?

Mon. No ! 'tis th' unshrinking hardihood of crime.

—Thou bear'st a gallant mien!—But where is *she*
Whom thou hast barter'd fame and life to save,
The fair Provençal maid!—What! know'st thou not
That this alone were guilt, to death allied?
Was't not our law that he who spared a foe
(And is she not of that detested race?)
Should thenceforth be amongst us *as* a foe?
—Where hast thou borne her?—speak!

Raim. That Heaven, whose eye
Burns up thy soul with its far-searching glance,
Is with her: she is safe.

Pro. And by that word
Thy doom is seal'd.—Oh God! that I had died
Before this bitter hour, in the full strength
And glory of my heart!

CONSTANCE enters, and rushes to RAIMOND.

Con. Oh! art thou found?
—But yet, to find thee thus!—Chains, chains for *thee*!
My brave, my noble love!—Off with these bonds;
Let him be free as air: for I am come
To be your victim now.

Raim. Death has no pang
More keen than this.—Oh! wherefore art thou here?
I could have died so calmly, deeming thee
Saved, and at peace.

Con. At peace!—And thou hast thought
Thus poorly of my love!—But woman's breast
Hath strength to suffer too.—Thy father sits
On this tribunal; Raimond, which is he?

Raim. My father! who hath lull'd thy gentle heart
With that false hope?—Beloved! gaze around—
See if thine eye can trace a father's soul
In the dark looks bent on us.

[*CONSTANCE, after earnestly examining the countenances of
the Judges, falls at the feet of PROCIDA.*

Thou art he!
Nay, turn thou not away! for I beheld
Thy proud lip quiver, and a watery mist
Pass o'er thy troubled eye; and then I knew
Thou wert his father!—Spare him! take *my* life!
In truth, a worthless sacrifice for his,
But yet mine all.—Oh! *he* hath still to run
A long bright race of glory.

Raim. Constance, peace!
I look upon thee, and my failing heart
Is as a broken reed.

Con. (still addressing PROCIDA.) Oh, yet relent!
If 'twas his crime to rescue *me*, behold
I come to be the atonement! Let him live
To crown thine age with honor.—In thy heart
There's a deep conflict; but great Nature pleads
With an o'ermastering voice, and thou wilt yield!

—Thou *art* his father !

Pro. (after a pause.) Maiden, thou'rt deceived !
I am as calm as that dead pause of nature
Ere the full thunder bursts.—A judge is not
Father or friend. Who calls this man my son ?
—*My son* !—Ay, thus his mother proudly smiled—
But she was noble !—Traitors stand alone,
Loosed from all ties.—Why should I trifle thus ?
—Bear her away !

Raim. (starting forward.) And whither ?

Mon. Unto death.

Why should she live, when all her race have perish'd ?

Con. (sinking into the arms of RAIMOND.) Raimond, fare-
well !—Oh ! when thy star hath risen
To its bright noon, forget not, best beloved,
I died for thee !

Raim. High Heaven ! thou see'st these things,
And yet endurest them !—Shalt thou die for me,
Purest and loveliest being ?—but our fate
May not divide us long.—Her cheek is cold—
Her deep blue eyes are closed—Should this be death
—If thus, there yet were mercy !—Father, father !
Is thy heart human ?

Pro. Bear her hence, I say !
Why must my soul be torn ?

ANSELMO enters, holding a Crucifix.

Ans. Now, by this sign
Of Heaven's prevailing love, ye shall not harm
One ringlet of her head.—How ! is there not
Enough of blood upon your burthen'd souls ?
Will not the visions of your midnight couch
Be wild and dark enough, but ye must heap
Crime upon crime ?—Be ye content : your dreams,
Your counsels, and your banquetings, will yet
Be haunted by the voice which doth not sleep,
E'en though this maid be spared !—Constance, look up !
Thou shalt not die.

Raim. Oh ! death e'en now hath veil'd
The light of her soft beauty.—Wake, my love !
Wake at my voice !

Pro. Anselmo, lead her hence,
And let her live, but never meet my sight.
—Begone ! my heart will burst.

Raim. One last embrace.
—Again life's rose is opening on her cheek ;
Yet must we part.—So love is crush'd on earth !
But there are brighter worlds !—Farewell, farewell !

[*He gives her to the care of ANSELMO.*
Con. (slowly recovering.) There was a voice which call'd
me.—Am I not
A spirit free'd from earth ?—Have I not pass'd
The bitterness of death ?

Ans. Oh, haste away!

Con. Yes! Raimond calls me.—He too is released
From his cold bondage. We are free at last,
And all is well.—Away! [*She is led out by ANSELM.*]

Raim. The pang is o'er,
And I have but to die.

Mon. Now, Procida,
Comes thy great task. Wake! summon to thine aid
All thy deep soul's commanding energies;
For thou—a chief among us—must pronounce
The sentence of thy son. It rests with thee.

Pro. Ha! ha!—Men's hearts should be of softer mould
Than in the elder time.—Fathers could doom
Their children *then* with an unfaltering voice,
And we must tremble thus!—Is it not said
That nature grows degenerate, earth being now
So full of days?

Mon. Rouse up thy mighty heart.

Pro. Ay, thou say'st right. There are souls which tower
As landmarks to mankind.—Well, what's the task?
—There is a man to be condemn'd, you say?
Is he then guilty?

All. Thus we deem of him
With one accord.

Pro. And hath he naught to plead?

Raim. Naught but a soul unstain'd.

Pro. Why, that is little
Stains on the soul are but as conscience deems them,
And conscience may be sear'd.—But, for this sentence!
—Was't not the penalty imposed on man,
E'en from creation's dawn, that he must die?
—It was: thus making guilt a sacrifice
Unto eternal justice; and we but
Obey Heaven's mandate, when we cast dark souls
To th' elements from among us. Be it so!
Such be *his* doom!—I have said. Ay, now my heart
Is girt with adamant, whose cold weight doth press
Its gasping down.—Off! let me breathe in freedom!
—Mountains are on my breast! [*He sinks back*]

Mon. Guards, bear the prisoner
Back to his dungeon.

Raim. Father! oh, look up;
Thou art my father still!

Gui. (*leaving the tribunal, throws himself on the neck of*
RAIMOND.) Oh! Raimond, Raimond!

If it should be that I have wrong'd thee, say
Thou dost forgive me.

Raim. Friend of my young days,
So may all-pitying Heaven! [*RAIMOND is led out.*]

Pro. Whose voice was that?
Where is he?—gone? Now I may breathe once more
In the free air of heaven. Let us away. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A prison dimly lighted.*

RAIMOND sleeping. PROCIDA enters.

Pro. (gazing upon him earnestly.) Can he then sleep?—Th' overshadowing night hath wrapt Earth, at her stated hour; the stars have set Their burning watch; and all things hold their course Of wakefulness and rest; yet hath not sleep Sat on mine eyelids since—but this avails not! And thus *he* slumbers!—"Why, this mien doth seem As if its soul were but one lofty thought Of an immortal destiny!"—his brow Is calm as waves whereon the midnight heavens Are imaged silently.—Wake, Raimond, wake! Thy rest is deep.

Raim. (starting up.) My father! Wherefore here? I am prepared to die, yet would I not Fall by *thy* hand.

Pro. 'Twas not for *this* I came.

Raim. Then wherefore?—and upon thy lofty brow Why burns the troubled flush?

Pro. Perchance 'tis shame.
Yes, it may well be shame!—For I have striven With nature's feebleness, and been o'erpower'd.
—Howe'er it be, 'tis not for *thee* to gaze,
Noting it thus. Rise, let me loose thy chains,
Arise and follow me; but let thy step Fall without sound on earth: I have prepared The means for thy escape.

Raim. What! *thou*! the austere,
The inflexible Procida? hast *thou* done this,
Deeming me guilty still!

Pro. Upbraid me not!
It is even so. There have been nobler deeds By Roman fathers done,—but I am weak.
Therefore, again I say, arise! and haste,
For the night wanes. Thy fugitive course must be To realms beyond the deep; so let us part In silence, and for ever.

Raim. Let *him* fly
Who holds no deep asylum in his breast
Wherein to shelter from the scoffs of men!
—I can sleep calmly here.

Pro. Art thou in love
With death and infamy, that so thy choice Is made, lost boy! when freedom courts thy grasp!

Raim. Father! to set th' irrevocable seal
Upon that shame wherewith ye have branded me,
There needs but flight.—What should I bear from this,

My native land?—a blighted name, to rise
 And part me, with its dark remembrances,
 For ever from the sunshine!—O'er my soul
 Bright shadowings of a nobler destiny
 Float in dim beauty through the gloom; but here
 On earth, my hopes are closed.

Pro. *Thy* hopes are closed
 And what were they to mine?—Thou wilt not fly!
 Why, let all traitors flock to thee, and learn
 How proudly guilt can talk!—Let fathers rear
 Their offspring henceforth, as the free wild-birds
 Foster their young; when these can mount alone,
 Dissolving nature's bonds, why should it not
 Be so with us?

Raim. Oh, father!—Now I feel
 What high prerogatives belong to death.
 He hath a deep though voiceless eloquence,
 To which I leave my cause. "His solemn veil
 Doth with mysterious beauty clothe our virtues,
 And in its vast oblivious folds, for ever
 Give shelter to our faults."—When I am gone,
 The mists of passion which have dimm'd my name
 Will melt like day dreams; and my memory then
 Will be—not what it should have been—for I
 Must pass without my fame—but yet unstain'd
 As a clear morning dewdrop. O! the grave
 Hath rights inviolate as a sanctuary's,
 And they should be my own!

Pro. Now, by just Heaven
 I will not thus be tortured!—Were my heart
 But of thy guilt or innocence assured,
 I could be calm again. "But, in this wild
 Suspense—this conflict and vicissitude
 Of opposite feelings and convictions—What!
 Hath it been mine to temper and to bend
 All spirits to my purpose: have I raised
 With a severe and passionless energy,
 From the dread mingling of their elements,
 Storms which have rocked the earth!—And shall I now
 Thus fluctuate, as a feeble reed, the scorn
 And plaything of the winds?"—Look on me, boy!
 Guilt never dared to meet these eyes, and keep
 Its heart's dark secret close.—Oh, pitying Heaven!
 Speak to my soul with some dread oracle,
 And tell me which is truth.

Raim. I will not plead.
 I will not call th' Omnipotent to attest
 My innocence. No, father, in thy heart
 I know my birthright shall be soon restored;
 Therefore I look to death, and bid thee speed
 The great absolver.

Pro. Oh! my son, my son!

We will not part in wrath!—The sternest hearts,
 Within their proud and guarded fastnesses,
 Hide something still, round which their tendrils cling
 With a close grasp, unknown to those who dress
 Their love in smiles. And such wert thou to me!
 The all which taught me that my soul was cast
 In nature's mould.—And I must now hold on
 My desolate course alone!—Why, be it thus!
 He that doth guide a nation's star should dwell
 High o'er the clouds, in regal solitude,
 Sufficient to himself.

Raim. Yet, on the summit,
 When with her bright wings glory shadows thee,
 Forget not him who coldly sleeps beneath,
 Yet might have soar'd as high!

Pro. No, fear thou not!
 Thou'lt be remember'd long. The canker-worm
 O' th' heart is ne'er forgotten.

Raim. "O! not thus—
 I would not *thus* be thought of."

Pro. Let me deem
 Again that thou art base!—for thy bright looks,
 Thy glorious mien of fearlessness and truth,
 Then would not haunt me as the avenging powers
 Follow'd the parricide. Farewell, farewell!
 I have no tears.—O! thus thy mother look'd,
 When, with a sad, yet half-triumphant smile,
 All radiant with deep meaning, from her deathbed
 She gave thee to my arms.

Raim. Now Death has lost
 His sting, since thou believ'st me innocent.

Pro. (wildly.) Thou innocent!—Am I thy murderer, then?
 Away! I tell thee thou hast made my name
 A scorn to men!—No! I will *not* forgive thee;
 A traitor!—What! the blood of Procida
 Filling a traitor's veins?—Let the earth drink it;
 Thou would'st receive our foes!—but they shall meet
 From thy perfidious lips a welcome, cold
 As death can make it!—Go, prepare thy soul!

Raim. Father! yet hear me!

Pro. No! thou'rt skill'd to make
 E'en shame look fair.—Why should I linger thus?

[*Going to leave the prison, he turns back for a moment*
 If there be aught—if aught—for which thou need'st
 Forgiveness—not of me, but that dread power
 From whom no heart is veil'd—delay thou not
 Thy prayer.—Time hurries on.

Raim. I am prepared.

Pro. 'Tis well.

Raim. Men talk of torture!—Can they wreak
 Upon the sensitive and shrinking frame,
 Half the mind bears and lives?—My spirit feels

[*Exit PROCIDA.*

Bewilder'd ; on its powers this twilight gloom
 Hangs like a weight of earth.—It should be morn ;
 Why, then, perchance, a beam of Heaven's bright sun
 Hath pierced, ere now, the grating of my dungeon,
 Telling of hope and mercy ! *[Exit into an inner cell.*

SCENE II.—A Street of Palermo.

Many Citizens assembled.

1st Cit. The morning breaks ; his time is almost come :
 Will he be led this way ?

2d Cit. Ay, so 'tis said,
 To die before that gate through which he purposed
 The foe should enter in.

3d Cit. 'Twas a vile plot !
 And yet I would my hands were pure as his
 From the deep stain of blood. Did'st hear the sounds
 I' the air last night ?

2d Cit. Since the great work of slaughter,
 Who hath not heard them duly at those hours
 Which should be silent ?

3d Cit. Oh ! the fearful mingling,
 The terrible mimicry of human voices,
 In every sound which to the heart doth speak
 Of woe and death.

2d Cit. Ay, there was woman's shrill
 And piercing cry ; and the low feeble wail
 Of dying infants ; and the half-suppress'd
 Deep groan of man in his last agonies !
 And now and then there swell'd upon the breeze
 Strange, savage bursts of laughter, wilder far
 Than all the rest.

1st Cit. Of our own fate, perchance,
 These awful midnight wailings may be deem'd
 An ominous prophecy.—Should France regain
 Her power among us, doubt not, we shall have
 Stern reckoners to account with.—Hark !

[Sound of trumpets heard at a distance.

2d Cit. 'Twas but
 A rushing of the breeze.

3d Cit. E'en now, 'tis said,
 The hostile bands approach.

[The sound is heard gradually drawing nearer.

2d Cit. Again ! that sound
 Was no illusion. Nearer yet it swells—
 They come, they come !

PROCIDA enters.

Pro. The foe is at your gates ;
 But hearts and hands prepared shall meet his onset :
 Why are you loitering here ?

Cit. My lord, we came—

Pro. Think ye I know not wherefore ?—'twas to see

A fellow-being die !—Ay, 'tis a sight
 Man loves to look on, and the tenderest hearts
 Recoil, and yet withdraw not from the scene.
 For *this* ye came.—What ! is our nature fierce,
 Or is there that in mortal agony,
 From which the soul, exulting in its strength,
 Doth learn immortal lessons ?—Hence, and arm !
 Ere the night-dews descend, ye will have seen
 Enough of death ; for this must be a day
 Of battle !—'Tis the hour which troubled souls
 Delight in, for its rushing storms are wings
 Which bear them up !—Arm, arm ! 'tis for your homes,
 And all that lends them loveliness—Away ! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—*Prison of RAIMOND.*

RAIMOND, ANSELMO.

Raim. And Constance then is safe !— Heaven bless thee,
 father !
 Good angels bear such comfort.

Ans. I have found
 A safe asylum for thine honor'd love,
 Where she may dwell until serener days,
 With Saint Rosalia's gentlest daughters ; those
 Whose hallow'd office is to tend the bed
 Of pain and death, and sooth the parting soul
 With their soft hymns : and therefore are they call'd
 " Sisters of Mercy."

Raim. Oh ! that name, my Constance,
 Befits thee well ! E'en in our happiest days,
 There was a depth of tender pensiveness,
 Far in thine eyes' dark azure, speaking ever
 Of pity and mild grief.—Is she at peace ?

Ans. Alas ! what should I say ?

Raim. Why did I ask ?
 Knowing the deep and full devotedness
 Of her young heart's affections !—Oh ! the thought
 Of my untimely fate will haunt her dreams,
 Which should have been so tranquil !—And her soul,
 Whose strength was but the lofty gift of love,
 Even unto death will sicken.

Ans. All that faith
 Can yield of comfort, shall assuage her woes ;
 And still, whate'er betide, the light of Heaven
 Rests on her gentle heart. But thou, my son !
 Is thy young spirit master'd and prepared
 For nature's fearful and mysterious change ?

Raim. Ay, father ! of my brief remaining task
 The least part is to die !—And yet the cup
 Of life still mantled brightly to my lips,
 Crown'd with that sparkling bubble, whose proud name

Is—glory!—Oh! my soul, from boyhood's morn
 Hath nursed such mighty dreams!—It was my hope
 To leave a name, whose echo, from the abyss
 Of time should rise, and float upon the winds,
 Into the far hereafter; there to be
 A trumpet-sound, a voice from the deep tomb,
 Murmuring—Awake!—Arise!—But this is past!
 Erewhile, and it had seem'd enough of shame,
 To sleep *forgotten* in the dust—but now
 O'h God!—the undying record of my grave
 Will be—Here sleeps a traitor!—One, whose crime,
 Was—to deem brave men might find nobler weapons
 Than the cold murderer's dagger!

Ans. Oh, my son,
 Subdue these troubled thoughts! Thou would'st not change
 Thy lot for theirs, o'er whose dark dreams will hang
 The avenging shadows, which the blood-stain'd soul
 Doth conjure from the dead!

Raim. Thou'rt right. I would not.
 Yet 'tis a weary task to school the heart,
 Ere years or griefs have tamed its fiery spirit
 Into that still and passive fortitude,
 Which is but learn'd from suffering.—Would the hour
 To hush these passionate throbbings were at hand!

Ans. It will not be to-day. Hast thou not heard
 —But no—the rush, the trampling, and the stir
 Of this great city arming in her haste,
 Pierce not these dungeon-depths.—The foe hath reach'd
 Our gates, and all Palermo's youth, and all
 Her warrior men, are marshall'd, and gone forth
 In that high hope which makes realities,
 To the red field. Thy father leads them on.

Raim. (starting up.) They are gone forth! my father leads
 them on!

All—all Palermo' youth!—No! *one* is left,
 Shut out from glory's race!—They are gone forth!
 —Ay, now the soul of battle is abroad,
 It burns upon the air!—The joyous winds
 Are tossing warrior-plumes, the proud white foam
 Of battle's roaring billows!—On my sight
 The vision bursts—it maddens! 'tis the flash,
 The lightning-shock of lances, and the cloud
 Of rushing arrows, and the broad full blaze
 Of helmets in the sun!—The very steed
 Which his majestic rider glorying shares
 The hour's stern joy, and waves his floating mane
 As a triumphant banner!—Such things are
 Even now—and I am here!

Ans. Alas, be calm!
 To the same grave ye press,—thou that dost pine
 Beneath a weight of chains, and they that rule
 The fortunes of the fight.

Raim. Ay ! Thou canst feel
 The calm thou would'st impart, for unto thee
 All men alike, the warrior and the slave,
 Seem, as thou say'st, but pilgrims, pressing on
 To the same bourne.—Yet call it not the same ;
Their graves who fall in this day's fight, will be
 As altars to their country, visited
 By fathers with their children, bearing wreaths,
 And chanting hymns in honor of the dead :
 Will mine be such ?

VITTORIA rushes in wildly, as if pursued.

Vit. Anselmo ! art thou found !
 Haste, haste, or all is lost ! Perchance thy voice,
 Whereby they deem Heaven speaks, thy lifted cross,
 And prophet mien, may stay the fugitives,
 Or shame them back to die.

Ans. The fugitives !
 What words are these ?—the sons of Sicily
 Fly not before the foe ?

Vit. That I should say
 It is too true !

Ans. And thou—thou bleedest, lady !

Vit. Peace ! heed not me, when Sicily is lost !
 I stood upon the walls, and watch'd our bands,
 As, with their ancient royal banner spread,
 Onward they march'd. The combat was begun,
 The fiery impulse given, and valiant men
 Had seal'd their freedom with their blood—when, lo !
 That false Alberti led his recreant vassals
 To join th' invader's host.

Raim. His country's curse
 Rest on the slave for ever !

Vit. Then distrust
 E'en of their noble leaders, and dismay,
 That swift contagion, on Palermo's bands
 Came like a deadly blight. They fled !—Oh shame !
 E'en now they fly !—Ay, through the city gates
 They rush, as if all Etna's burning streams;
 Pursued their wing'd steps !

Raim. Thou hast not named
 Their chief—Di Procida—*He* doth not fly ?

Vit. No ! but like a kingly lion in the toils,
 Daring the hunters yet, he proudly strives ;
 But all in vain ! The few that breast the storm,
 With Guido and Montalba, by his side,
 Fight but for graves upon the battle-field.

Raim. And I am *here* ! Shall there be power, Oh God !
 In the roused energies of fierce despair,
 To burst my heart—and not to rend my chains ?
 Oh, for one moment of the thunderbolt
 To set the strong man free !

Vit. (after gazing at him earnestly.) Why, 'twere a deed
 Worth the fame and blessing of all time,
 To loose thy bonds, thou son of Procida!
 Thou art no traitor!—from thy kindled brow
 Looks out thy lofty soul!—arise! go forth!
 And rouse the noble heart of Sicily
 Unto high deeds again. Anselmo, haste;
 Unbind him! Let my spirit still prevail,
 Ere I depart—for the strong hand of death
 Is on me now. [*She sinks back against a pillar.*]

Ans. Oh Heaven! the life-blood streams
 Fast from thy heart—thy troubled eyes grow dim.
 Who hath done this?

Vit. Before the gates I stood,
 And in the name of him, the loved and lost,
 With whom I soon shall be, all vainly strove
 To stay the shameful flight. Then from the foe,
 Fraught with my summons, to his viewless home,
 Came the fleet shaft which pierced me.

Ans. Yet, oh yet,
 It may not be too late. Help, help!

Vit. Away!
 Bright is the hour which brings me liberty!

Attendants Enter.

Haste, be those fetters riven!—Unbar the gates,
 And set the captive free!
 (*The Attendants seem to hesitate.*) Know ye not her
 Who should have worn your country's diadem?

Att. Oh! lady, we obey.
 [*They take off RAIMOND's chains. He springs up exultingly.*]

Raim. Is this no dream?
 Mount, eagle! thou art free!—Shall I then die,
 Not 'midst the mockery of insulting crowds,
 But on the field of banners, where the brave
 Are striving for an immortality?—
 It is e'en so!—Now for bright arms of proof,
 A helm, a keen-edged falchion, and e'en yet
 My father may be saved!

Vit. Away, be strong!
 And let thy battle-word, to rule the storm,
 Be—*Conradin.* [*He rushes out.*]

Oh! for one hour of life,
 To hear that name blent with th' exulting shout
 Of victory! It will not be!—A mightier power
 Doth summon me away.

Ans. To purer worlds
 Raise thy last thoughts in hope.

Vit. Yes! he is there,
 All glorious in his beauty!—*Conradin!*
 Death parted us—and death shall reunite!

He will not stay—it is all darkness now !
Night gathers o'er my spirit.

[*She dies.*]

Ans. She is gone !
It is an awful hour which stills the heart
That beat so proudly once. Have mercy, Heaven !

[*He kneels beside her.*]

SCENE IV.—*Before the gates of Palermo.*

Sicilians flying tumultuously towards the Gates

Voices. (without.) Montjoy ! Montjoy ! St. Dennis for Anjou !
Provencals on !

Sicilians. Fly, fly, or all is lost !

[*RAMOND appears in the gateway, armed, and carrying a banner.*]

Raim. Back, back, I say ! ye men of Sicily !
All is not lost ! Oh ! shame ! A few brave hearts
In such a cause, ere now, have set their breasts
Against the rush of thousands, and sustain'd,
And made the shock recoil.—Ay, man, free man,
Still to be call'd so, hath achieved such deeds
As heaven and earth have marvell'd at ; and souls,
Whose spark yet slumbers with the days to come,
Shall burn to hear ; transmitting brightly thus
Freedom from race to race —Back ! or prepare
Amidst your hearths, your bowers, your very shrines,
To bleed and die in vain !—Turn !—follow me !
Conradin, Conradin !—for Sicily
His spirit fights !—Remember Conradin !
[*They begin to rally round him.*]

Ay, this is well !—Now, follow me, and charge !

[*The Provencals rush in, but are repulsed by the Sicilians.*]
—*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Part of the field of Battle.*

MONTALBA *enters, wounded, and supported by* RAIMOND,
whose face is concealed by his helmet.

Raim. Here rest thee, warrior.

Mon. Rest ! ay, death is rest,
And such will soon be mine.—But, thanks to thee,
I shall not die a captive. Brave Sicilian !
These lips are all unused to soothing words,
Or I should bless the valor which hath won,
For my last hour, the proud free solitude
Wherewith my soul would gird itself.—Thy name ?

Raim. 'Twill be no music to thine ear, Montalba.
Gaze—read it thus ! [*He lifts the visor of his helmet.*]

Mon. Raimond di Procida !

Raim. Thou hast pursued me with a bitter hate :
But fare thee well !—Heaven's peace be with thy soul !
I must away.—One glorious effort more,

And this proud field is won ! [Exit RAIMOND.]

Mon. Am I thus humbled ?

How my heart sinks within me ! But 'tis death
(And he can tame the mightiest) hath subdued
My towering nature thus ! Yet is he welcome !
That youth—'twas in his pride he rescued me !
I was his deadliest foe, and thus he proved
His fearless scorn. Ha ! ha ! but he shall fail
To melt me into womanish feebleness.

There I still baffle him—the grave shall seal
My lips for ever—mortal shall not hear

Montalba say—"forgive !"

[He dies.]

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the Field.*

PROCIDA, GUIDO, and other Sicilians.

Pro. The day is ours ; but he, the brave unknown,
Who turn'd the tide of battle—he whose path
Was victory—who hath seen him ?

ALBERTI is brought in, wounded and fettered.

Alb. Procida !

Pro. Be silent, traitor ! Bear him from my sight
Unto your deepest dungeons.

Alb. In the grave
A nearer home awaits me. Yet one word
Ere my voice fail—thy son—

Pro. Speak, speak !

Alb. Thy son
Knows not a thought of guilt. That trait'rous plot
Was mine alone. [He is led away.]

Pro. Attest it, earth and heaven !
My son is guiltless !—Hear it, Sicily !
The blood of Procida is noble still !—
My son !—He lives, he lives !—His voice shall speak
Forgiveness to his sire !—His name shall cast
Its brightness o'er my soul !

Gui. O day of joy !
The brother of my heart is worthy still
The lofty name he bears.

ANSELMO enters.

Pro. Anselmo, welcome !
In a glad hour we meet ; for know, my son
Is guiltless.

Ans. And victorious ! By his arm
All hath been rescued.

Pro. How !—the unknown—

Ans. Was he !

Thy noble Raimond !—by Vittoria's hand
Freed from his bondage, in that awful hour
When all was flight and terror.

Pro. Now my cup
Of joy too brightly mantles !—Let me press

My warrior to a father's heart—and die ;
For life hath naught beyond. Why comes he not ?
Anselmo, lead me to my valiant boy !

Ans. Temper this proud delight.

Pro. What means that look !
Ha hath not fallen ?

Ans. He lives.

Pro. Away, away !
Bid the wide city with triumphal pomp
Prepare to greet her victor. Let this hour
Atone for all his wrongs !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Garden of a Convent.*

RAIMOND is led in wounded, leaning on Attendants.

Raim. Bear me to no dull couch, but let me die
In the bright face of nature !—Lift my helm,
That I may look on Heaven.

1st Att. (to 2d Attendant.) Lay him to rest
On this green sunny bank, and I will call
Some holy sister to his aid ; but thou
Return unto the field, for high-born men
There need the peasant's aid.

[*Exit 2d Attendant.*]

(*To Raim.*) Here gentle hands
Shall tend thee, warrior ; for in these retreats
They dwell whose vows devote them to the care
Of all that suffer. May'st thou live to bless them !

[*Exit 1st Attendant*]

Raim. Thus have I wish'd to die !—'Twas a proud strife !
My father bless'd th' unknown who rescued him,
(Bless'd him, alas, because unknown !) and Guido,
Beside me bravely struggling, call'd aloud,
" Noble Sicilian, on ! " Oh ! had they deem'd
'Twas I who led that rescue, they had spurn'd
Mine aid, though 'twas deliverance ; and their looks
Had fallen like blights upon me.—There is one,
Whose eye ne'er turn'd on mine, but its blue light
Grew softer, trembling through the dewy mist
Raised by deep tenderness !—Oh, might the soul
Set in that eye, shine on me ere I perish !
—Is't not her voice ?

CONSTANCE enters, speaking to a Nun, who turns into another path.

Con. Oh ! happy they, kind sister,
Whom thus ye tend ; for it is theirs to fall
With brave men side by side, when the roused heart
Beats proudly to the last !—There are high souls
Whose hope was such a death, and 'tis denied !

[*She approaches RAIMOND.*]

Young warrior, is there aught—Thou here, my Raimond !
Thou here—and thus !—Oh ! is this joy or woe ?

Raim. Joy, be it joy, my own, my blessed love,
E'en on the grave's dim verge !—yes ! it is joy !

My Constance ! victors have been crown'd, ere now,
 With the green shinning laurel, when their brows
 Wore death's own impress—and it may be thus
 E'en yet, with me !—They freed me, when the foe
 Had half prevail'd, and I have proudly earn'd,
 With my heart's dearest blood, the meed to die
 Within thine arms.

Con. Oh ! speak not thus—to die !
 These wounds may yet be closeu.

[She attempts to bind his wounds.

Look on me, love !

Why, there is *more* than life in thy glad mien,
 'Tis full of hope ! and from thy kindled eye
 Breaks e'en unwonted light, whose ardent ray
 Seems born to be immortal !

Raim. 'Tis e'en so !
 The parting soul doth gather all her fires
 Around her ; all her glorious hopes, and dreams,
 And burning aspirations, to illume
 The shadowy dimness of the untrodden path
 Which lies before her ; and encircled thus,
 Awhile she sits in dying eyes, and thence
 Sends forth her bright farewell. Thy gentle cares
 Are vain and yet I bless them.

Con. Say not vain ;
 The dying look not thus. We shall not part !

Raim. I have seen death ere now, and known him wear
 Full many a changeful aspect.

Con. Oh ! but none
 Radiant as thine, my warrior !—Thou wilt live !
 Look round thee !—all is sunshine—is not this
 A smiling world ?

Raim. Ay, gentlest love, a world
 Of joyous beauty and magnificence,
 Almost too fair to leave !—Yet must we tame
 Our ardent hearts to this !—Oh, weep thou not !
 There is no home for liberty, or love,
 Beneath these festal skies !—Be not deceived ;
 My way lies far beyond !—I shall be soon
 That viewless thing, which, with its mortal weeds
 Casting off meaner passions, yet, we trust,
 Forgets not how to love !

Con. And must this be ?
 Heaven, thou art merciful !—Oh ! bid our souls
 Depart together !

Raim. Constance ! there is strength
 Within thy gentle heart, which hath been proved
 Nobly, for me :—Arouse it once again !
 Thy grief unmans me—and I fain would meet
 That which approaches, as a brave man yields
 With proud submission to a mightier foe.
 —It is upon me now !

Con. I will be calm.

Let thy head rest upon my bosom, Raimond,
And I will so suppress its quick deep sobs,
They shall but rock thee to thy rest. There is
A world, (ay, let us seek it!) where no blight
Falls on the beautiful rose of youth, and there
I shall be with thee soon!

PROCIDA and ANSELMO enter. PROCIDA, on seeing RAIMOND starts back.

Ans. Lift up thy head,
Brave youth, exultingly! for lo! thine hour
Of glory comes!--Oh! doth it come too late?
E'en now the false Alberti hath confess'd
That guilty plot, for which thy life was doom'd
To be th' atonement.

Raim. 'Tis enough! Rejoice
Rejoice, my Constance! for I leave a name
O'er which thou may'st weep proudly! [*He sinks back.*
To thy breast

Fold me yet closer, for an icy dart
Hath touch'd my veins.

Con. And must thou leave me, Raimond?
Alas! thine eye grows dim--its wandering glance
Is full of dreams.

Raim. Haste, haste, and tell my father
I was no traitor!

Pro. (rushing forward.) To that father's heart
Return, forgiving all thy wrongs, return!
Speak to me, Raimond!--Thou wert ever kind,
And brave, and gentle! Say that all the past
Shall be forgiven! That word from none but thee
My lips e'er ask'd.--Speak to me once, my boy,
My pride, my hope!--And is it with thee thus?
Look on me yet!--Oh! must this woe be borne?

Raim. Off with this weight of chains! it is not meet
For a crown'd conqueror!--Hark! the trumpet's voice!

[*A sound of triumphant music is heard gradually approaching.*

Is't not a thrilling call?--What drowsy spell
Benumbs me thus?--Hence! I am free again!
Now swell your festal strains--the field is won!
Sing me to glorious dreams.

[*He dies.*

Ans. The strife is past.
There fled a noble spirit!

Con. Hush! he sleeps--
Disturb him not!

Ans. Alas! this is no sleep
From which the eye doth radiantly unclose!
Bow down thy soul, for earthly hope is o'er!

[*The music continues approaching. GUIDO enters with Citizens and Soldiers.*

Gui. The shrines are deck'd, the festive torches blaze--

Where is our brave deliverer?—We are come
To crown Palermo's victor!

Ans. Ye came too late.
The voice of human praise doth send no echo
Into the world of spirits. [*The music ceases.*]

Pro. (after a pause.) Is this dust
I look on—Raimond?—'tis but sleep—a smile
On his pale cheek sits proudly. Raimond, wake!
Oh, God! and this was his triumphant day!
My son, my injured son!

Con. (starting.) Art thou his father?
I know thee now.—Hence! with thy dark stern eye,
And thy cold heart! Thou canst not wake him now!
Away! he will not answer but to me,
For none like me hath loved him! He is mine!
Ye shall not rend him from me.

Pro. Oh! he *knew*
Thy love, poor maid!—Shrink from me now no more!
He knew *thy* heart—but who shall tell him now
The depth, the intenseness, and the agony
Of my suppress'd affection?—I have learn'd
All his high worth in time to deck his grave!
Is there not power in the strong spirit's woe
To force an answer from the viewless world
Of the departed?—Raimond!—Speak! forgive!
Raimond! my victor, my deliverer, hear!
—Why, what a world is this!—Truth ever bursts
On the dark soul too late: and glory crowns
Th' unconscious dead! An hour comes to break
The mightiest hearts!—My son! my son! is this
A day of triumph!—Ay, for thee alone!
[*He throws himself upon the body of RAIMOND. Curtain falls.*]

ANNOTATION.

ON

"THE VESPERS OF PALERMO."

"*The Vespers of Palermo* was the earliest of the dramatic productions of our author. The period in which the scene is laid, is sufficiently known from the title of the play. The whole is full of life and action. The same high strain of moral propriety marks this piece as all others of her writings. The hero is an enthusiast for glory, for liberty, and for virtue; and on his courage, his forbearance, the integrity of his love, making the firmness of his patriotism appear doubtful, rests the interest of the plot. It is worthy of remark, that some of its best parts have already found their way into an excellent selection of pieces for schools, and thus contribute to give lessons of morality to those who are most susceptible of the interest of tragedy.

"It may not be so generally remembered that the same historical event was made the subject of a French tragedy, about the same

time that the English one was written, and by a poet now of very great popularity in France. We hesitate not to give the preference to Mrs. Hemans, for invention and interest, accurate delineation of character, and adherence to probability. Both the tragedies are written in a style of finished elegance."—PROFESSOR NORTON in the *North American Review*, 1827.

SONGS OF THE CID.

The following ballads are not translations from the Spanish, but are founded upon some of the "wild and wonderful" traditions preserved in the romances of that language, and the ancient poem of the Cid.

THE CID'S DEPARTURE INTO EXILE.

With sixty knights in his gallant train,
Went forth the Campeador of Spain ;
For wild sierras and plains afar,
He left the lands of his own Bivar.¹

To march o'er field, and to watch in tent,
From his home in good Castile he went ;
To the wasting siege and the battle's van,
—For the noble Cid was a banish'd man !

Through his olive woods the morn-breeze play'd,
And his native streams wild music made,
And clear in the sunshine his vineyards lay,
When for march and combat he took his way.

With a thoughtful spirit his way he took,
And he turned his steed for a parting look,
For a parting look at his own fair towers ;
—Oh ! the exile's heart hath weary hours !

The pennons were spread, and the band array'd,
But the Cid at the threshold a moment stay'd ;
It *was* but a moment—the halls were lone,
And the gates of his dwelling all open thrown.

There was not a steed in the empty stall,
Nor a spear nor a cloak on the naked wall,
Nor a hawk on the perch, nor a seat at the door,
Nor the sound of a step on the hollow floor.²

Then a dim tear swell'd to the warrior's eye,
As the voice of his native groves went by ;
And he said—" My foemen their wish have won—
Now the will of God be in all things done !"

But the trumpet blew with its note of cheer,
And the winds of the morning swept off the tear,
And the fields of his glory lay distant far,
—He is gone from the towers of his own Bivar !

THE CID'S DEATHBED.

It was an hour of grief and fear
Within Valencia's walls,
When the blue Spring-heaven lay still and clear
Above her marble halls.

There were pale cheeks and troubled eyes,
And steps of hurrying feet,
Where the Zambra's³ notes were wont to rise
Along the sunny street,

It was an hour of fear and grief,
On bright Valencia's shore,
For death was busy with her chief,
The noble Campeador.

The Moor-king's barks were on the deep,
With sounds and signs of war,
For the Cid was passing to his sleep,
In the silent Alcazar.

No moan was heard through the towers of state,
No weeper's aspect seen,
But by the couch Ximena sate,
With pale but steadfast mien,⁴

Stillness was round the leader's bed,
Warriors stood mournful nigh,
And banners, o'er his glorious head,
Were drooping heavily.

And feeble grew the conquering hand,
And cold the valiant breast ;
He had fought the battles of the land,
And his hour was come to rest.

What said the ruler of the field ?
—His voice is faint and low ;
The breeze that creeps o'er his lance and shield
Hath louder accents now.

" Raise ye no cry, and let no moan
Be made when I depart ;
The Moor must hear no dirge's tone,
Be ye of mighty heart !

" Let the cymbal-clash and the trumpet-strain
From your walls ring far and shrill ;
And fear ye not, for the saints of Spain
Shall grant you victory still.

" And gird my form with mail-array,
And set me on my steed,

So go ye forth on your funeral-way,
And God shall give you speed.

"Go with the dead in front of war,
All arm'd with sword and helm,⁵
And march by the camp of King Bucar,
For the good Castilian realm.

"And let me slumber in the soil
Which gave my fathers birth;
I have closed my day of battle-toil,
And my course is done on earth."

—Now wave, ye glorious banners, wave!¹⁶
Through the lattice, a wind sweeps by,
And the arms, o'er the death-bed of the brave,
Send forth a hollow sigh.

Now wave ye banners of many a fight!
As the fresh wind o'er you sweeps;
The wind and the banners fall hush'd as night,
The Campeador—he sleeps!

Sound the battle-horn on the breeze of morn.
And swell out the trumpet's blast,
Till the notes prevail o'er the voice of wail,
For the noble Cid hath pass'd!

THE CID'S FUNERAL PROCESSION

THE Moor had beleaguer'd Valencia's towers,
And lances gleam'd up through her citron-bowers
And the tents of the desert had girt her plain,
And camels were trampling the vines of Spain;
For the Cid was gone to rest.

There were men from wilds where the death-wind sweeps,
There were spears from hills where the lion sleeps,
There were bows from sands where the ostrich runs,
For the shrill horn of Afric had call'd her sons
To the battles of the West.

The midnight bell, o'er the dim seas heard,
Like the roar of waters, the air had stirr'd;
The stars were shining o'er tower and wave,
And the camp lay hush'd as a wizard's cave;
But the Christians woke that night.

They rear'd the Cid on his barbed steed,
Like a warrior mail'd for the hour of need,
And they fix'd the sword in the cold right hand,
Which had fought so well for his father's land,
And the shield from his neck hung bright.

There was arming heard in Valencia's halls,
There was vigil kept on the rampart walls;

Stars had not faded nor clouds turn'd red,
When the knights had girded the noble dead,
And the burial train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still death-march of the host begun;
With a silent step went the cuirass'd bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands,
And they gave no battle-shout.

When the first went forth, it was midnight deep,
In heaven was the moon, in the camp was sleep,
When the last through the city's gates had gone.
O'er tent and rampart the bright day shone,
With a sun-burst from the sea.

There were knights five hundred went arm'd before,
And Bermudez the Cid's green standard bore :⁶
To its last fair field, with the break of morn,
Was the glorious banner in silence borne,
On the glad wind streaming free.

And the Campeador came stately then,
Like the leader circled with steel-clad men!
The helmet was down, o'er the face of the dead,
And his steed went proud, by a warrior led,
For he knew that the Cid was there.

He was there, the Cid, with his own good sword,
And Ximena following her noble lord;
Her eye was solemn, her step was slow,
But their rose not a sound of war or woe,
Not a whisper on the air.

The Halls in Valencia were still and lone,
The churches were empty, the masses done?
There was not a voice through the wide street far.
Nor a foot-fall heard in the Alcazar,
—So the burial train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still death-march of the host begun!
With a silent step went the cuirass'd bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands;
—And they gave no battle-shout.

But the deep hills peal'd, with a cry ere long,
When the Christians burst on the Paynim throng!
—With a sudden flash of the lance and spear,
And a charge of the war-steed in full career.
It was Alvar Fañez came !⁷

He that was wrapt with no funeral shroud,
Had pass'd before, like a threatening cloud!
And the storm rush'd down on the tented plain,
And the Archer-Queen,⁸ with her bands lay slain,
For the Cid upheld his fame.

Then a terror fell on the King Bucar,
 And the Lybian kings who had join'd his war;
 And their hearts grew heavy and died away,
 And their hands could not yield an assagay,
 For the dreadful things they saw!

For it seem'd where Minaya his onset made,
 There were seventy thousand knights array'd,
 All white as the snow on Nevada's steep,
 And they came like the foam of a roaring deep;
 —'Twas a sight of fear and awe!

And the crested form of a warrior tall,
 With a sword of fire, went before them all;
 With a sword of fire, and a banner pale,
 And a blood-red cross on his shadowy mail,
 He rode in the battle's van;

There was fear in the path of his dim white horse,
 There was death in the giant-warrior's course;
 Where his banner stream'd with its ghostly light,
 Where his sword blazed out, there was hurrying flight,
 For it seem'd not the sword of man!

The field and the river grew darkly red,
 As the kings and leaders of Afric fled;
 There was work for the men of the Cid that day!
 —They were weary at eve, when they ceased to slay,
 As reapers whose task is done!

The kings and the leaders of Afric fled!
 The sails of their galleys in haste were spread;
 But the sea had its share of the Paynim-slain,
 And the bow of the desert was broke in Spain;
 —So the Cid to his grave pass'd on!

THE CID'S RISING.

'Twas the deep mid-watch of the silent night,
 And Leon in slumber lay,
 When a sound went forth in rushing might,
 Like an army on its way!¹⁹
 In the stillness of the hour,
 When the dreams of sleep have power,
 And men forget the day.

Through the dark and lonely streets it went.
 Till the slumberers woke in dread; —
 The sound of a passing armament,
 With the charger's stony tread.
 There was heard no trumpet's peal,
 But the heavy tramp of steel,
 As a host's to combat led.

Through the dark and lonely streets it pass'd,
 And the hollow pavement rang,
 And the towers, as with a sweeping blast,
 Rock'd to the stormy clang!
 But the march of the viewless train
 Went on to a royal fane,
 Where a priest his night-hymn sang.

There was knocking that shook the marble floor,
 And a voice at the gate which said—
 "That the Cid Ruy Diez, the Campeador,
 Was there in his arms array'd;
 And that with him, from the tomb,
 Had the Count Gonzalez come
 With a host, uprisen to aid!

"And they came for the buried king that lay
 At rest in that ancient fane;
 For he must be arm'd on the battle-day,
 With them, to deliver Spain?"
 —Then the march went sounding on,
 And the Moors, by noontide sun,
 Were dust on Tolosa's plain.

NOTES.

Note 1, page 70, line 4

Bivar, the supposed birthplace of the Cid, was a castle, about two leagues from Burgos.

Note 2, page 70, line 24.

Tornaba la Cabeza, e estabalos catando:
 Vio puertas abiertas, e uzos sin cañados,
 Alcandaras vacias, sin pieles e sin mantos:
 E sin falcones, e sin adtores mudados.
 Sospiró mio Cid. *Poem of the Cid.*

Note 3, page 71, line 7.

The Zambra, a Moorish dance. When Valencia was taken by the Cid, many of the Moorish families chose to remain there, and reside under his government.

Note 4, page 71, line 20.

The calm fortitude of Ximena is frequently alluded to in the romances.

Note 5, page 72, line 4.

Banderas antiguas, tristes
 De victorias un tiempo amadas,
 Tremolando estan al viento
 Y lloran aunque no hablan, &c.

Herder's translation of these romances (*Der Cid, nach Spanischen Romanzen besungen*) are remarkable for their spirit and scrupulous fidelity.

Note 6, page 72, line 11, and page 73, line 15.

"And while they stood there they saw the Cid Ruy Diez coming up with three hundred knights; for he had not been in the battle, and they knew his *green pennon*."—SOUTHEY'S *Chronicle of the Cid*.

Note 7, page 73, line 43.

Alvar Fañez Minaya, one of the Cid's most distinguished warriors.

Note 8, page 73, line 47.

The Archer Queen.

A Moorish Amazon, who, with a band of female warriors, accompanied King Bucar from Africa. Her arrows were so unerring, that she obtained the name of the Star of Archers.

Una Mora muy gallarda,
Gran maestra en el tirar,
Con Saetas del Aljava,
De los arcos de Turquía
Estrella era nombrada,
Por la destreza que avia
En el herir de la Xara.

Note 9, page 74, line 34.

See SOUTHEY'S *Chronicle of the Cid*, p. 352.

ON A FLOWER FROM THE FIELD OF GRUTLI.

WHENCE art thou, flower? from holy ground,
Where freedom's foot hath been!
Yet bugle-blast or trumpet sound
Ne'er shook that solemn scene.

Flower of a noble field! thy birth
Was not where spears have cross'd,
And shiver'd helms have strewn the earth,
'Midst banners won and lost.

But where the sunny hues and showers
Unto thy cup were given,
There met high hearts at midnight hours,
Pure hands were raised to heaven.

And vows were pledged that man should roam
Through every Alpine dell,
Free as the wind, the torrent's foam,
The shaft of William Tell.

And prayer, the full deep flow of prayer,
Hallow'd the pastoral sod,
And souls grew strong for battle there,
Nerved with the peace of God.

Before the Alps and stars they knelt,
That calm devoted band,
And rose, and made their spirits felt
Through all the mountain land.
Then welcome Grütli's free-born flower!
Even in thy pale decay
There dwells a breath, a tone, a power,
Which all high thoughts obey.

ON A LEAF FROM THE TOMB OF VIRGIL.

AND was thy home, pale wither'd thing,
Beneath the rich blue southern sky?
Wert thou a nursling of the spring,
The winds and suns of glorious Italy?
Those suns in golden light e'en now,
Look o'er the poet's lovely grave,
Those winds are breathing soft, but thou
Answering their whisper, there no more shalt wave.
The flowers, o'er Posilippo's brow,
May cluster in their purple bloom
But on th' o'ershadowing ilex-bough,
Thy breezy place is void by Virgil's tomb.
Thy place is void; oh! none on earth,
This crowded earth, may so remain,
Save that which souls of loftiest birth
Leave when they part, their brighter home to gain.
Another leaf, ere now, hath sprung
On the green stem which once was thine;
When shall another strain be sung
Like his whose dust hath made that spot a shrine?

THE CHIEFTAIN'S SON.

YES, it is ours!—the field is won,
A dark and evil field!
Lift from the ground my noble son,
And bear him homewards on his bloody shield!
Let me not hear your trumpets ring,
Swell not the battle-horn!
Thoughts far too sad those notes will bring,
When to the grave my glorious flower is borne!
Speak not of victory!—in the name
There is too much of woe!

Hush'd be the empty voice of Fame—
Call me back *his* whose graceful head is low.

Speak not of victory!—from my halls

The sunny hour is gone!

The ancient banner on my walls,

Must sink erelong—I had but him—but one!

Within the dwelling of my sires

The hearths will soon be cold,

With me must die the beacon-fires

That stream'd at midnight from the mountain-hold.

And let them fade, since this must be,

My lovely and my brave!

Was thy bright blood pour'd forth for me,

And is there but for stately youth a grave!

Speak to me once again, my boy!

Wilt thou not hear my call?

Thou wert so full of life and joy,

I had not dreamt of *this*—that thou couldst fall!

Thy mother watches from the steep

For thy returning plume;

How shall I tell her that thy sleep

Is of the silent house, th' untimely tomb?

Thou didst not seem as one to die,

With all thy young renown!

—Ye saw his falchion's flash on high,

In the mid-fight, when spears and crests went down!

Slow be your march! the field is won!

A dark and evil field!

Lift from the ground my noble son,

And bear him homewards on his bloody shield.

A FRAGMENT.

REST on your battle-fields, ye brave!

Let the pines murmur o'er your grave,

Your dirge be in the moaning wave—

We call you back no more!

Oh! there was mourning when ye fell,

In your own vales a deep-toned knell

An agony, a wild farewell;—

But that hath long been o'er.

Rest with your still and solemn fame;

The hills keep record of your name,

And never can a touch of shame

Darken the buried brow.

But we on changeeful days are cast,
 When bright names from their place fall fast;
 And ye that with your glory past,
 We cannot mourn ye now.

ENGLAND'S DEAD.

Son of the ocean isle!
 Where sleep your mighty dead?
 Show me what high and stately pile
 Is rear'd o'er Glory's bed.
 Go, stranger! track the deep,
 Free, free the white sail spread!
 Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
 Where rest not England's dead.
 On Egypt's burning plains,
 By the pyramid o'ersway'd,
 With fearful power the noonday reigns,
 And the palm-trees yield no shade.
 But let the angry sun
 From heaven look fiercely red,
 Unfelt by those whose task is done!—
 There slumber England's dead.
 The hurricane hath might
 Along the Indian shore,
 And far by Ganges' banks at night,
 Is heard the tiger's roar.
 But let the sound roll on!
 It hath no tone of dread,
 For those that from their toils are gone;—
 There slumber England's dead.
 Loud rush the torrent-floods
 The western wilds among,
 And free, in green Columbia's woods,
 The hunter's bow is strung.
 But let the floods rush on!
 Let the arrow's flight be sped!
 Why should *they* reckon whose task is done?—
 There slumber England's dead!
 The mountain-storms rise high
 In the snowy Pyrenees,
 And toss the pine-boughs through the sky,
 Like rose-leaves on the breeze.
 But let the storm rage on!
 Let the fresh wreaths be shed!
 For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—
 There slumber England's dead.

THE MEETING OF THE BARDS.

On the frozen deep's repose
 'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
 When round the ship the ice-fields close
 And the northern night-clouds lower.
 But let the ice drift on !
 Let the cold-blue desert spread !
 Their course with mast and flag is done,—
 Even there sleep England's dead.
 The warlike of the isles,
 The men of field and wave !
 Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
 The seas and shores their grave ?
 Go, stranger ! track the deep,
 Free, free the white sail spread
 Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
 Where rest not England's dead.

THE MEETING OF THE BARDS.

WRITTEN FOR AN EISTEDDVOD, OR MEETING OF WELSH BARDS,

HELD IN LONDON, MAY 22, 1822.

[The *Gorseddau*, or meetings of the British bards, were anciently ordained to be held in the open air, on some conspicuous situation, whilst the sun was above the horizon ; or, according to the expression employed on these occasions, " in the face of the sun, and in the eye of light." The places set apart for this purpose were marked out by a circle of stones, called the circle of federation. The presiding bard stood on a large stone (Maen Gorsedd, or the stone of assembly) in the centre. The sheathing of a sword upon this stone was the ceremony which announced the opening of a *Gorsedd*, or meeting. The bards always stood in their uni-colored robes, with their heads and feet uncovered, within the circle of federation.—See OWEN'S *Translation of the Heroic Elegies of Llywarch Hen*.]

WHERE met our bards of old ?—the glorious throng,
 They of the mountain and the battle song ?
 They met—oh ! not in kingly hall or bower,
 But where wild nature girt herself with power :
 They met—where streams flash'd bright from rocky caves,
 They met—where woods made moan o'er warriors' graves,
 And where the torrent's rainbow spray was cast,
 And where dark lakes were heaving to the blast,
 And, 'midst th' eternal cliffs, whose strength defied
 The crested Roman, in his hour of pride ;
 And where the Carnedd,* on its lonely hill,
 Bore silent record of the mighty still ;

* Carnedd, a stone-barrow, or cairn.

And where the Druid's ancient Cromlech* frown'd,
 And the oaks breathed mysterious murmurs round.
 There throng'd th' inspired of yore!—on plain or height,
In the sun's face, beneath the eye of light,
 And, baring unto heaven each noble head,
 Stood in the circle, where none else might tread,

Well might their lays be lofty!—soaring thought
 From nature's presence tenfold grandeur caught;
 Well might bold freedom's soul pervade the strains,
 Which startled eagles from their lone domains,
 And like a breeze in chainless triumph, went
 Up through the blue resounding firmament.

Whence came the echoes to those numbers high?
 'Twas from the battle fields of days gone by,
 And from the tombs of heroes, laid to rest
 With their good swords, upon the mountain's breast;
 And from the watch-towers on the heights of snow,
 Sever'd by cloud and storm from all below;
 And the turf-mounds,† once girt by ruddy spears,
 And the rock-altars of departed years.

Thence, deeply mingling with the torrent's roar,
 The winds a thousand wild responses bore;
 And the green land, whose every vale and glen
 Doth shrine the memory of heroic men,
 On all her hills awakening to rejoice,
 Sent forth proud answers to her children's voice.

For us, not ours the festival to hold,
 'Midst the stone-circles, hallow'd thus of old;
 Not where great nature's majesty and might
 First broke, all glorious, on our infant sight;
 Not near the tombs, where sleep our free and brave,
 Not by the mountain-llyn,‡ the ocean wave,
 In these late days we meet—dark Mona's shore,
 Eryri's|| cliffs resound with harps no more!

But, as the stream (though time or art may turn
 The current, bursting from its cavern'd urn,
 To bathe soft vales of pasture and of flowers,
 From Alpine glens, or ancient forest bowers)
 Alike, in rushing strength, or sunny sleep,
 Holds on its course, to mingle with the deep;
 Thus, though our paths be changed, still warm and free,
 Land of the bard! our spirit flies to thee!
 To thee our thoughts, our hopes, our hearts belong,
 Our dreams are haunted by thy voice of song!

* Cromlech, a Druidical monument or altar. The word means a stone of covenant.

† The ancient British chiefs frequently harangued their followers from small artificial mounds of turf.—See *Pennant*.

‡ Llyn, a lake or pool.

|| Eryri, Snowdon.

Nor yield our souls one patriot-feeling less,
To the green memory of thy loveliness,
Than theirs, whose harp-notes peal'd from every height,
In the sun's face, beneath the eye of light!

THE VOICE OF SPRING.*

I come, I come! ye have call'd me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves, opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the south, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains;—
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have look'd o'er the hills of the stormy north,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright, where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky;
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note, by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest-boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly!
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen!

* Originally published in the *New Monthly Magazine*.

Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth !
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye !—you are changed since ye met me last !
There is something bright from your features pass'd !
There is that come over your brow and eye,
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die !
—Ye smile ! but your smile hath a dimness yet—
Oh ! what have you look'd on since last we met ?

Ye are changed, ye are changed !—and I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanish'd year !
'There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,
Which toss'd in the breeze with a play of light,
There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay
No faint remembrance of dull decay !

There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
As if for a banquet all earth were spread ;
There were voices that rung through the sapphire sky
And had not a sound of mortality !
Are they gone ? is their mirth from the mountains pass'd ?—
Ye have look'd on death since ye met me last !
I know whence the shadow comes o'er you now,
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow !
Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace—
She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race,
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown,
They are gone from amongst you in silence down !

They are gone from amongst you, the young and fair,
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair !
But I know of a land where there falls no blight,
I shall find them there, with their eyes of light !
Where Death 'midst the blooms of the morn may dwell,
I tarry no longer—farewell, farewell !

The summer is coming, on soft winds borne,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn !
For me, I depart to a brighter shore,
Ye are mark'd by care, ye are mine no more ;
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's—fare ye well, farewell !

RECORDS OF WOMAN.

ARABELLA STUART.

["THE LADY ARABELLA," as she has been frequently entitled, was descended from Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry VII., and consequently allied by birth to Elizabeth as well as James I. This affinity to the throne proved the misfortune of her life, as the jealousies which it constantly excited in her royal relatives, who were anxious to prevent her marrying, shut her out from the enjoyment of that domestic happiness which her heart appears to have so fervently desired. By a secret but early discovered union with William Seymour, son of Lord Beauchamp, she alarmed the cabinet of James, and the wedded lovers were immediately placed in separate confinement. From this they found means to concert a romantic plan of escape; and having won over a female attendant, by whose assistance she was disguised in male attire, Arabella, though faint from recent sickness and suffering, stole out in the night, and at last reached an appointed spot, where a boat and servants were in waiting. She embarked; and at break of day a French vessel engaged to receive her was discovered and gained. As Seymour, however, had not yet arrived, she was desirous that the vessel should lie at anchor for him; but this wish was overruled by her companions, who, contrary to her entreaties, hoisted sail, "which," says D'Israeli, "occasioned so fatal a termination to this romantic adventure. Seymour, indeed, had escaped from the Tower; he reached the wharf, and found his confidential man waiting with a boat, and arrived at Lee. The time passed; the waves were rising; Arabella was not there; but in the distance he descried a vessel. Hiring a fisherman to take him on board, he discovered to his grief, on hailing it, that it was not the French ship charged with his Arabella; in despair and confusion he found another ship from Newcastle, which for a large sum altered its course and landed him in Flanders." Arabella, meantime, whilst imploring her attendants to linger, and earnestly looking out for the expected boat of her husband, was overtaken in Calais Roads by a vessel in the king's service, and brought back to a captivity, under the suffering of which her mind and constitution gradually sank. "What passed in that dreadful imprisonment cannot perhaps be recovered for authentic history, but enough is known—that her mind grew impaired, that she finally lost her reason, and, if the duration of her imprisonment was short, that it was only terminated by her death. Some effusions, often begun and never ended, written and erased, incoherent and rational, yet remain among her papers."—*D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature*.

The following poem, meant as some record of her fate, and the imagined fluctuations of her thoughts and feelings, is supposed to commence during the time of her first imprisonment, whilst her mind was yet buoyed up by the consciousness of Seymour's affection, and the cherished hope of eventual deliverance.]

"And is not love in vain,
Torture enough without a living tomb?"—*Byron.*

"Fermossi al fin il cor che balzò tanto."—*Pindemonte.*

I.

TWAS but a dream!—I saw the stag leap free,
Under the boughs where early birds were singing,
I stood o'ershadow'd by the greenwood tree,
And heard, it seem'd, a sudden bugle ringing
Far through a royal forest: then the fawn
Shot, like a gleam of light, from grassy lawn
To secret covert; and the smooth turf shook
And lillies quiver'd by the glade's lone brook,
And young leaves trembled, as, in fleet career,
A princely band, with horn, and hound, and spear,
Like a rich masque swept forth. I saw the dance
Of their white plumes, that bore a silvery glance
Into the deep wood's heart; and all pass'd by
Save one—I met the smile of *one* clear eye,
Flashing out joy to mine. Yes, *thou* wert there.
Seymour! a soft wind blew the clustering hair
Back from thy gallant brow, as thou didst rein
Thy courser, turning from that gorgeous train,
And fling, methought, thy hunting spear away,
And, lightly graceful in thy green array,
Bound to my side; and we, that met and parted,
Ever in dread of some dark watchful power,
Won back to childhood's trust, and fearless-hearted,
Blent the glad fulness of our thoughts that hour
Even like the mingling of sweet streams, beneath
Dim woven leaves, and 'midst the floating breath
Of hidden forest-flowers.

II.

'Tis past!—I wake,
A captive, and alone, and far from thee,
My love and friend! Yet fostering, for thy sake,
A quenchless hope of happiness to be;
And feeling still my woman-spirit strong,
In the deep faith which lifts from earthly wrong
A heavenward glance. I know, I know our love
Shall yet call gentle angels from above,
By its undying fervor, and prevail—
Sending a breath, as of the Spring's first gale,
Through hearts now cold; and, raising its bright face,
With a free gush of sunny tears, erase
The characters of anguish: in this trust,
I bear, I strive, I bow not to the dust,
That I may bring thee back no faded form,
No bosom chill'd and blighted by the storm,
But all my youth's first treasures, when we meet,
Making past sorrow, by communion, sweet.

III.

And thou too art in bonds !—yet droop thou not,
 O my beloved—there is *one* hopeless lot,
 But one, and that not ours. Beside the dead
There sits the grief that mantles up its head,
 Loathing the laughter and proud pomp of light,
 When darkness, from the vainly doting sight
 Covers its beautiful ! If thou wert gone

To the grave's bosom, with thy radiant brow—
 If thy deep-thrilling voice, with that low tone

Of earnest tenderness, which now, even now
 Seems floating through my soul, where music taken
 For ever from this world—oh ! thus forsaken,
 Could I bear on ?—thou livest, thou livest, thou'rt mine !
 With this glad thought I make my heart a shrine,
 And by the lamp which quenchless there shall burn,
 Sit a lone watcher for the day's return.

IV.

And lo ! the joy that cometh with the morning,

Brightly victorious o'er the hours of care !
 I have not watch'd in vain, serenely scorning

The wild and busy whispers of despair !
 Thou hast sent tidings, as of heaven—I wait
 The hour, the sign, for blessed flight to thee.

Oh ! for the skylark's wing that seeks its mate
 As a star shoots !—but on the breezy sea
 We shall meet soon. To think of such an hour !

Will not my heart, o'erburden'd by its bliss,
 Faint and give way within me, as a flower
 Borne down and perishing by noontide's kiss ?

Yet shall I *fear* that lot—the perfect rest,
 The full deep joy of dying on thy breast,
 After long suffering won ? So rich a close
 Too seldom crowns with peace affection's woes.

V.

Sunset !—I tell each moment—from the skies

The last red splendor floats along my wall,
 Like a king's banner !—Now it melts, it dies !

I see one star—I hear—'twas not the call,
 Th' expected voice ; my quick heart throb'd too soon.

I must keep vigil till yon rising moon
 Shower down less golden light. Beneath her beam
 Through my lone lattice pour'd, I sit and dream
 Of summer-lands afar, where holy love,
 Under the vine or in the citron grove,
 May breathe from terror.

Now the night grows deep,
 And silent as its clouds, and full of sleep.
 I hear my veins beat. Hark ! a bell's slow chime !
 My heart strikes with it.—Yet again—'tis time !

A step!—a voice!—or but a rising breeze?
Hark!—haste!—I come to meet thee on the seas.

* * * * *

VI.

Now never more, oh! never, in the worth
Of its pure cause, let sorrowing love on earth
Trust fondly—never more!—the hope is crush'd
That lit my life, the voice within me hush'd
That spoke sweet oracles; and I return
To lay my youth, as in a burial urn,
Where sunshine may not find it. All is lost!
No tempest met our barks—no billow toss'd:
Yet were they sever'd, even as we must be,
That so have loved, so striven our hearts to free
From their close-coiling fate! In vain—in vain,
The dark links meet, and clasp themselves again,
And press out life. Upon the deck I stood,
And a white sail came gliding o'er the flood,
Like some proud bird of ocean; then mine eye
Strain'd out, one moment earlier to descry
The form it ached for, and the bark's career
Seem'd slow to that fond yearning: it drew near,
Fraught with our foes! What boots it to recall
The strife, the tears? Once more a prison wall
Shuts the green hills and woodlands from my sight,
And joyous glance of waters to the light,
And thee, my Seymour, thee!

I will not sink!

Thou, *thou* hast rent the heavy chain that bound thee!
And this shall be my strength—the joy to think
That thou may'st wander with heaven's breath around thee
And all the laughing sky! This thought shall yet
Shine o'er my heart a radiant amulet,
Guarding it from despair. Thy bonds are broken,
And unto me, I know, thy true love's token
Shall one day be deliverance, though the years
Lie dim between, o'erhung with mists of tears.

VII.

My friend! my friend! where art thou? Day by day
Gliding, like some dark mournful stream, away!
My silent youth flows from me. Spring, the while,
Comes and rains beauty on the kindling boughs
Round hall and hamlet; Summer with her smile,
Fills the green forest; young hearts breathe their vows;
Brothers long parted meet; fair children rise
Round the glad board; Hope laughs from loving eyes:
All this is in the world!—These joys lie sown,
The dew of every path. On *one* alone
Their freshness may not fall—the stricken deer
Dying of thirst with all the waters near.

VIII.

Ye are from dingle and fresh glade, ye flowers!

By some kind hand to cheer my dungeon sent;
O'er you the oak shed down the summer showers,
And the lark's nest was where your bright cups bent,
Quivering to breeze and raindrop, like the sheen
Of twilight stars. On you heaven's eye hath been,
Through the leaves, pouring its dark sultry blue
Into your glowing hearts the bee to you
Hath murmur'd, and the rill.—My soul grows faint
With passionate yearning, as its quick dreams paint
Your haunts by dell and stream—the green, the free,
The full of all sweet sound—the shut from me!

IX.

There went a swift bird singing past my cell—

O Love and Freedom! ye are lovely things!
With you the peasant on the hills may dwell,
And by the streams; but I—the blood of kings,
A proud unmingling river through my veins
Flows in lone brightness, and its gifts are chains;
Kings!—I had silent visions of deep bliss,
Leaving their thrones far distant, and for this
I am cast under their triumphal car,
An insect to be crush'd!—Oh!—Heaven is far—
Earth pitiless!

Dost thou forget me, Seymour! I am proved
So long, so sternly! Seymour, my beloved!
There are such tales of holy marvels done
By strong affection, of deliverance won
Through its prevailing power! Are these things told
Till the young weep with rapture, and the old
Wonder, yet dare not doubt; and thou! oh, thou!

Dost thou forget me in hope's decay?—
Thou canst not!—through the silent night, even now,
I, that need prayer so much, awake and pray
Still first for thee.—Oh, gentle, gentle friend!
How shall I bear this anguish to the end?

Aid!—comes there yet no aid?—the voice of blood
Passes heaven's gate, even ere the crimson flood
Sinks through the greensward!—is there not a cry
From the wrung heart, of power, through agony,
To pierce the clouds? Hear, Mercy!—hear me! None
That bleed and weep beneath the smiling sun
Have heavier cause!—yet hear!—my soul grows dark—
Who hears the last shriek from the sinking bark
On the mid seas, and with the storm alone,
And bearing to the abyss, unseen, unknown,
Its freight of human hearts?—th' o'ermastering wave!
Who shall tell how it rush'd—and none to save.

Thou hast forsaken me! I feel, I know,

There would be rescue if this were not so.
 Thou 'rt at the chase, thou 'rt at the festive board,
 Thou 'rt where the red wine free and high is pour'd,
 Thou 'rt where the dancers meet !—a magic glass
 I set within my soul, and proud shapes pass,
 Flushing it o'er with pomp from bower and hall ;
 I see one shadow, stateliest there of all—

Thine !—What dost *thou* amidst the bright and fair
 Whispering light words, and mocking my despair ?
 It is not well of thee !—my love was more
 Than fiery song may breath, deep thought explore ;
 And there thou smilest, while my heart is dying,
 With all its blighted hopes around it lying ;
 Even thou, on whom they hung their last green leaf—
 Yet smile, smile on ! too bright art thou for grief !

Death !—what ? is death a lock'd and treasured thing,
 Guarded by swords of fire ?² a hidden spring,
 A fabled fruit, that I should thus endure,
 As if the world within me held no cure ?
 Wherefore not spread free wings—Heaven, Heaven control
 These thoughts—they rush—I look into my soul
 As down a gulf and tremble at the array
 Of fierce forms crowding it ! Give strength to pray,
 So shall their dark host pass.

The storm is still'd.

Father in Heaven ! thou, only thou, canst sound
 The heart's great deep, with floods of anguish fill'd,
 For human line too fearfully profound.

Therefore, forgive, my Father ! if thy child,
 Rock'd on its heaving darkness, hath grown wild
 And sinn'd in her despair ! It well may be,
 That thou wouldst lead my spirit back to thee—
 By the crush'd hope too long on this world pour'd,
 The stricken love which hath perchance adored
 A mortal in thy place ! Now let me strive
 With thy strong arm no more ! Forgive, forgive !
 Take me to peace !

And peace at last is nigh.

A sign is on my brow, a token sent
 The o'erwearied dust from home : no breeze flits by.
 But calls me with a strange sweet whisper, blent
 Of many mysteries.

Hark ! the warning tone
 Deepens—its word is *Death* ! Alone, alone,
 And sad in youth, but chasten'd, I depart,
 Bowing to heaven. Yet, yet my woman's heart
 Shall wake a spirit and a power to bless,
 Even in this hour's o'ershadowing fearfulness,
 Thee, its first love !—oh ! tender still, and true !
 Be it forgotten if mine anguish threw

Drops from its bitter fountain on thy name,
Though but a moment.

Now, with fainting frame,
With soul just lingering on the flight begun
To bind for thee its last dim thoughts in one,
I bless thee ! Peace be on thy noble head,
Years of bright fame, when I am with the dead !
I bid this prayer survive me, and retain
Its might, again to bless thee, and again !
Thou hast been gather'd into my dark fate
Too much : too long, for my sake, desolate
Hath been thine exiled youth ; but now take back,
From dying hands, thy freedom, and retrack
(After a few kind tears for her whose days
Went out in dreams of thee) the sunny ways
Of hope, and find thou happiness ! Yet send,
Even then, in silent hours, a thought dear friend !
Down to my voiceless chamber ; for thy love
Hath been to me all gifts of earth above,
Though bought with burning tears ! it is the sting
Of death to leave that vainly-precious thing
In this cold world ! What were it then, if thou,
With thy fond eyes, wert gazing on me now ?
Too keen a pang !—Farewell ! and yet once more,
Farewell !—The passion of long years I pour
Into that word : thou hear'st not—but the woe
And fervor of its tones may one day flow
To thy heart's holy place ; there let them dwell
We shall o'ersweep the grave to meet—Farewell !

THE BRIDE OF THE GREEK ISLE.*

" Fear !—I'm a Greek, and how should I fear death ?
A slave, and wherefore should I dread my freedom ?

I will not live degraded,"

Sardanapalus.

COME from the woods with the citron-flowers,
Come with your lyres for the festal hours,
Maids of bright Scio ! They came, and the breeze
Bore their sweet songs o'er the Grecian seas ;
They came, and Eudora stood robed and crown'd,
The bride of the morn, with her train around.
Jewels flash'd out from her braided hair,
Like starry dew's 'midst the roses there ;

* Founded on a circumstance related in the Second Series of the *Curiosities of Literature*, and forming a part of a picture in the "Painted Biography" there described.

Pearls on her bosom quivering shone,
 Heaved by her heart through its golden zone ;
 But a brow, as those gems of the ocean pale,
 Gleam'd from beneath her transparent veil ;
 Changeful and faint was her fair cheek's hue,
 Though clear as a flower which the light looks through :
 And the glance of her dark resplendent eye,
 For the aspect of woman at times too high,
 Lay floating in mists which the troubled stream
 Of the soul sent up o'er its fervid beam.

She look'd on the vine at her father's door,
 Like one that is leaving his native shore ;
 She hung o'er the myrtle once call'd her own,
 As it greenly waved by the threshold stone ;
 She turn'd—and her mother's gaze brought back
 Each hue of her childhood's faded track.
 Oh ! hush the song, and let her tears
 Flow to the dream of her early years !
 Holy and pure are the drops that fall
 When the young bride goes from her father's hall ;
 She goes unto love yet untried and new,
 She parts from love which hath still been true ;
 Mute be the song and the choral strain,
 Till her heart's deep well-spring is clear again !
 She wept on her mother's faithful breast
 Like a babe that sobs itself to rest ;
 She wept—yet laid her hand awhile
 In *his* that waited her dawning smile—
 Her soul's affianced, nor cherish'd less
 For the gush of nature's tenderness !
 She lifted her graceful head at last—
 The choking swell of her heart was past ;
 And her lovely thoughts from their cells found way
 In the sudden flow of a plaintive lay.³

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

Why do I weep ?—to leave the vine
 Whose clusters o'er me bend ;
 The myrtle—yet, oh ! call it mine !—
 The flowers I loved to tend.
 A thousand thoughts of all things dear,
 Like shadows o'er me sweep,
 I leave my sunny childhood here,
 Oh, therefore let me weep !
 I leave thee, sister ? we have play'd
 Through many a joyous hour,
 Where the silvery green of the olive shade
 Hung dim o'er fount and bower.
 Yes, thou and I, by stream by shore,
 In song, in prayer, in sleep,

Have been as we may be no more—
Kind sister, let me weep!

I leave thee father! Eve's bright moon
Must now light other feet,
With the gather'd grapes, and the lyre in tune,
Thy homeward step to greet.
Thou, in whose voice, to bless thy child,
Lay tones of love so deep,
Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled—
I leave thee! let me weep!

Mother! I leave thee! on thy breast,
Pouring out joy and wo;
I have found that holy place of rest
Still changeless—yet I go!
Lips, that have lull'd me with your strain,
Eyes that have watch'd my sleep!
Will earth give love like *yours* again!
Sweet mother! let me weep!

And like a slight young tree, that throws
The weight of rain from its drooping boughs,
Once more she wept. But a changeful thing
Is the human heart, as a mountain spring
That works its way, through the torrent's foam,
To the bright pool near it, the lily's home!
It is well!—the cloud on her soul that lay,
Hath melted in glittering drops away.
Wake again, mingle, sweet flute and lyre!
She turns to her lover, she leaves her sire.
Mother! on earth it must still be so,
Thou rearest the lovely to see them go!

They are moving onward, the bridal throng,
Ye may track their way by the swells of song;
Ye may catch through the foliage their white robes' gleam,
Like a swan 'midst the reeds of a shadowy stream.
Their arms bear up garlands, their gliding tread
Is over the deep-vein'd violet's bed;
They have light leaves around them, blue skies above,
An arch for the triumph of youth and love!

II.

Still and sweet was the home that stood
In the flowering depths of a Grecian wood,
With the soft green light o'er its low roof spread,
As if from the glow of an emerald shed,
Pouring through lime-leaves that mingled on high,
Asleep in the silence of noon's clear sky,
Citrons amidst their dark foliage glow'd,
Making a gleam round the lone abode;
Laurels o'erhung it, whose faintest shiver
Scatter'd out rays like a glancing river;

Stars of the jasmine its pillars crown'd,
 Vine-stalks its lattice and walls had bound ;
 And brightly before it a fountain's play
 Flung showers through a thicket of glossy bay,
 To a cypress which rose in that flashing rain,
 Like one tall shaft of some fallen fane.

And thither Ianthis had brought his bride
 And the guests were met by that fountain-side ;
 They lifted the veil from Eudora's face,
 It smiled out softly in pensive grace,
 With lips of love, and a brow serene,
 Meet for the soul of the deep wood-scene.—
 Bring wine, bring odors!—the board is spread.—
 Bring roses! a chaplet for every head !
 The wine-cups foam'd, and the rose was shower'd
 On the young and fair from the world embower'd ;
 The sun look'd not on them in that sweet shade,
 The winds amid scented boughs were laid ;
 And there came by fits, through some wavy tree,
 A sound and a gleam of the moaning sea.

Hush! be still!—was that no more
 Than the murmur from the shore ?
 Silence!—did thick rain-drops beat
 On the grass like trampling feet?—
 Fling down the goblet, and draw the sword!
 The groves are fill'd with a pirate horde!
 Through the dim olives their sabres shine!
 Now must the red blood stream for wine!

The youths from the banquet to battle sprang,
 The woods with the shriek of the maidens rang ;
 Under the golden-fruited boughs
 There were flashing poniards and dark'ning brows—
 Footsteps, o'er garland and lyre that fled,
 And the dying soon on a greensward bed.
 —Eudora, Eudora! *thou* dost not fly!—
 She saw but Ianthis before her lie,
 With the blood from his breast in a gushing flow,
 Like a child's large tears in its hour of woe,
 And a gathering film in his lifted eye,
 That sought his young bride out mournfully.—
 She knelt down beside him, her arms she wound
 Like tendrils his drooping neck around,
 As if the passion of that fond grasp,
 Might chain in life with its ivy-clasp.
 But they tore her thence in her wild despair
 The sea's fierce rovers—they left him there ;
 They left to the fountain a dark-red vein,
 And on the wet violets a pile of slain,
 And a hush of fear through the summer grove—
 So closed the triumph of youth and love!

III.

Gloomy lay the shore that night,
 When the moon with sleeping light,
 Bathed each purple Sciote hill—
 Gloomy lay the shore, and still.
 O'er the wave no gay guitar
 Sent its floating music far;
 No glad sound of dancing feet
 Woke the starry hours to greet.
 But a voice of mortal woe,
 In its changes wild or low,
 Through the midnight's blue repose,
 From the sea-beat rocks arose,
 As Eudora's mother stood
 Gazing o'er the Ægean flood,
 With a fix'd and straining eye—
 Oh! was the spoilers' vessel nigh?
 Yes! there, becalm'd in silent sleep,
 Dark and alone on a breathless deep,
 On a sea of molten silver, dark
 Brooding it frown'd that evil bark!
 There its broad pennon a shadow cast,
 Moveless and black from the tall still mast;
 And the heavy sound of its flapping sail
 Idly and vainly woo'd the gale.
 Hush'd was all else:—Had ocean's breast
 Rock'd e'en Eudora that hour to rest?
 To rest?—the waves tremble!—what piercing cry
 Bursts from the heart of the ship on high?
 What light through the heavens, in a sudden spire,
 Shoots from the deck up? Fire! 'tis fire!
 There are wild forms hurrying to and fro,
 Seen darkly clear on that lurid glow;
 There are shout, and signal-gun, and call,
 And the dashing of water—but fruitless all!
 Man may not fetter, nor ocean tame
 The might and wrath of the rushing flame!
 It hath twin'd the mast like a glittering snake,
 That coils up a tree from a dusky brake;
 It hath touch'd the sails, and their canvass rolls
 Away from its breath into shrivell'd scrolls;
 It hath taken the flag's high place in the air,
 And redden'd the stars with its wavy glare;
 And sent out bright arrows, and soar'd in glee,
 To a burning mount 'midst the moonlight sea.
 The swimmers are plunging from stern and prow—
 Eudora! Eudora! where, where art thou?
 The slave and his master alike are gone.—
 Mother! who stands on the deck alone?
 The child of thy bosom!—and lo! a brand
 Blazing up high in her lifted hand!

And her veil flung back, and her free dark hair
 Sway'd by the flames as they rock and flare ;
 And her fragile form to its loftiest height
 Dilated, as if by the spirit's might ;
 And her eye with an eagle-gladness fraught—
 Oh ! could this work be of woman wrought ?
 Yes ! 'twas her deed !—by that haughty smile
 It was hers—she hath kindled her funeral pile !
 Never might shame on that bright head be,
 Her blood was the Greek's, and hath made her free !

Proudly she stands, like an Indian bride,
 On the pyre with the holy dead beside ;
 But a shriek from her mother hath caught her ear,
 As the flames to her marriage robe drew near,
 And starting, she spreads her pale arms in vain
 To the form they must never infold again.
 —One moment more, and her hands are clasp'd—
 Fallen is the torch they had wildly grasp'd—
 Her sinking knee unto Heaven is bow'd,
 And her last look raised through the smoke's dim shroud,
 And her lips as in prayer for her pardon move ;—
 Now the night gathers o'er youth and love !

THE SWITZER'S WIFE.

[Werner Stauffacher, one of the three confederates of the field of Grütli, had been alarmed by the envy with which the Austrian Bailiff, Landenberg, had noticed the appearance of wealth and comfort which distinguished his dwelling. It was not, however, until roused by the entreaties of his wife, a woman who seems to have been of a heroic spirit, that he was induced to deliberate with his friends upon the measures by which Switzerland was finally delivered.]

"Nor look nor tone revealeth aught
 Save woman's quietness of thought ;
 And yet around her is a light
 Of inward majesty and might."

M. J. J.

"Wer solch ein herz an sienen Busen druckt,
 Der kann fur herd und hof mit freuden fechten."

Wilhelm Tell.

It was the time when children bound to meet
 Their father's homeward step from field or hill,
 And when the herd's returning bells are sweet
 In the Swiss valleys, and the lakes grow still,
 And the last note of that wild horn swells by,
 Which haunts the exile's heart with melody.

And lovely smiled full many an Alpine home,
 Touch'd with the crimson of the dying hour,

Which lit its low roof by the torrent's foam,
And pierced its lattice through the vine-hung bower,
But one, the loveliest o'er the land that rose,
Then first look'd mournful in its green repose.

For Werner sat beneath the linden tree,
That sent its lulling whispers through his door,
Even as man sits, whose heart alone would be
With some deep care, and thus can find no more
Th' accustom'd joy in all which evening brings,
Gathering a household with her quiet wings.

His wife stood hush'd before him—sad, yet mild
In her beseeching mien ;—he mark'd it not.
The silvery laughter of his bright-hair'd child
Rang from the greensward round the shelter'd spot,
But seem'd unheard ; until at last the boy
Raised from his heap'd up flowers a glance of joy,
And met his father's face ; but then a change
Pass'd swiftly o'er the brow of infant glee,
And a quick sense of something dimly strange
Brought him from play to stand beside the knee
So often climb'd, and lift his loving eyes
That shone through clouds of sorrowful surprise.

Then the proud bosom of the strong man shook ;
But tenderly his babe's fair mother laid
Her hand on his, and with a pleading look
Through tears half-quivering, o'er him bent and said,
" What grief, dear friend, hath made thy heart its prey
That thou shouldst turn thee from our love away ?

" It is too sad to see thee thus, my friend !
Mark'st thou the wonder on thy boy's fair brow,
Missing the smile from thine ? Oh, cheer thee ! bend
To his soft arms, unseal thy thoughts e'en now !
Thou dost not kindly to withhold the share
Of tried affection in thy secret care."

He look'd up into that sweet earnest face,
But sternly, mournfully : not yet the band
Was loosen'd from his soul ; its inmost place
Not yet unveil'd by love's o'er-mastering hand.
" Speak low !" he cried, and pointed where on high
The white Alps glitter'd through the solemn sky :

" We must speak low amidst our ancient hills
And their free torrents ; for the days are come
When tyranny lies couch'd by forest-rills,
And meets the shepherd in his mountain-home.
Go, pour the wine of our own grapes in fear—
Keep silence by the hearth ! its foes are near.

" The envy of th' oppressor's eye hath been
Upon my heritage. I sit to-night





Under my household tree, if not serene,
 Yet with the faces best beloved in sight :
 To-morrow eve may find me chain'd, and thee—
 How can I bear the boy's young smiles to see ?”

The bright blood left that youthful mother's cheek

Back on the linden stem she lean'd her form,
 And her lip trembled as it strove to speak,

Like a frail harp-string shaken by the storm.
 'Twas but a moment, and the faintness pass'd,
 And the free Alpine spirit woke at last.

And she, that ever through her home had moved

With the meek thoughtfulness and quiet smile
 Of woman, calmly loving and beloved,

And timid in her happiness the while,
 Stood brightly forth, and steadfastly, that hour,
 Her clear glance kindling into sudden power.

Ay, pale she stood, but with an eye of light,

And took her fair child to her holy breast,
 And lifted her soft voice, that gather'd might

As it found language :—“ Are we thus oppress'd ?
 Then must we rise upon our mountain-sod,
 And man must arm, and woman call on God !

“ I know what thou wouldst do ;—and be it done

Thy soul is darken'd with its fears for me.

Trust me to Heaven, my husband ! this, thy son,

The babe whom I have born thee, must be free !

And the sweet memory of our pleasant hearth
 May well give strength—if aught be strong on earth.

“ Thou hast been brooding o'er the silent dread

Of my desponding tears ; now, lift once more,

My hunter of the hills ! thy stately head,

And let thine eagle glance my joy restore !

I can bear all, but seeing *thee* subdued—

Take to thee back thine own undaunted mood.

“ Go forth beside the waters, and along

The chamois paths, and through the forests go ;

And tell, in burning words, thy tale of wrong

To the brave hearts that 'midst the hamlets glow

God shall be with thee, my beloved !—Away !

Bless but thy child, and leave me :—I can pray !”

He sprang up, like a warrior youth awaking

To clarion sounds upon the ringing air ;

He caught her to his breast, while proud tears **breaking**

From his dark eyes fell o'er her braided hair ;

And “ worthy art thou,” was his joyous cry,

“ That man for thee should gird himself to die.

“ My bride, my wife, the mother of my child !

Now shall thy name be armor to my heart :

And this our land, by chains no more defiled,
 Be taught of thee to choose the better part !
 I go—thy spirit on my words shall dwell,
 Thy gentle voice shall stir the Alps :—Farewell !"

And thus they parted, by the quiet lake,
 In the clear starlight : he the strength to rouse
 Of the free hills ; she, thoughtful for his sake,
 To rock her child beneath the whispering boughs,
 Singing its blue half-curtain'd eyes to sleep,
 With a low hymn, amidst the stillness deep.

PROPERZIA ROSSI.

Properzia Rossi, a celebrated female sculptor of Bologna, possessed also of talents for poetry and music, died in consequence of an unrequited attachment. A painting, by Ducis, represents her showing her last work, a basso-relievo of Ariadne, to a Roman knight, the object of her affection, who regards it with indifference.]

Tell me no more, no more
 Of my soul's lofty gifts ! Are they not vain
 To quench its haunting thirst for happiness ?
 Have I not loved, and striven, and fail'd to bind
 One true heart unto me, whereon my own
 Might find a resting-place, a home for all
 Its burden of affections ? I depart,
 Unknown, though Fame goes with me ; I must leave
 The earth unknown. Yet it may be that death
 Shall give my name a power to win such tears
 As would have made life precious.

I.

ONE dream of passion and of beauty more !
 And in its bright fulfilment let me pour
 My soul away ! Let earth retain a trace
 Of that which lit my being, though its race
 Might have been loftier far. Yet one more dream !
 From my deep spirit one victorious gleam
 Ere I depart ! For thee alone, for thee !
 May this last work, this farewell triumph be—
 Thou, loved so vainly ? I would leave enshrined
 Something immortal of my heart and mind,
 That yet may speak to thee when I am gone,
 Shaking thine inmost bosom with a tone
 Of lost affection ;—something that may prove
 What she hath been, whose melancholy love
 On thee was lavish'd ; silent pang and tear,
 And fervent song, that gush'd when none were near
 And dream by night, and weary thought by day,
 Stealing the brightness from her life away—
 While thou—Awake ! not yet within me die !
 Under the burden and the agony
 Of this vain tenderness—my spirit, wake !

Even for thy sorrowful affection's sake,
Live ! in thy work breathe out !—that he may yet,
Feeling sad mastery there, perchance regret
Thine unrequited gift.

II.

It comes—the power
Within me born flows back—my fruitless dower
That could not win me love. Yet once again
I greet it proudly, with its rushing train
Of glorious images :—they throng—they press—
A sudden joy lights up my loneliness—
I shall not perish all !

The bright work grows
Beneath my hand, unfolding, as a rose,
Leaf after leaf, to beauty ; line by line,
I fix my thought, heart, soul, to burn, to shine,
Through the pale marble's veins. It grows !—and now
I give my own life's history to thy brow,
Forsaken Ariadne ! thou shalt wear
My form, my lineaments ; but oh ! more fair,
Tough'd into lovelier being by the glow
Which in me dwells, as by the summer light
All things are glorified. From thee my woe
Shall yet look beautiful to meet his sight,
When I am pass'd away. Thou art the mould,
Wherein I pour the fervent thoughts, th' untold
The self-consuming ! Speak to him of me,
Thou the deserted by the lonely sea,
With the soft sadness of thine earnest eye—
Speak to him, lorn one ! deeply, mournfully,
Of all my love and grief ? Oh ! could I throw
Into thy frame a voice, a sweet, and low,
And thrilling voice of song ! when he came nigh,
To send the passion of its melody
Through his pierced bosom—on its tones to bear
My life's deep feeling, as the southern air
Wafts the faint myrtle's breath—to rise, to swell,
To sink away in accents of farewell,
Winning but one, *one* gush of tears, whose flow
Surely my parted spirit yet might know,
If love be strong as death !

III.

Now fair thou art,
Thou form, whose life is of my burning heart
Yet all the vision that within me wrought,
I cannot make thee ! Oh ! I might have given
Birth to creations of far nobler thought ;
I might have kindled, with the fire of heaven,
Things not of such as die ! But I have been
Too much alone ;—a heart whereon to lean,
With all these deep affections that o'erflow
My aching soul and find no shore below ;

An eye to be my star ; a voice to bring
 Hope o'er my path like sounds that breathe of spring :
 These are denied me—dreamt of still in vain—
 Therefore my brief aspirings from the chain,
 Are ever but as some wild fitful song,
 Rising triumphantly, to die ere long
 In dirge-like echoes.

IV.

Yet the world will see
 Little of this, my parting work, in thee—
 Thou shalt have fame !—Oh, mockery ! give the reed
 From storms a shelter—give the drooping vine
 Something round which its tendrils may entwine—
 Give the parch'd flower a rain-drop, and the meed
 Of love's kind words to woman ! Worthless fame !
 That in *his* bosom wins not for my name
 Th' abiding place it ask'd ! Yet how my heart,
 In its own fairy world of song and art,
 Once beat for praise ! Are those high longings o'er ?
 That which I have been can I be no more ?
 Never ! oh, never more ! though still thy sky
 Be blue as then, my glorious Italy !
 And though the music, whose rich breathings fill
 Thine air with soul, be wandering past me still ;
 And though the mantle of thy sunlight streams,
 Unchanged on forms, instinct with poet-dreams :
 Never ! oh, never more ! Where'er I move,
 The shadow of this broken-hearted love
 Is on me and around ! Too well *they* know,
 Whose life is all within, too soon and well,
 When there the blight hath settled !—but I go
 Under the silent wings of peace to dwell ;
 From the slow wasting, from the lonely pain,
 The inward burning of those words—“*in vain,*”
 Sear'd on the heart—I go. ’Twill soon be past,
 Sunshine, and song, and bright Italian heaven,
 And thou, Oh ! thou, on whom my spirit cast
 Unvalued wealth—who know'st not what was given
 In that devotedness—the sad, and deep,
 And unrepaid—farewell ! If I could weep
 Once, only once, beloved one ! on thy breast,
 Pouring my heart forth ere I sink to rest !
 But that were happiness, and unto me
 Earth'st gift is *fame*. Yet I was form'd to be
 So richly bless'd ! With thee to watch the sky,
 Speaking not, feeling but that thou wert nigh :
 With thee to listen, while the tones of song
 Swept even as part of our sweet air along—
 To listen silently : with thee to gaze
 On forms, the deified of olden days—
 This had been joy enough ; and hour by hour,
 From its glad well-springs drinking life and power

How had my spirit soar'd, and made its fame
 A glory for thy brow! Dreams, dreams!--the fire
 Burns faint within me. Yet I leave my name---
 As a deep thrill may linger on the lyre
 When its full chords are hush'd--awhile to live,
 And one day haply in thy heart revive
 Sad thoughts of me:--I leave it, with a sound,
 A spell o'er memory, mournfully profound--
 I leave it, on my country's air to dwell--
 Say proudly yet--"*'Twas hers who loved me well!*"

GERTRUDE; OR, FIDELITY TILL DEATH.

[The Baron Von der Wart, accused--though it is believed unjustly--as an accomplice in the assassination of the Emperor Albert, was bound alive on the wheel, and attended by his wife Gertrude, throughout his last agonizing hours, with the most heroic devotedness. Her own sufferings, with those of her unfortunate husband are most affectingly described in a letter which she afterwards addressed to a female friend, and which was published some year ago, at Haarlem, in a book entitled *Gertrude Von der Wart; or Fidelity unto Death.*]

"Dark lowers our fate,
 And terrible the storm that gathers o'er us;
 But nothing, till that latest agony
 Which severs thee from nature, shall unloose
 This fix'd and sacred hold. In thy dark prison-house,
 In the terrific face of armed law,
 Yea, on the scaffold, if it needs must be,
 I never will forsake thee." *Joanna Baillie.*

HER hands were clasp'd, her dark eyes raised
 The breeze threw back her hair,
 Up to the fearful wheel she gazed--
 All that she loved was there.
 The night was round her clear and cold.
 The holy heaven above,
 Its pale stars watching to behold
 The might of earthly love.
 "And bid me not depart," she cried,
 "My Rudolph say not so!
 This is no time to quit thy side--
 Peace! peace! I cannot go.
 Hath the world aught for *me* to fear,
 When death is on thy brow?
 The world! what means it?--*mine is here*--
 I will not leave thee now.
 "I have been with thee in thine hour
 Of glory and of bliss;
 Doubt not its memory's living power
 To strengthen me through *this*!

And thou, mine honor'd love and true,
 Bear on, bear nobly on!
 We have the blessed heaven in view,
 Whose rest shall soon be won."

And were not these high words to flow
 From woman's breaking heart?
 Through all that night of bitterest woe
 She bore her lofty part;
 But oh! with such a glazing eye,
 With such a curdling cheek—
 Love, love of mortal agony,
 Thou, only *thou* should'st speak!

The wind rose high—but with it rose
 Her voice, that he might hear:
 Perchance that dark hour brought repose
 To happy bosoms near;
 While she sat striving with despair
 Beside his tortured form
 And pouring her deep soul in prayer
 Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his brow
 With her pale hands and soft,
 Whose touch upon the lute-chords low
 Had still'd his heart so oft.
 She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
 She bathed his lips with dew,
 And on his cheek such kisses press'd
 As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
 Enduring to the last!
 She had her meed—one smile in death—
 And his worn spirit pass'd.
 While even as o'er a martyr's grave
 She knelt on that sad spot,
 And weeping, bless'd the God who gave
 Strength to forsake it not!

IMELDA.

"Sometimes
 The young forgot the lessons they had learnt,
 And loved when they should hate—like thee, Imelda!"
Italy, a Poem.

"Passa la bella Donna, e par che dorma."
Tasso.

WE have the myrtle's breath, around us here.
 Amidst the fallen pillars; this hath been
 Some Naiad's fane of old. How brightly clear,
 Flinging a vein of silver o'er the scene,

Up through the shadowy grass, the fountain walks,
 And music with it, gushing from beneath
 The ivy'd altar!—that sweet murmur tells
 The rich wild-flowers no tale of woe or death;
 Yet once the wave was darken'd, and a stain,
 Lay deep, and heavy drops—but not of rain—
 On the dim violets by its marble bed,
 And the pale shining water-lily's head.

Sad is that legend's truth.—A fair girl met
 One whom she loved, by this lone temple's spring,
 Just as the sun behind the pine-grove set,
 And eve's low voice in whispers woke, to bring
 All wanderers home. They stood, that gentle pair
 With the blue heaven of Italy above,
 And citron-odors dying on the air,
 And light leaves trembling round, and early love
 Deep in each breast. What reck'd *their* souls of strife
 Between their fathers? Unto them young life
 Spread out the treasures of its vernal years;
 And if they wept, they wept far other tears
 Than the cold world brings forth. They stood, that hour,
 Speaking of hope, while tree, and fount, and flower,
 And star, just gleaming through the cypress boughs,
 Seem'd holy things, as records of their vows,

But change came o'er the scene. A hurrying tread
 Broke on the whispery shades. Imelda knew
 The footstep of her brother's wrath, and fled
 Up where the cedars make yon avenue
 Dim with green twilight; pausing there, she caught—
 Was it the clash of swords?—a swift dark thought
 Struck down her lip's rich crimson as it pass'd,
 And from her eye the sunny sparkle took
 One moment with its fearfulness, and shook
 Her slight frame fiercely, as a stormy blast
 Might rock the rose. Once more, and yet once more,
 She still'd her heart to listen—all was o'er;
 Sweet summer winds alone were heard to sigh,
 Bearing the nightingale's deep spirit by.

That night Imelda's voice was in the song,
 Lovely it floated through the festive throng
 Peopling her father's halls. That fatal night
 Her eye look'd starry in its dazzling light,
 And her cheek glow'd with beauty's flushing dyes,
 Like a rich cloud of eve in southern skies—
 A burning, ruby cloud. There were, whose gaze
 Follow'd her form beneath the clear lamp's blaze,
 And marvell'd at its radiance. But a few
 Beheld the brightness of that feverish hue
 With something of dim fear; and in that glance
 Found strange and sudden tokens of unrest,

Startling to meet amidst the mazy dance,
 Where thought, if present, an unbidden guest,
 Comes not unmask'd. Howe'er this were, the time
 Sped as it speeds with joy, and grief, and crime
 Alike : and when the banquet's hall was left
 Unto its garlands of their bloom bereft,
 When trembling stars look'd silvery in there wane,
 And heavy flowers yet slumber'd, once again
 There stole a footstep, fleet, and light, and lone,
 Through the dim cedar shade—the step of one
 That started as a leaf, of one that fled,
 Of one that panted with some secret dread :
 What did Imelda there ? She sought the scene
 Where love so late with youth and hope had been ;
 Bodings were on her soul—a shuddering thrill
 Ran through each vein, when first the Naiad's rill
 Met her with melody—sweet sounds and low ;
We hear them yet, they live along its flow—
Her voice is music lost ! The fountain-side
 She gain'd—the wave flash'd forth—'twas darkly dyed
 Even as from warrior-hearts ; and on its edge,
 Amidst the fern, and flowers, and moss-tufts deep,
 There lay, as lull'd by stream and rustling sedge,
 A youth, a graceful youth.—“ Oh ! dost thou sleep ?
 Azzo ! ” she cried, “ my Azzo ! is this rest ? ”
 But then her low tones falter'd :—“ On thy breast
 Is the stain—yes, 'tis blood !—and that cold cheek—
 That moveless lip !—thou dost not slumber ?—speak
 Speak, Azzo, my beloved—no sound—no breath—
 What hath come thus between our spirits ?—Death !
 Death ?—I but dream—I dream !—” and there she stood,
 A faint fair trembler, gazing first on blood,
 With her fair arm around yon cypress thrown,
 Her form sustain'd by that dark stem alone,
 And fading fast, like spell-struck maid of old,
 Into white waves dissolving, clear and cold ;
 When from the grass her dimm'd eye caught a gleam—
 'Twas where a sword lay shiver'd by the stream—
 Her brother's sword !—she knew it ; and she knew
 'Twas with a venom'd point that weapon slew !
 Woe for young love ! But love is strong. There came
 Strength upon woman's fragile heart and frame,
 There came swift courage ! On the dewy ground
 She knelt, with all her dark hair floating round
 Like a long silken stole ; she knelt, and press'd
 Her lips of glowing life to Azzo's breast,
 Drawing the poison forth. A strange, sad sight !
 Pale death, and fearless love, and solemn night !
 So the moon saw them last.

The morn came singing
 Through the green forests of the Apenines,
 With all her joyous birds their free flight winging,

And steps and voices out amongst the vines,
 What found that dayspring *here*? Two fair forms laid
 Like sculptured sleepers; from the myrtle shade
 Casting a gleam of beauty o'er the wave,
 Still, mournful, sweet. Were such things for the grave?
 Could it be so indeed? That radiant girl,
 Deck'd as for bridal hours!—long braids of pearl
 Amidst her shadowy locks were faintly shining,
 As tears might shine, with melancholy light;
 And there was gold her slender waist entwining;
 And her pale graceful arms—how sadly bright!
 And fiery gems upon her breast were lying,
 And round her marble brow red roses dying.
 But she died first!—the violet's hue had spread
 O'er her sweet eyelids with repose oppress'd;
 She had bow'd heavily her gentle head,
 And on the youth's hush'd bosom sunk to rest.
 So slept they well!—the poison's work was done,
 Love with true heart had striven—but Death had won.

EDITH.

A TALE OF THE WOODS.*

“Du Heilige! rufe dein Kind zurück!
 Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
 Ich habe gelebt und geliebet,”
Wallenstein.

THE woods—oh! solemn are the boundless woods
 Of the great western world when day declines,
 And louder sounds the roll of distant floods,
 More deep the rustling of the ancient pines;
 When dimness gathers on the stilly air,
 And mystery seems o'er every leaf to brood,
 Awful it is for human heart to bear
 The might and burden of the solitude!
 Yet, in that hour, 'midst those green wastes, there sate
 One young and fair; and oh! how desolate!
 But undismay'd: while sank the crimson light,
 And the high cedars darken'd with the night,
 Alone she sate: though many lay around,
 They, pale and silent on the bloody ground,
 Were sever'd from her need and from her woe,
 Far as Death severs Life. O'er that wild spot
 Combat had raged, and brought the valiant low,
 And left them, with the history of their lot,
 Unto the forest oaks:—a fearful scene
 For her whose home of other days had been

* Founded on incidents related in an American work, *Sketches of Connecticut*.

'Midst the fair halls of England! But the love
 Which fill'd her soul was strong to cast out fear,
 And by its might upborne all else above,
 She shrank not—mark'd not that the dead were near.
 Of him alone she thought, whose languid head
 Faintly upon her wedded bosom fell;
 Memory of aught but him on earth was fled,
 While heavily she felt his life-blood well
 Fast o'er her garments forth, and vainly bound
 With her torn robes and hair the streaming wound—
 Yet hoped, still hoped! Oh! from such hope how long
 Affection woes the whispers that deceive,
 Even when the pressure of dismay grows strong!
 And we, that weep, watch, tremble, ne'er believe
 The blow indeed can fall. So bow'd she there
 Over the dying, while unconscious prayer
 Fill'd all her soul. Now pour'd the moonlight down,
 Veining the pine stems through the foliage brown,
 And fire-flies, kindling up the leafy place,
 Cast fitful radiance o'er the warrior's face,
 Whereby she caught its changes: to her eye,
 The eye that faded look'd through gathering haze
 Whence love, o'ermastering mortal agony,
 Lifted a long, deep, melancholy gaze
 When voice was not: that fond, sad meaning pass'd:
 She knew the fullness of her woe at last!
 One shriek the forest heard—and mute she lay
 And cold: yet clasping still the precious clay
 To her scarce heaving breast. O Love and Death!
 Ye have sad meetings on this changeful earth,
 Many and sad! but airs of heavenly breath
 Shall melt the links which bind you, for your birth
 Is far apart.

Now light of richer hue
 Than the moon sheds, came flushing mist and dew;
 The pines grew red with morning; fresh winds play'd;
 Bright-color'd birds with splendor cross'd the shade,
 Flitting on flower-like wings; glad murmurs broke
 From reed, and spray, and leaf—the living strings
 Of earth's Æolian lyre, whose music woke
 Into young life and joy all happy things.
 And she too woke from that long dreamless trance,
 The widow'd Edith: fearfully her glance
 Fell, as in doubt, on faces dark and strange,
 And dusky forms. A sudden sense of change
 Flash'd o'er her spirit, even ere memory swept
 The tide of anguish back with thoughts that slept;
 Yet half instinctively she rose, and spread
 Her arms, as 'twere for something lost or fled,
 Then faintly sank again. The forest-bough,
 With all its whispers, waved not o'er her now—

Where was she ? 'Midst the people of the wild,
 By the red hunter's fire ; an aged chief,
 Whose home look'd sad—for therein played no child—
 Had borne her, in the stillness of her grief,
 To that lone cabin of the woods ; and there,
 Won by a form so desolately fair,
 Or touch'd with thoughts from some past sorrow sprung,
 O'er her low couch an Indian matron hung ;
 While in grave silence, yet with earnest eye,
 The ancient warrior of the waste stood by,
 Bending in watchfulness his proud grey head,
 And leaning on his bow.

And life return'd,
 Life, but with all its memories of the dead,
 To Edith's heart ; and well the sufferer learn'd
 Her task of meek endurance, well she wore
 The chasten'd grief that humbly can adore,
 'Midst blinding tears. But unto that old pair,
 Even as a breath of spring's awakening air,
 Her presence was ; or as a sweet wild tune
 Bringing back tender thoughts, which all too soon
 Depart with childhood. Sadly they had seen

A daughter to the land of spirits go,
 And ever from that time her fading mien,
 And voice, like winds of summer, soft and low.
 Had haunted their dim years ; but Edith's face
 Now look'd in holy sweetness from her place,
 And they again seem'd parents. Oh ! the joy,
 The rich deep blessedness—though earth's alloy,
 Fear, that still bodes, be there—of pouring forth
 The heart's whole power of love, its wealth and worth
 Of strong affection, in one healthful flow,
 On something all its own ! that kindly glow,
 Which to shut inward is consuming pain,
 Gives the glad soul its flowering time again,
 When, like the sunshine, freed. And gentle cares
 Th' adopted Edith meekly gave for theirs
 Who loved her thus ; her spirit dwelt the while
 With the departed, and her patient smile
 Spoke of farewells to earth ; yet still she pray'd,
 Even o'er her soldier's lowly grave, for aid
 One purpose to fulfil, to leave one trace
 Brightly recording that her dwelling-place
 Had been among the wilds ; for well she knew
 The secret whisper of her bosom true,
 Which warn'd her hence.

And now, by many a word
 Link'd unto moments when the heart was stirr'd,
 By the sweet mournfulness of many a hymn,
 Sung when the woods at eve grew hush'd and dim—
 By the persuasion of her fervent eye,

All eloquent with childlike piety—
By the still beauty of her life, she strove
To win for heaven, and heaven-born truth, the love
Pour'd out on her so freely. Nor in vain
Was that soft-breathing influence to enchain
The soul in gentle bonds ; by slow degrees
Light follow'd on, as when a summer breeze
Parts the deep masses of the forest shade
And lets the sunbeam through : her voice was made
Even such a breeze ; and she, a lowly guide,
By faith and sorrow raised and purified,
So to the Cross her Indian fosterers led,
Until their prayers were one. When morning spread
O'er the blue lake, and when the sunset's glow
Touch'd into golden bronze the cypress bough,
And when the quiet of the Sabbath time
Sank on her heart, though no melodious chime
Waken'd the wilderness, their prayers were one.—
Now might she pass in hope, her work was done !
And she *was* passing from the woods away—
The broken flower of England might not stay
Amidst those alien shades ; her eye was bright
Even yet with something of a starry light,
But her form wasted, and her fair young cheek
Wore oft and patiently a fatal streak,
A rose whose root was death. The parting sigh
Of autumn through the forests had gone by,
And the rich maple o'er her wanderings lone
Its crimson leaves in many a shower had strown,
Flushing the air ; and winter's blast had been
Amidst the pines ; and now a softer green
Fringed their dark boughs ; for spring again had come,
The sunny spring ! but Edith to her home
Was journeying fast. Alas ! we think it sad
To part with life when all the earth looks glad
In her young lovely things—when voices break
Into sweet sounds, and leaves and blossoms wake ;
Is it not brighter then, in that far clime
Where graves are not, nor blights of changeful time,
If *here* such glory dwell with passing blooms,
Such golden sunshine rest around the tombs ?
So thought the dying one. 'Twas early day,
And sounds and odors, with the breezes' play
Whispering of spring-time, through the cabin door,
Unto her couch life's farewell sweetness bore ;
Then with a look where all her hope awoke,
“ My father ! ”—to the grey-hair'd chief she spoke—
“ Know'st thou that I depart ? ”—“ I know, I know,”
He answer'd mournfully, “ that thou must go
To thy beloved, my daughter ! ”—“ Sorrow not
For me, kind mother ! ” with meek smiles once more
She murmur'd in low tones ; “ one happy lot

Awaits us, friends! upon the better shore;
 For we have pray'd together in one trust,
 And lifted our frail spirits from the dust
 To God, who gave them. Lay me by mine own,
 Under the cedar shade: where he is gone,
 Thither I go. There will my sisters be,
 And the dead parents, lisping at whose knee
 My childhood's prayer was learn'd—the Saviour's prayer
 Which now *ye* know—and I shall meet you there.
 Father and gentle mother! ye have bound
 The bruised reed, and mercy shall be found
 By Mercy's children." From the matron's eye
 Dropp'd tears, her sole and passionate reply;
 But Edith felt them not; for now a sleep,
 Solemnly beautiful—a stillness deep
 Fell on her settled face. Then, sad and slow,
 And mantling up his stately head in woe,
 "Thou'rt passing hence," he sang, that warrior old,
 In sounds like those by plaintive waters roll'd.

"Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side,
 And the hunter's hearth away;
 From the time of flowers, for the summer's price,
 Daughter! thou canst not stay.

"Thou'rt journeying to thy spirit's home,
 Where the skies are ever clear;
 The corn month's golden hours will come,
 But they shall not find thee here.

"And we shall miss thy voice, my bird.
 Under our whispering pine;
 Music shall 'midst the leaves be heard,
 But not a song like thine.

"A breeze that roves o'er stream and hill,
 Telling of winter gone,
 Hath such sweet falls—yet caught we still
 A farewell in its tone.

"But thou, my bright one! thou shalt be
 Where farewell sounds are o'er;
 Thou, in the eyes thou lovest, shalt see
 No fear of parting more.

"The mossy grave thy tears have wet,
 And the wind's wild moanings by,
 Thou with thy kindred shalt forget,
 'Midst flowers—not such as die.

"The shadow from thy brow shall melt
 The sorrow from thy strain,
 But where thine earthly smile hath dwelt
 Our hearts shall thirst in vain.

"Dim will our cabin be, and lone,
When thou, its light, art fled ;
Yet hath thy step the pathway shown
Unto the happy dead.

"And we will follow thee, our guide !
And join that shining band ;
Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side—
Go to the better land !"

The song had ceased—the listeners caught no breath,
That lovely sleep had melted into death.

THE INDIAN CITY.*

"What deep wounds ever closed without a scar ?
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear
That which disfigures it." *Childe Harold*

1.

ROYAL in splendor went down the day
On the plain where an Indian city lay,
With its crown of domes o'er the forest high,
Red, as if fused in the burning sky,
And its deep groves pierced by the rays which made
A bright stream's way through each long arcade,
Till the pillar'd vaults of the banian stood,
Like torch-lit aisles 'midst the solemn wood,
And the plantain glitter'd with leaves of gold
As a tree 'midst the genii gardens old,
And the cypress lifted a blazing spire,
And the stems of the cocoa's were shafts of fire.
Many a white pagoda's gleam
Slept lovely round upon lake and stream,
Broken alone by the lotus flowers,
As they caught the glow of the sun's last hours,
Like rosy wine in their cup, and shed
Its glory forth on their crystal bed.
Many a graceful Hindoo maid,
With the water vase from the palmy shade,
Came gliding light as the desert's roe,
Down marble steps, to the tanks below ;
And a cool sweet plashing was ever heard,
As the molten glass of the wave was stirr'd ;
And a murmur, thrilling the scented air,
Told where the Bramin bow'd in prayer.
There wander'd a noble Moslem boy
Through the scene of beauty in breathless joy ;
He gazed where the stately city rose,
Like a pageant of clouds, in its red repose ;

* From a tale in Forbes's *Oriental Memoirs*.

He turn'd where birds through the gorgeous gloom
Of the woods went glancing on starry plume;
He track'd the brink of the shining lake,
By the tall canes feather'd in tuft and brake,
Till the path he chose, in its mazes wound
To the very heart of the holy ground.

And there lay the water, as if enshrined
In a rocky urn, from the sun and wind,
Bearing the hues of the grove on high,
Far down through its dark still purity.
The flood beyond, to the fiery west,
Spread out like a metal mirror's breast,
But that lone bay, in its dimness deep,
Seem'd made for the swimmer's joyous leap,
For the stag athirst from the noontide chase,
For all free things of the wild wood's race.

Like a falcon's glance on the wide blue sky,
Was the kindling flash of the boy's glad eye;
Like a sea-bird's flight to the foaming wave,
From the shadowy bank was the bound he gave;
Dashing the spray drops, cold and white,
O'er the glossy leaves in its young delight,
And bowing his locks to the waters clear—
Alas! he dreamt not that fate was near.

His mother look'd from her tent the while,
O'er heaven and earth with a quiet smile:
She, on her way unto Mecca's fane,
Had stay'd the march of her pilgrim train,
Calmly to linger a few brief hours
In the Bramin city's glorious bowers;
For the pomp of the forest, the wave's bright fall,
The red gold of sunset—she loved them all.

II.

The moon rose clear in the splendor given
To the deep blue night of an Indian heaven;
The boy from the high-arch'd woods came back—
Oh! what had he met in his lonely track?
The serpent's glance, through the long reeds bright?
The arrowy spring of the tiger's might?
No!—yet as one by a conflict worn,
With his graceful hair all soil'd and torn,
And a gloom on the lids of his darken'd eye,
And a gash on his bosom—he came to die!
He look'd for the face to his young heart sweet,
And found it, and sank at his mother's feet.

“Speak to me!—whence doth the swift blood run!
What hath befallen thee, my child, my son?”
The mist of death on his brow lay pale,
But his voice just linger'd to breathe the tale,

Murmuring faintly of wrongs and scorn,
 And wounds from the children of Brahma borne :
 This was the doom for a Moslem found
 With a foot profane on their holy ground—
 This was for sullyng the pure waves, free
 Unto them alone—'twas their God's decree.

A change came o'er his wandering look—
 The mother shriek'd not then nor shook :
 Breathless she knelt in her son's young blood,
 Rending her mantle to stanch its flood ;
 But it rush'd like a river which none may stay,
 Bearing a flower to the deep away.
 That which our love to the earth would chain
 Fearfully striving with heaven in vain—
 That which fades from us, while yet we hold,
 Clasp'd to our bosoms, its mortal mould,
 Was fleeting before her, afar and fast ;
 One moment—the soul from the face had pass'd !

Are there no words for that common woe ?—
 Ask of the thousands, its depths that know,
 The boy had breathed, in his dreaming rest,
 Like a low-voiced dove, on her gentle breast ;
 He had stood, when she sorrow'd, beside her knee,
 Painfully stilling his quick heart's glee ;
 He had kiss'd from her cheek the widow's tears,
 With the loving lip of his infant years ;
 He had smiled o'er her path like a bright spring day—
 Now in his blood on the earth he lay !
Murder'd !—Alas ! and we love so well
 In a world where anguish like this can dwell !

She bow'd down mutely o'er her dead—
 They that stood round her watch'd in dread ;
 They watch'd—she knew not they were by—
 Her soul sat veil'd in its agony.
 On the silent lip she press'd no kiss,
 Too stern was the grasp of her pangs for this :
 She shed no tear as her face bent low,
 O'er the shining hair of the lifeless brow ;
 She look'd but into the half-shut eye
 With a gaze that found there no reply,
 And shrieking, mantled her head from sight,
 And fell, struck down by her sorrow's might.)

And what deep change, what work of power,
 Was wrought on her secret soul that hour ?
 How rose the lonely one ?—She rose
 Like a prophetess from dark repose !
 And proudly flung from her face the veil,
 And shook the hair from her forehead pale,
 And 'midst her wondering handmaids stood,
 With the sudden glance of a dauntless mood—

Ay, lifting up to the midnight sky
 A brow in its regal passion high,
 With a close and rigid grasp she press'd
 The blood-stained robe to her heaving breast,
 And said—"Not yet—not yet I weep,
 Not yet my spirit shall sink or sleep ;
 Not till yon city, in ruins rent,
 Be piled for its victim's monument.
 Cover his dust ! bear it on before !—
 It shall visit those temple gates once more."

And away in the train of the dead she turn'd,
 The strength of her step was the heart that burn'd ;
 And the Bramin groves in the starlight smiled,
 As the mother pass'd with her slaughter'd child.

III.

Hark ! a wild sound of the desert's horn
 Through the woods round the Indian city borne,
 A peal of the cymbal—and tambour afar
 War ! 'tis the gathering of Moslem war !
 The Bramin look'd from the leaguer'd towers—
 He saw the wild archer amidst his bowers ;
 And the lake that flash'd through the plantain shade
 As the light of the lances along it play'd ;
 And the canes that shook as if winds were high
 When the fiery steed of the waste swept by ;
 And the camp as it lay like a billowy sea,
 Wide round the sheltering banian tree.

There stood one tent from the rest apart—
 That was the place of a wounded heart.
 Oh ! deep is a wounded heart, and strong
 A voice that cries against mighty wrong ;
 And full of death as a hot wind's blight,
 Doth the ire of a crush'd affection light.

Maimuna from realm to realm had pass'd,
 And her tale had rung like a trumpet's blast,
 There had been words from her pale lips pour'd,
 Each one a spell to unsheath the sword.
 The Tartar had sprung from his steed to hear,
 And the dark chief of Araby grasp'd his spear,
 Till a chain of long lances begirt the wall,
 And a vow was recorded that doom'd its fall.
 Back with the dust of her son she came,
 When her voice had kindled that lightning flame ;
 She came in the might of a queenly foe,
 Banner, and javelin, and bended bow ;
 But a deeper power on her forehead sate—
 There sought the warrior his star of fate :
 Her eye's wild flash through the tented line
 Was hailed as a spirit and a sign,

And the faintest tone from her lip was caught
As a sybil's breath of prophetic thought,
—Vain, bitter glory!—the gift of grief
That lights up vengeance to find relief,
Transient and faithless!—it cannot fill
So the deep void of the heart, nor till
The yearning left by a broken tie,
That haunted fever of which we die!

Sickening she turn'd from her sad renown,
As a king in death might reject his crown!
Slowly the strength of the walls gave way—
She wither'd faster from day to day.
All the proud sounds of that banner'd plain,
To stay the flight of her soul were vain;
Like an eagle caged, it had striven, and worn
The frail dust, ne'er for such conflicts born,
Till the bars were rent, and the hour was come
For its fearful rushing through darkness home.

The bright sun set in his pomp and pride,
As on that eve when the fair boy died;
She gazed from her couch, and a softness fell
O'er her weary heart with the day's farewell;
She spoke, and her voice, in its dying tone,
Had an echo of feelings that long seem'd flown.
She murmur'd a low sweet cradle song,
Strange 'midst the din of a warrior throng—
A song of the time when her boy's young cheek
Had glow'd on her breast in its slumber meek;
But something which breathed from that mournful strain
Sent a fitful gust o'er her soul again,
And starting, as if from a dream, she cried—
“Give him proud burial at my side!
There, by yon lake, where the palm boughs wave,
When the temples are fallen, make there our grave.”
And the temples fell, though the spirit pass'd,
That stay'd not for victory's voice at last;
When the day was won for the martyr dead,
For the broken heart and the bright blood shed.

Through the gates of the vanquish'd the Tartar steed
Bore in the avenger with foaming speed:
Free swept the flame through the idol fanes,
And the streams glow'd red, as from warrior veins,
And the sword of the Moslem, let loose to slay,
Like the panther leapt on its flying prey,
Till a city of ruin begirt the shade
Where the boy and his mother at rest were laid.

Palace and tower on that plain were left,
Like fallen trees by the lightning cleft;
The wild vine mantled the stately square,
The Rajah's throne was the serpent's lair,

And the jungle grass o'er the altar sprung—
This was the work of one deep heart wrung!

THE PEASANT GIRL OF THE RHONE.

"There is but one place in the world
Thither, where he lies buried!

* * * * *
There, there is all that still remains of him—
That single spot is the whole earth to me."

COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

"Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert." — *Childe Harold*.

THERE went a warrior's funeral through the night,
A waving of tall plumes, a ruddy light
Of torches, fitfully and wildly thrown
From the high woods, along the sweeping Rhone,
Far down the waters. Heavily and dead,
Under the moaning trees, the horse-hoof's tread
In muffled sounds upon the greensward fell,
As chieftains pass'd; and solemnly the swell
Of the deep requiem, o'er the gleaming river
Borne with the gale, and with the leaves' low shiver
Floated and died. Proud mourners there, yet pale,
Wore man's mute anguish sternly; but of *one*,
Oh! who shall speak? What words *his* brow unveil?
A father following to the grave his son!
That is no grief to picture! Sad and slow,
Through the wood shadows, moved the knightly train,
With youth's fair form upon the bier laid low—
Fair even when found, amidst the bloody slain,
Stretch'd by its broken lance. They reach'd the lone
Baronial chapel, where the forest gloom
Fell heaviest, for the massy boughs had grown
Into thick archways, as to vault the tomb.
Stately they trod the hollow ringing aisle,
A strange deep echo shudder'd through the pile,
Till crested heads at last, in silence bent
Round the De Couci's antique monument,
When dust to dust was given:—and Aymer slept
Beneath the drooping banners of his line,
Whose broider'd folds the Syrian wind had swept
Proudly and oft o'er fields of Palestine:
So the sad rite was closed. The sculptor gave
Trophies, erelong, to deck that lordly grave;
And the pale image of a youth, array'd
As warriors are for fight, but calmly laid
In slumber on his shield. Then all was done
All still around the dead His name was heard

Perchance when wine-cups flow'd, and hearts were stir'd

By some old song, or tale of battle won,
Told round the hearth: but in his father's breast
Manhood's high passions woke again, and press'd
On to their mark; and in his friend's clear eye
There dwelt no shadow of a dream gone by;
And with the brethren of his fields, the feast
Was gay as when the voice whose sounds had ceased
Mingled with theirs. Even thus life's rushing tide
Bears back affection from the grave's dark side;
Alas! to think of this!—the heart's void place
Fill'd up so soon!—so like a summer cloud,
All that we loved to pass and leave no trace!—

He lay forgotten in his early shroud.
Forgotten?—not of all!—the sunny smile
Glancing in play o'er that proud lip erewhile,
And the dark locks, whose breezy waving threw
A gladness round, whene'er their shades withdrew
From the bright brow; and all the sweetness lying

Within that eagle eye's jet radiance deep,
And all the music with that young voice dying,

Whose joyous echoes made the quick heart leap
As at a hunter's bugle—these things lived
Still in one breast, whose silent love survived
The pangs of kindred sorrow. Day, by day,
On Aymer's tomb fresh flowers in garlands lay,
Through the dim fane soft summer odors breathing,
And all the pale sepulchral trophies wreathing,
And with a flush of deeper brilliance glowing
In the rich light, like molten rubies flowing
Through storied windows down. The violet there

Might speak of love—a secret love and lowly—
And the rose image all things fleet and fair,

And the faint passion-flower, the sad and holy,
Tell of diviner hopes. But whose light hand,
As for an altar, wove the radiant band?

Whose gentle nature, brought, from hidden dells,
That gem-like wealth of blossoms and sweet bells,
To blush through every season?—Blight and chill
Might touch the changing woods; but duly still
For years those gorgeous coronals renew'd,

And brightly clasping marble spear and helm,
Even through mid-winter, fill'd the solitude

With a strange smile—a glow of summer's realm.
Surely some fond and fervent heart was pouring
Its youth's vain worship on the dust, adoring
In lone devotedness!

One spring morn rose,

And found, within that tomb's proud shadow laid—
Oh! not as 'midst the vineyards, to repose

From the fierce noon—a dark-hair'd peasant maid:

Who could reveal her story! That still face
 Had once been fair; for on the clear arch'd brow
 And the curved lip there linger'd yet such grace
 As sculpture gives its dreams; and long and low
 The deep black lashes, o'er the half-shut eye—
 For death was on its lids—fell mournfully.
 But the cold cheek was sunk, the raven hair
 Dimm'd, the slight form all wasted, as by care,
 Whence came that early blight? *Her* kindred's place
 Was not amidst the high De Couci race;
 Yet there her shrine had been! She grasped a wreath—
 The tomb's last garland!—This was love in death.

INDIAN WOMAN'S DEATH SONG.

[An Indian woman, driven to despair by her husband's desertion of her for another wife, entered a canoe with her children, and rowed it down the Mississippi towards the cataract. Her voice was heard from the shore singing a mournful death-song, until overpowered by the sound of the waters in which she perished. The tale is related in Long's Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's River.]

"Non, je ne puis vivre avec un cœur brisé. Il faut que je retrouve la joie, et que je m'unisse, aux esprits libres de l'air."

Bride of Messina—translated by MADAME DE STAEL.

"Let not my child be a girl, for very sad is the life of a woman."
The Prairie.

Down a broad river of the western wilds,
 Piercing thick forest glooms, a light canoe
 Swept with the current: fearful was the speed
 Of the frail bark, as by a tempest's wing
 Borne leaf-like on to where the mist of spray
 Rose with the cataract's thunder. Yet within,
 Proudly, and dauntlessly, and all alone,
 Save that a babe lay sleeping at her breast,
 A woman stood: upon her Indian brow
 Sat a strange gladness, and her dark hair waved
 As if triumphantly. She press'd her child,
 In its bright slumber, to her beating heart,
 And lifted her sweet voice, that rose awhile
 Above the sound of waters, high and clear,
 Wafting a wild proud strain—or song of death.

"Roll swiftly to the spirit's land, thou mighty stream and free!
 Father of ancient waters,⁵ roll! and bear our lives with thee!
 The weary bird that storms have toss'd would seek the sun-
 shine's calm. [balm.

And the deer that hath the arrow's hurt flies to the woods of

"Roll on! my warrior's eye hath look'd upon another's face,
 And mine hath faded from his soul, as fades a moonbeam's
 trace.

My shadow comes not o'er his path, my whisper to his dream
He flings away the broken reed—roll swifter yet thou stream!

"The voice that spoke of other days is hush'd within *his*
breast,

But *mine* its lonely music haunts, and will not let me rest;
It sings a low and mournful song of gladness that is gone,
I cannot live without that light—father of waves! roll on!

"Will he not miss the bounding step that met him from the
chase?

The heart of love that made his home an ever sunny place?
The hand that spread the hunter's board, and deck'd his couch
of yore?—

He will not!—roll, dark foaming stream, on to the better shore!

"Some blessed fount amidst the woods of that bright land must
flow,

Whose waters from my soul may lave the memory of this woe;
Some gentle wind must whisper there, whose breath may waft
The burden of the heavy night, the sadness of the day. [away

"And thou, my babe! though born, like me, for woman's
weary lot, [not;

Smile!—to that wasting of the heart, my own! I leave thee
Too bright a thing art *thou* to pine in aching love away,

Thy mother bears thee far, young Fawn! from sorrow and
decay.

"She bears thee to the glorious bowers where none are heard
to weep, [sleep;

And where th' unkind one hath no power again to trouble
And where the soul shall find its youth, as wakening from a
dream— [stream?"

One moment, and that realm is ours—On, on, dark rolling

JOAN OF ARC IN RHEIMS.

[*"Jeanne d'Arc avait eu la joie de voir à Chalons quelques amis de son enfance. Une joie plus ineffable encore l'attendait à Rheims. au sien de son triomphe: Jacques d'Arc son père, y se trouva, aussitôt que de troupes de Charles VII. y furent entrées, et comme les deux frères de notre héroïne l'avaient accompagnés, elle se vit, pour un instant au milieu de sa famille, dans les bras d'un père vertueux."*—*Vie de Jeanne d'Arc.*]

Thou hast a charmed cup, O Fame!
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earthborn frame
Above mortality;
Away! to me—a woman—bring
Sweet waters from affection's spring.

THAT was a joyous day in Rheims of old,
When peal on peal of mighty music roll'd

Forth from her throng'd cathedral ; while around,
 A multitude, whose billows made no sound,
 Chain'd to a hush of wonder, though elate
 With victory, listen'd at their temple's gate.
 And what was done within ?—within, the light
 Through the rich gloom of pictur'd windows flowing,
 Tinged with the soft awfulness a stately sight,

The chivalry of France their proud heads bowing
 In martial vassalage !—While 'midst that ring,
 And shadow'd by ancestral tombs, a king
 Received his birthright's crown. For this, the hymn

Swell'd out like rushing waters, and the day
 With the sweet censer's misty breath grew dim,
 As through long aisles it floated o'er th' array
 Of arms and sweeping stoles. But who, alone
 And unapproach'd, beside the altar stone,
 With the white banner forth like sunshine streaming,
 And the gold helm through clouds of fragrance gleaming
 Silent and radiant stood !—the helm was raised,
 And the fair face reveal'd, that upward gazed,
 Intensely worshipping :—a still, clear face,
 Youthful, but brightly solemn !—Woman's cheek
 And brow were there in deep devotion meek,
 Yet glorified, with inspiration's trace
 On its pure paleness ; while, enthron'd above,
 The pictur'd Virgin, with her smile of love,
 Seem'd bending o'er her votaress. That slight form !
 Was that the leader through the battle storm ?
 Had the soft light in that adoring eye
 Guided the warrior where the swords flash'd high ?
 'Twas so, even so !—and thou, the shepherd's child,
 Joanne, the lowly dreamer of the wild !
 Never before, and never since that hour,
 Hath woman mantled with victorious power,
 Stood forth as *thou* beside the shrine didst stand,
 Holy amidst the knighthood of the land ;
 And beautiful with joy and with renown,
 Lift thy white banner o'er the olden crown,
 Ransom'd for France by thee !

The rites are done.

Now let the dome with trumpet notes be shaken,
 And bid the echoes of the tomb awaken,
 And come thou forth, that Heaven's rejoicing sun
 May give thee welcome from thine own blue skies
 Daughter of victory !—A triumphant strain,
 A proud rich stream of warlike melodies,
 Gush'd through the portals of the antique fane,
 And forth she came. Then rose a nation's sound—
 Oh ! what a power to bid the quick heart bound,
 The wind bears onward with the stormy cheer
 Man gives to glory on her high career !

Is there indeed such power!—far deeper dwells
 In one kind household voice, to reach the cells
 Whence happiness flows forth! The shouts that fill'd
 The hollow heaven tempestuously, were still'd
 One moment; and in that brief pause, the tone,
 As of a breeze that o'er her home had blown,
 Sank on the bright maid's heart.—“Joanne!”—Who spoke

Like those whose childhood with *her* childhood grew
 Under one roof?—“Joanne!”—*that* murmur broke
 With sounds of weeping forth!—She turn'd—she knew
 Beside her, mark'd from all the thousands there.

In the calm beauty of his silver hair,
 The stately shepherd; and the youth whose joy
 From his dark eye flash'd proudly; and the boy,
 The youngest born, that ever loved her best:—
 “Father! and ye, my brothers!”—On the breast
 Of that grey sire she sank—and swiftly back,
 Even in an instant, to their native track
 Her free thoughts flow'd.—She saw the pomp no more
 The plumes, the banners:—to her cabin-door,
 And to the Fairy's fountain in the glade,⁶
 Where her young sisters by her side had play'd,
 And to her hamlet's chapel, where it rose
 Hallowing the forest unto deep repose,
 Her spirit turn'd. The very wood-note sung

In early spring-time by the bird, which dwelt
 Where o'er her father's roof the beech leaves hung,

Was in her heart; a music heard and felt,
 Winning her back to nature. She unbound

The helm of many battles from her head,
 And, with her bright locks bow'd to sweep the ground

Lifting her voice up, wept for joy and said—
 “Bless me, my father, bless me! and with thee,
 To the still cabin and the beechen tree,
 Let me return!”

Oh! never did thine eye
 Through the green haunts of happy infancy
 Wander again, Joanne!—too much of fame
 Had shed its radiance on thy peasant name;
 And bought alone by gifts beyond all price—
 The trusting heart's repose, the paradise
 Of home, with all its loves—doth fate allow
 The crown of glory unto woman's brow.

PAULINE.

To die for what we love!—Oh! there is power
In the true heart, and pride, and joy, for *this* :
It is to *live* without the vanish'd light
That strength is needed.

“Così trapassa al trapassar d'un Giorno
Della vita mortal il fiore e'l verde.”—*Tasso*.

ALONG the starlit Seine went music swelling,
Till the air thrill'd with its exulting mirth ;
Proudly it floated, even as if no dwelling
For cares or stricken hearts were found on earth ;
And a glad sound the measure lightly beat,
A happy chime of many dancing feet.

For in a palace of the land that night,
Lamps, and fresh roses, and green leaves were hung
And from the painted walls a stream of light
On flying forms beneath soft splendor flung :
But loveliest far amidst the revel's pride
Was one—the lady from the Danube side.⁷

Pauline, the meekly bright! though now no more
Her clear eye flash'd with youth's all-tameless glee
Yet something holier than its dayspring wore,
There in soft rest lay beautiful to see ;
A charm with graver, tenderer, sweetness fraught—
The blending of deep love and matron thought.

Through the gay throng she moved, serenely fair,
And such calm joy as fills a moonlight sky
Sate on her brow beneath its graceful hair,
As her young daughter in the dance went by,
With the fleet step of one that yet hath known
Smiles and kind voices in this world alone.

Lurk'd there no secret boding in her breast ?
Did no faint whisper warn of evil nigh ?
Such oft awake when most the heart seems blest
'Midst the light laughter of festivity :
Whence come those tones!—Alas! enough we know
To mingle fear with all triumphal show!

Who spoke of evil when young feet were flying
In fairy rings around the echoing hall ?
Soft airs through braided locks in perfume sighing,
Glad pulses beating unto music's call ?
Silence!—the minstrels pause—and hark! a sound,
A strange quick rustling which their notes had drown'd!

And lo! a light upon the dancers breaking—
Not such their clear and silvery lamps had shed !
From the gay dream of revelry awaking.
One moment holds them still in breathless dread ;

The wild fierce lustre grows—then bursts a cry—
Fire! through the hall and round it gathering—fly!

And forth they rush, as chased by sword and spear,
To the green coverts of the garden bowers;
A gorgeous mask of pageantry and fear,
Startling the birds and trampling down the flowers:
While from the dome behind, red sparkles driven
Pierce the dark stillness of the midnight heaven.

And where is she—Pauline? the hurrying throng
Have swept her onward, as a stormy blast
Might sweep some faint o'erwearied bird along—
Till now the threshold of that death is past,
And free she stands beneath the starry skies,
Calling her child—but no sweet voice replies.

“Bertha! where art thou?—Speak! oh, speak! my own.”

Alas! unconscious of her pangs the while,
The gentle girl in fear's cold grasp alone,
Powerless hath sunk within the blazing pile;
A young bright form, deck'd gloriously for death,
With flowers all shrinking from the flame's fierce breath!

But oh! thy strength, deep love!—there is no power
To stay the mother from that rolling grave,
Though fast on high the fiery volumes tower,
And forth, like banners from each lattice wave
Back, back she rushes through a host combined—
Mighty is anguish, with affection twined!

And what bold step may follow, 'midst the roar
Of the red billows, o'er their prey that rise?
None!—Courage there stood still—and never more
Did those fair forms emerge on human eyes!
Was one brief meeting theirs, one wild farewell?
And died they heart to heart?—Oh! who can tell?

Freshly and cloudlessly the morning broke
On that sad palace, 'midst its pleasure shades;
Its painted roofs had sunk—yet black with smoke
And lonely stood its marble colonnades:
But yester eve their shafts with wreathes were bound,
Now lay the scene one shrivell'd scroll around!

And bore the ruins no recording trace
Of all that woman's heart had dared and done?
Yes! there were gems to mark its mortal place,
That forth from dust and ashes dimly shone!
Those had the mother, on her gentle breast,
Worn round her child's fair image, there at rest.

And they were all!—the tender and the true
Left this alone her sacrifice to prove,
Hallowing the spot where mirth once lightly flew,
To deep lone chastened thoughts of grief and love.

Oh! we have need of patient faith below,
To clear away the mysteries of such woe!

JUANA.

[Juana, mother of the Emperor Charles V., upon the death of her husband, Philip the Handsome of Austria, who had treated her with uniform neglect, had his body laid upon a bed of state, in a magnificent dress; and being possessed with the idea that it would revive, watched it for a length of time, incessantly waiting for the moment of returning life.]

It is but dust thou look'st upon. This love,
This wild and passionate idolatry,
What doth it in the shadow of the grave?
Gather it back within thy lonely heart,
So must it ever end: too much we give
Unto the things that perish.

THE night wind shook the tapestry round an ancient palace
room, [gloom,
And torches, as it rose and fell, waved through the gorgeous
And o'er a shadowy regal couch threw fitful gleams and red,
Where a woman with long raven hair sat watching by the dead.

Pale shone the features of the dead, yet glorious still to see,
Like a hunter or a chief struck down while his heart and step
were free;

No shroud he wore, no robe of death, but there majestic lay,
Proudly and sadly glittering in royalty's array.

But she that with the dark hair watch'd by the cold slumberer's
side,

On *her* wan cheek no beauty dwelt, and in her garb no pride;
Only her full impassion'd eyes, as o'er that clay she bent,
A wildness and a tenderness in strange resplendence blent.

And as the swift thoughts cross'd her soul, like shadows of a
cloud,

Amidst the silent room of death, the dreamer spoke aloud;
She spoke to him that could not hear, and cried, "Thou yet
wilt wake, [sake.

And learn my watchings and my tears, beloved one! for thy

"They told me this was death, but well I knew it could not be;
Fairest and stateliest of the earth! who spoke of death for *thee*?
They would have wrapp'd the funeral shroud thy gallant form
around,

But I forbade--and there thou art, a monarch robed and crown'd!

"With all thy bright locks gleaming still, their coronal beneath,
And thy brow so proudly beautiful—who said that this was
death?

Silence hath been upon thy lips, and stillness round thee long,
But the hopeful spirit in my breast is all undimm'd and strong.

"I know thou hast not loved me yet ; I am not fair like thee,
The very glance of whose clear eye threw round a light of
glee !

A frail and drooping form is mine—a cold unsmiling cheek,
Oh ! I have but a woman's heart wherewith *thy* heart to seek.

"But when thou wakest, my prince, my lord ! and hear'st how
I have kept

A lonely vigil by thy side, and o'er thee pray'd and wept—
How in one long deep dream of thee my nights and days have
past—

Surely that humble, patient love *must* win back love at last !

And thou wilt smile—my own, my own, shall be the sunny
smile,

Which brightly fell, and joyously, on all *but* me erewhile !

No more in vain affection's thirst my weary soul shall pine—

Oh ! years of hope deferr'd were paid by one fond glance of
thine !

"Thou'lt meet me with that radiant look when thou comest
from the chase,

For me, for me, in festal halls it shall kindle o'er thy face !

Thou'lt reckon no more though beauty's gift mine aspect may
not bless ;

In thy kind eyes, this deep, deep love, shall give me loveliness.

"But wake ! my heart within me burns, yet once more to re-
joice

In the sound to which it ever leap'd, the music of thy voice :

Awake ! I sit in solitude, that thy first look and tone,

And the gladness of thine opening eyes, may all be mine alone."

In the still chambers of the dust, thus pour'd forth day by day,
The passion of that loving dream from a troubled soul found
way,

Until the shadows of the grave had swept o'er every grace,

Left 'midst the awfulness of death on the princely form and
face.

And slowly broke the fearful truth upon the watcher's breast,
And they bore away the royal dead with requiems to his rest,
With banners and with knightly plumes all waving in the
wind—

But a woman's broken heart was left in its lone despair behind.

THE AMERICAN FOREST GIRL.

A fearful gift upon thy heart is laid,
Woman !—a power to suffer and to love—
Therefore thou so canst pity.

WILDLY and mournfully the Indian drum
On the deep hush of moonlight forests broke—

"Sing us a death-song, for thine hour is come"—

So the red warriors to their captive spoke.

Still, and amidst those dusky forms alone,

A youth, a fair-hair'd youth of England stood,
Like a king's son : though from his cheek had flown

The mantling crimson of the island blood,
And his press'd lips look'd marble. Fiercely bright,

And high around him blazed the fires of night,

Rocking beneath the cedars to and fro,

As the wind pass'd, and with a fitful glow

Lighting the victim's face : but who could tell

Of what within his secret heart befell,

Known but to heaven that hour !—Perchance a thought

Of his far home then so intensely wrought,

That its full image, pictured to his eye

On the dark ground of mortal agony,

Rose clear as day !—and he might see the band

Of his young sisters wand'ring hand in hand,

Where the laburnums droop'd ; or haply binding

The jasmine up the door's low pillars winding ;

Or, as day closed upon their gentle mirth,

Gathering with braided hair, around the hearth,

Where sat their mother ; and that mother's face

Its grave sweet smile yet wearing in the place

Where so it ever smiled !—Perchance the prayer

Learn'd at her knee came back on his despair ;

The blessing from her voice, the very tone

Of her "*Good-night*" might breathe from boyhood gone !—

He started and look'd up : thick cypress boughs,

Full of strange sound, waved o'er him, darkly red

In the broad stormy firelight ; savage brows,

With tall plumes crested and wild hues o'erspread,

Girt him like feverish phantoms ; and pale stars

Look'd through the branches as through dungeon bars,

Shedding no hope.—He knew, he felt his doom—

Oh ! what a tale to shadow with its gloom

That happy hall in England !—Idle fear !

Would the winds tell it ?—Who might dream or hear

The secret of the forests !—To the stake

They bound him ; and that proud young soldier strove

His father's spirit in his breast to wake,

Trusting to die in silence ! He, the love

Of many hearts !—the fondly rear'd—the fair,

Gladdening all eyes to see !—And fetter'd there

He stood beside his death-pyre, and the brand

Flamed up to light it in the chieftain's hand.

He thought upon his God.—Hush ! hark ! a cry

Breaks on the stern and dread solemnity—

A step hath pierced the ring !—Who dares intrude

On the dark hunters in their vengeful mood ?—

A girl—a young slight girl—a fawn-like child

Of green savannas and the leafy wild,

Springing unmark'd till then, as some lone flower,
 Happy because the sunshine is its dower;
 Yet one that knew how early tears are shed,
 For *hers* had mourn'd a playmate brother dead.

She had sat gazing on the victim long,
 Until the pity of her soul grew strong;
 And by its passion's deepening fervor sway'd,
 Even to the stake she rush'd, and gently laid
 His bright head on her bosom, and around
 His form her slender arms to shield it wound
 Like close Liannes; then raised her glittering eye,
 And clear-toned voice, that said, "He shall not die!"
 "He shall not die!"—the gloomy forest thrill'd
 To that sweet sound. A sudden wonder fell
 On the fierce throng; and heart and hand were still'd,
 Struck down as by the whisper of a spell.
 They gazed—their dark souls bow'd before the maid,
 She of the dancing step in wood and glade!
 And, as her cheek flush'd through its olive hue,
 As her black tresses to the night wind flew,
 Something o'ermaster'd them from that young mien—
 Something of heaven, in silence felt and seen;
 And seeming to their childlike faith a token
 That the Great Spirit by her voice had spoken.

They loosed the bonds that held their captive's breath;
 From his pale lips they took the cup of death;
 They quench'd the brand beneath the cypress-tree;
 "Away," they cried, "young stranger, thou art free!"

COSTANZA.

Art thou then desolate?
 Of friends, of hopes forsaken? Come to me!
 I am thine own. Have trusted hearts proved false?
 Flatterers deceived thee? Wanderer, come to me?
 Why didst thou ever leave me? Know'st thou all
 I would have borne, and call'd it joy to bear,
 For thy sake? Know'st thou that thy voice had power
 To shake me with a thrill of happiness
 By one kind tone?—to fill mine eyes with tears
 Of yearning love?—And thou—oh! thou didst throw
 That crush'd affection back upon my heart;
 Yet come to me!—it died not.

SHE knelt in prayer. A stream of sunset fell
 Through the stain'd window of her lonely cell,
 And with its rich, deep, melancholy glow
 Flushing her cheek and pale Madonna brow,

While o'er her long hair's flowing jet it threw
 Bright waves of gold—the autumn forest's hue—
 Seem'd all a vision's mist of glory, spread
 By painting's touch around some holy head,
 Virgin's or fairest martyr's. In her eye
 Which glanced as dark clear water to the sky,
 What solemn fervor lived! And yet what woe,
 Lay like some buried thing, still seen below
 The glassy tide! Oh! he that could reveal
 What life had taught that chasten'd heart to feel,
 Might speak indeed of woman's blighted years,
 And wasted love, and vainly bitter tears!
 But she had told her griefs to Heaven alone
 And of the gentle saint no more was known,
 Than that she fled the world's cold breath and made
 A temple of the pine and chestnut shade,
 Filling its depths with soul, whene'er her hymn
 Rose through each murmur of the green, and dim,
 And ancient solitude; where hidden streams
 Went moaning through the grass, like sounds in dreams—
 Music for weary hearts! 'Midst leaves and flowers
 She dwelt, and knew all secrets of their powers,
 All nature's balms, wherewith her gliding tread
 To the sick peasant on his lowly bed,
 Came and brought hope; while scarce of mortal birth
 He deem'd the pale fair form that held on earth.
 Communion but with grief.

Ere long, a cell,
 A rock-hewn chapel rose, a cross of stone
 Gleam'd through the dark trees o'er a sparkling well,
 And a sweet voice of rich, yet mournful tone,
 Told the Calabrian wilds, that duly there
 Costanza lifted her sad heart in prayer.
 And now 'twas prayer's own hour. That voice again
 Through the dim foliage sent its heavenly strain,
 That made the cypress quiver where it stood,
 In day's last crimson soaring from the wood
 Like spiry flame. But as the bright sun set,
 Other and wilder sounds in tumult met
 The floating song. Strange sounds!—the trumpet's peal,
 Made hollow by the rocks; the clash of steel;
 The rallying war-cry. In the mountain pass
 There had been combat; blood was on the grass,
 Banners had strewn the waters! chiefs lay dying,
 And the pine branches crash'd before the flying.

And all was changed within the still retreat,
 Costanza's home: there enter'd hurrying feet,
 Dark looks of shame and sorrow; mail-clad men,
 Stern fugitives from that wild battle glen,

Scaring the ringdoves from the porch roof, bore
 A wounded warrior in: the rocky floor
 Gave back deep echoes to his clanging sword,
 As there they laid their leader, and implored
 The sweet saint's prayers to heal him: then for flight,
 Through the wide forest and the mantling night,
 Sped breathlessly again. They pass'd—but he,
 The stateliest of a host—alas! to see
 What mother's eyes have watch'd in rosy sleep,
 Till joy, for very fulness, turn'd to weep,
 Thus changed!—a fearful thing! His golden crest
 Was shiver'd, and the bright scarf on his breast—
 Some costly love gift—rent—but what of these?
 There were the clustering raven-locks—the breeze,
 As it came in through lime and myrtle flowers,
 Might scarcely lift them—steep'd in bloody showers
 So heavily upon the palid clay
 Of the damp cheek they hung!—the eyes' dark ray—
 Where was it?—and the lips!—they gasp'd apart.
 With their light curve, as from the chisel's art,
 Still proudly beautiful! but that white hue—
 Was it not death's?—that stillness—that cold dew
 On the scarr'd forehead? No! his spirit broke
 From its deep trance ere long, yet but awoke
 To wander in wild dreams; and there he lay,
 By the fierce fever as a green reed shaken,
 The haughty chief of thousands—the forsaken
 Of all save one.—*She* fled not. Day by day—
 Such hours are woman's birthright—she, unknown,
 Kept watch beside him, fearless and alone:
 Binding his wounds, and oft in silence laving
 His brow with tears that mourn'd the strong man's raving.
 He felt them not, nor mark'd the light veil'd form
 Still hovering nigh! yet sometimes, when that storm
 Of frenzy sank, her voice, in tones as low
 As a young mother's by the cradle singing,
 Would soothe him with sweet *aves*, gently bringing
 Moments of slumber, when the fiery glow
 Ebb'd from his hollow cheek.

At last faint gleams
 Of memory dawn'd upon the cloud of dreams,
 And feebly lifting, as a child, his head,
 And gazing round him from his leafy bed,
 He murmur'd forth, "Where am I? What soft strain
 Pass'd, like a breeze, across my burning brain?
 Back from my youth it floated, with a tone
 Of life's first music, and a thought of one—
 Where is she now? and where the gauds of pride
 Whose hollow splendor lured me from her side?
 All lost!—and this is death!—*I cannot die*
 Without forgiveness from that mournful eye!

Away! the earth hath lost her. Was she born
To brook abandonment, to strive with scorn?
My first, my holiest love!—her broken heart
Lies low, and I—unpardon'd I depart."

But then Costanza raised the shadowy veil
From her dark locks and features brightly pale,
And stood before him with a smile—oh! ne'er
Did aught that *smiled* so much of sadness wear—
And said, "Cesario! look on me; I live
To say my heart hath bled, and can forgive.
I loved thee with such worship, such deep trust,
As should be Heaven's alone—and Heaven is just!
I bless thee—be at peace!"

But o'er his frame
Too fast the strong tide rush'd—the sudden shame,
The joy, th' amaze! He bow'd his head—it fell
On the wrong'd bosom which had loved so well;
And love, still perfect, gave him refuge there—
His last faint breath just waved her floating hair.

MADELINE.

A DOMESTIC TALE.

"Who should it be?—Where shouldst thou look for kindness?
When we are sick where can we turn for succor:
When we are wretched where can we complain;
And when the world looks cold and surly on us,
Where can we go to meet a warmer eye
With such sure confidence as to a mother?" *Joanna Baillie.*

"My child, my child, thou leavest me!—I shall hear
The gentle voice no more that blest mine ear
With its first utterance: I shall miss the sound
Of thy light step amidst the flowers around,
And thy soft-breathing hymn at twilight's close,
And thy 'Good-night' at parting for repose.
Under the vine leaves I shall sit alone,
And the low breeze will have a mournful tone
Amidst their tendrils, while I think of thee,
My child! and thou, along the moonlight sea,
With a soft sadness haply in thy glance,
Shalt watch thine own, thy pleasant land of France,
Fading to air. Yet blessings with thee go!
Love guard thee, gentlest! and the exile's woe
From thy young heart be far! And sorrow not
For me, sweet daughter! in my lonely lot
God shall be with me. Now, farewell! farewell!
Thou that hast been what words may never tell

Unto thy mother's bosom, since the days
 When thou wert pillow'd there, and wont to raise
 In sudden laughter thence thy loving eye
 That still sought mine : these moments are gone by—
 Thou too must go, my flower ! Yet with thee dwell
 The peace of God ! One, one more gaze—farewell !”

This was a mother's parting with her child,
 A young meek bride, on whom fair fortune smiled,
 And woo'd her with a voice of love away
 From childhood's home ; yet there, with fond delay,
 She linger'd on the threshold, heard the note
 Of her caged bird through trellis'd rose-leaves float,
 And fell upon her mother's neck and wept,
 Whilst old remembrances, that long had slept,
 Gush'd o'er her soul, and many a vanish'd day,
 As in one picture traced, before her lay,

But the farewell was said ; and on the deep,
 When its breast heaved in sunset's golden sleep,
 With a calm'd heart, young Madeline, erelong,
 Pour'd forth her own sweet, solemn vespersong,
 Breathing of home : through stillness heard afar,
 And duly rising with the first pale star,
 That voice was on the waters ; till at last
 The sounding ocean solitudes were pass'd,
 And the bright land was reach'd—the youthful world
 That glows along the west : the sails were furl'd
 In its clear sunshine, and the gentle bride
 Look'd on the home that promised hearts untried
 A bower of bliss to come. Alas ! we trace

The map of our own paths, and long ere years
 With their dull steps the brilliant lines efface,
 On sweeps the storm, and blots them out with tears !
 That nome was darken'd soon : the summer breeze
 Welcomed with death the wanderers from the seas—
 Death unto one, and anguish—how forlorn !

To her that, widow'd in her marriage morn,
 Sat in her voiceless dwelling, whence with him,
 Her bosom's first beloved, her friend and guide,
 Joy had gone forth, and left the green earth dim,

As from the sun shut out on every side,
 By the close veil of misery ! Oh ! but ill,
 When with rich hopes o'erfraught, the young high heart
 Bears its first blow ! it knows not yet the part
 Which life will teach—to suffer and be still,
 And with submissive love to count the flowers
 Which yet are spared, and through the future hours
 To send no busy dream ! *She* had not learn'd
 Of sorrow till that hour, and therefore turn'd
 In weariness from life : then came th' unrest,
 The heart-sick yearning of the exile's breast,
 The haunting sounds of voices far away,

And household steps, until at last she lay
 On her lone couch of sickness, lost in dreams
 Of the gay vineyards and blue rushing streams
 In her own sunny land, and murmuring oft
 Familiar names, in accents wild, yet soft,
 To strangers round that bed, who knew not aught
 Of the deep spells wherewith each word was fraught.
 To strangers!—Oh! could strangers raise the head
 Gently as *hers* was raised? Did strangers shed
 The kindly tears which bathed that feverish brow
 And wasted cheek with half-unconscious flow?
 Something was there that through the lingering night
 Outwatches patiently the taper's light,
 Something that faints not through the day's distress,
 That fears not toil, that knows not weariness—
 Love, true, and perfect love! Whence came that power
 Uprearing through the storm the drooping flower?
 Whence?—who can ask?—the wild delirium pass'd,
 And from her eyes the spirit looked at last
 Into her *mother's* face, and wakening knew
 The brow's calm grace, the hair's dear silvery hue,
 The kind sweet smile of old!—and had *she* come,
 Thus in life's evening from her distant home,
 To save her child? Even so—nor yet in vain;
 In that young heart a light sprung up again,
 And lovely still, with so much love to give,
 Seem'd this fair world, though faded! still to live
 Was not to pine forsaken. On the breast
 That rock'd her childhood, sinking in soft rest,
 "Sweet mother! gentlest mother! can it be?"
 The lorn one cried, "and do I look on thee?
 Take back thy wanderer from this fatal shore,
 Peace shall be ours beneath our vines once more."

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S TOMB.

[“This tomb is in the garden of Charlottenberg, near Berlin. It was not without surprise that I came suddenly, among trees, upon a fair white Doric temple. I might and should have deemed it a mere adornment of the grounds, but the cypress and the willow declare it a habitation of the dead. Upon a sarcophagus of white marble lay a sheet, and the outline of the human form was plainly visible beneath its folds. The person with me reverently turned it back, and displayed the statue of his queen. It is a portrait statue recumbent, said to be a perfect resemblance: not as in death, but when she lived to bless and be blessed. Nothing can be more calm and kind than the expression of her features. The hands are folded on the bosom; the limbs are sufficiently crossed to show the repose of life. Here the King brings her children annually, to offer garlands at her grave. These hang in withered mournfulness above this living image of their departed mother.”—*Sherer's Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany.*]

"In sweet pride upon that insult keen
 She smiled; then drooping mute and brokenhearted,
 To the cold comfort of the grave departed." *Milman.*

It stands where northern willows weep

A temple fair and lone;
 Soft shadows o'er its marble sweep
 From cypress branches thrown;
 While silently around it spread,
 Thou feel'st the presence of the dead.

And what within is richly shrined?

A sculptured woman's form,
 Lovely, in perfect rest reclined,
 As one beyond the storm:
 Yet not of death, but slumber, lies
 The solemn sweetness on those eyes.

The folded hands, the calm pure face,
 The mantle's quiet flow,
 The gentle, yet majestic grace,
 Throned on the matron brow;
 These in that scene of tender gloom,
 With a still glory robe the tomb.

There stands an eagle, at the feet
 Of the fair image wrought;
 A kingly emblem—nor unmeet
 To wake yet deeper thought:
 She whose high heart finds rest below,
 Was royal in her birth and woe.

There are pale garlands hung above,
 Of dying scent and hue:
 She was a mother—in her love
 How sorrowfully true!
 Oh! hallow'd long be every leaf,
 The record of her children's grief!

She saw their birthright's warrior-crown
 Of olden glory spoil'd,
 The standard of their sires borne down,
 The shield's bright blazon soil'd:
 She met the tempest, meekly braved,
 Then turn'd o'erwearied to the grave.

She slumber'd: but it came—it came,
 Her land's redeeming hour,
 With the glad shout, and signal flame
 Sent on from tower to tower!
 Fast through the realm a spirit moved—
 'Twas hers, the lofty and the loved,

Then was her name a note that wrung
 To rouse bold hearts from sleep;
 Her memory, as a banner flung
 Forth by the Baltic deep;

Her grief, a bitter vial pour'd
 To sanctify th' avenger's sword.
 And the crown'd eagle spread again
 His pinion to the sun ;
 And the strong land shook off its chain—
 So was the triumph won !
 but woe for earth, where sorrow's tone
 Still blends with victory's !—*She was gone !*

THE MEMORIAL PILLAR.

[On the road-side, between Penrith and Appleby, stands a small pillar, with this inscription :—" This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann, Countess-Dowager of Pembroke, for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess-Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d April, 1616."—See notes to the *Pleasures of Memory*.]

"Hast thou through Eden's wild-wood vales, pursued
 Each mountain scene magnificently rude,
 Nor with attention's lifted eye revered
 That modest stone, by pious Pembroke rear'd,
 Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,
 The silent sorrows of a parting hour ?"—*Rogers*

MOTHER and child ! whose blending tears
 Have sanctified the place,
 Where, to the love of many years,
 Was given one last embrace
 Oh ! ye have shrined a spell of power,
 Deep in your record of that hour !
 A spell to waken solemn thought,
 A still, small under tone,
 That calls back days of childhood, fraught
 With many a treasure gone ;
 And smites, perchance, the hidden source,
 Though long untroubled—of remorse.
 For who, that gazes on the stone
 Which marks your parting spot,
 Who but a mother's love hath known,
 The *one* love changing not ?
 Alas ! and haply learn'd its worth
 First with the sound of " Earth to earth."
 But thou, high-hearted daughter ! thou,
 O'er whose bright, honor'd head,
 Blessings and tears of holiest flow,
 E'en here were fondly shed—
 Thou from the passion of thy grief,
 In its full burst, couldst draw relief.
 For, oh ! though painful be th' excess,
 The might wherewith it swells,
 VOL. II.—12.

In nature's fount no bitterness
 Of nature's mingling dwells ;
 And thou hadst not, by wrong or pride,
 Poison'd the free and healthful tide
 But didst thou meet the face no more
 Which thy young heart first knew ?
 And all—was all in this world o'er,
 With ties thus close and true ?
 It was !—On earth no other eye
 Could give thee back thine infancy
 No other voice could pierce the maze,
 Where deep, within thy breast,
 The sounds and dreams of other days
 With memory lay at rest :
 No other smile to thee could bring
 A gladd'ning, like the breath of spring.
 Yet while thy place of weeping still
 Its lone memorial keeps,
 While on thy name, 'midst wood and hill,
 The quiet sunshine sleeps,
 And touches, in each graven line,
 Of reverential thought a sign ;
 Can I, while yet these tokens wear
 The impress of the dead,
 Think of the love embodied there
 As of a vision fled ?
 A perish'd thing, the joy and flower
 And glory of one earthly hour ?
 Not so !—I will not bow me so
 To thoughts that breathe despair !
 A loftier faith we need below,
 Life's farewell words to bear.
 Mother and child !—your tears are past—
 Surely your hearts have met at last.

THE GRAVE OF A POETESS.*

"Ne me plaignez pas—si vous saviez
 Combien de peines ce tombeau m'a épargnées !"

I stood beside thy lowly grave ;
 Spring odors breathed around,

* "Extrinsic interest has lately attached to the fine scenery of Woodstock, near Kilkenny, on account of its having been the last residence of the author of *Psyche*. Her grave is one of many in the churchyard of the village. The river runs smoothly by. The ruins of an ancient abbey, that have been partially converted into a church, reverently throw their mantle of tender shadow over it."—*Tales by the O'Hara Family*.

And music, in the river wave,
Pass'd with a lulling sound.

All happy things that love the sun,
In the bright air glanced by,
And a glad murmur seem'd to run
Through the soft azure sky.

Fresh leaves were on the ivy bough
That fringed the ruins near;
Young voices were abroad, but thou
Their sweetness couldst not hear.

And mournful grew my heart for thee,
Thou in whose woman's mind
The ray that brightens earth and sea,
The light of song was shrined.

Mournful, that thou wert slumbering low,
With a dread curtain drawn
Between thee and the golden glow
Of this world's vernal dawn.

Parted from all the song and bloom
Thou wouldst have loved so well,
To thee the sunshine round thy tomb
Was but a broken spell.

The bird, the insect on the wing,
In their bright reckless play,
Might feel the flush and life of spring—
And thou wert pass'd away.

But then, e'en then, a nobler thought
O'er my vain sadness came;
Thy immortal spirit woke, and wrought
Within my thrilling frame.

Surely on lovelier things, I said,
Thou must have look'd ere now,
Than all that round our pathway shed
Odors and hues below.

The shadows of the tomb are here,
Yet beautiful is earth!
What see'st thou then, where no dim fear,
No haunting dream hath birth?

Here a vain love to passing flowers
Thou gav'st—but where thou art,
The sway is not with changeful hours,
There love and death must part.

Thou hast left sorrow in thy song,
A voice not loud but deep!
The glorious bowers of earth among—
How often didst thou weep?

Where couldst thou fix on mortal ground
 Thy tender thoughts and high?
 Now peace the woman's heart hath found,
 And joy the poet's eye.

NOTES.

Note 1, page 86, lines 6 and 7.

*When darkness, from the vainly-doting sight,
 Covers its beautiful!*

"Wheresoever you are, or in what state soever you be, it suffices me you are mine. *Rachel wept and would not be comforted, because her children were no more.* And that indeed, is the remediless sorrow, and none else!"—From a letter of Arabella Stuart's to her husband.—*See Curiosities of Literature.*

Note 2, page 89, lines 16 and 17.

*Death!—what is death, a lock'd and treasured thing,
 Guarded by swords of fire?*

"And if you remember of old, *I dare die.*—Consider what the world would conceive if I should be violently enforced to do it."—*Fragments of her Letters.*

Note 3, page 91, lines 33 and 34.

*And her lovely thoughts from their cells found way
 In the sudden flow of a plaintive lay.*

A Greek bride, on leaving her father's house, takes leave of her friends and relatives frequently in extemporaneous verse.—*See Fauvel's Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne*

Note 4, page 102, motto.

And loved when they should hate—like thee, Imelda!

The tale of Imelda is related in Sismondi's *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*, vol. iii. p. 443.

Note 5, page 117, line 17.

Father of ancient waters, roll!

"Father of waters," the Indian name for the Mississippi.

Note 6, page 120, line 21.

And to the Faïry's fountain in the glade.

A beautiful fountain near Domremi, believed to be haunted by fairies, and a favorite resort of Jeanne d'Arc in her childhood.

Note 7, page 121, lines 11 and 12.

*But loveliest far amidst the revel's pride
 Was one—the lady from the Danube side.*

The Princess Pauline Schwanzenberg. The story of her fate is beautifully related in *L'Allemagne*, vol. iii. p. 336.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

“Where’s the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?”—*Marmion*.

THE stately Homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O’er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their greensward bound,
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman’s voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood’s tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet the church-bell’s chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The Cottage Homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o’er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be rear’d
To guard each hallow’d wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child’s glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

THE SICILIAN CAPTIVE.

"I have dreamt thou wert
A captive in thy hopelessness ; afar
From the sweet home of thy young infancy,
Whose image unto thee is as a dream
Of fire and slaughter ; I can see thee wasting,
Sick for thy native air." L. E. L.

THE champions had come from their fields of war
Over the crests of the billows far—
They had brought back the spoils of a hundred shores,
Where the deep had foam'd to their flashing oars.

They sat at their feast round the Norse king's board ;
By the glare of the torch-light the mead was pour'd ;
The hearth was heap'd with the pine-boughs high,
And it flung a red radiance on shields thrown by.

The Scalds that chanted in Runic rhyme
Their songs of the sword and the olden time ;
And a solemn thrill, as the harp-chords rung,
Had breathed from the walls where the bright spears hung.

But the swell was gone from the quivering string,
They had summon'd a softer voice to sing,
And a captive girl, at the warriors' call,
Stood forth in the midst of that frowning hall.

Lonely she stood ; in her mournful eyes
Lay the clear midnight of southern skies ;
And the drooping fringe of their lashes low,
Half-veil'd a depth of unfathom'd woe.

Stately she stood—though her fragile frame
Seem'd struck with the blight of some inward flame,
And her proud pale brow had a shade of scorn
Under the waves of her dark hair worn.

And a deep flush pass'd, like a crimson haze,
O'er her marble cheek by the pine-fire's blaze ;
No soft hue caught from the south wind's breath,
But a token of fever, at strife with death.

She had been torn from her home away,
With her long locks crown'd for her bridal day
And brought to die of the burning dreams
That haunt the exile by foreign streams.

They bade her sing of her distant land—
She held its lyre with a trembling hand,
Till the spirit its blue skies had given her, woke,
And the stream of her voice into music broke.

Faint was the strain, in its first wild flow,
Troubled its murmur, and sad, and low ;
But it swell'd into deeper power erelong,
As the breeze that swept o'er her soul grew strong.

“ They bid me sing of thee, mine own, my sunny land, of thee !
Am I not parted from thy shores by the mournful sounding sea ?
Doth not thy shadow wrap my soul ?—in silence let me die,
In a voiceless dream of thy silvery founts, and thy pure, deep
sapphire sky ; [forth ?
How should thy lyre give *here* is wealth of buried sweetness
Its tones of summer's breathings born, to the wild winds of the
north ?

**"Yet thus it shall be once, once more!—my spirit shall awake,
And through the mists of death shine out, my country, for thy
sake!"**

That I may make *thee* known, with all the beauty and the light,
And the glory never more to bless thy daughter's yearning sight!
Thy woods shall whisper in my song, thy bright streams warble
Thy soul flow o'er my lips again—yet once, my Sicily! [by,

"There are blue heavens—far hence, far hence ! but oh ! their glorious blue !

Its very night is beautiful, with the hyacinth's deep hue !
It is above my own fair land, and round my laughing home,
And arching o'er my vintage hills, they hang their cloudless
dome :

And making all the waves as gems, that melt along the shore,
And steeping happy hearts in joy—that now is mine no more.

"And there are haunts in that green land!—oh! who may dream or tell

Of all the shaded loveliness it hides in grot and dell !
By fountains flinging rainbow-spray on dark and glossy leaves,
And bowers wherein the forest dove her nest untroubled weaves ;
The myrtle dwells there, sending round the richness of its breath,
And the violets gleam like amethysts, from the dewy moss
beneath.

"And there are floating sounds that fill the skies through night and day— [away!

Sweet sounds ! the soul to hear them faints in dreams of heaven
They wander through the olive woods, and o'er the shining seas,
They mingle with the orange scents that load the sleepy breeze ;
Lute, voice, and bird, are blending there ;—it were a bliss to die,
As dies a leaf, thy groves among, my flowery Sicily !

"I may not thus depart—farewell! yet no, my country! no!
Is not love stronger than the grave? I feel it must be so!
My fleeting spirit shall o'ersweep the mountains and the main,
And in thy tender starlight rove, and through thy woods again.
Its passion deepens—it prevails!—I break my chain—I come
To dwell a viewless thing, yet blest—in thy sweet air, my
home!"

And her pale arms dropp'd the ringing lyre—
There came a mist o'er her eye's wild fire—

And her dark rich tresses, in many a fold,
 Loosed from their braids, down her bosom roll'd.
 For her head sank back on the rugged wall—
 A silence fell o'er the warriors' hall;
 She had pour'd out her soul with her song's last tone;
 The lyre was broken, the minstrel gone!

IVAN THE CZAR.

[“Ivan le Terrible, étant déjà devenu vieux, assiégeait Novogorod Les Boyards, le voyant affaibli, lui demandèrent s'il ne voulait pas donner le commandement de l'assaut à son fils. Sa fureur fut si grande à cette proposition, que rien ne pût l'appaiser; son fils se prosterna à ses pieds; il le repoussa avec un coup d'une telle violence, que deux jours après le malheureux en mourut. Le père, alors au désespoir, devint indifférent à la guerre comme au pouvoir, et ne survécut, que peu de mois à son fils.”—*Dix Années d'Exil*, par MADAME DE STAEL.]

“Gieb diesen Todten mir heraus. Ich muss
 ihn wieder haben!
 * * *
 * * *
 Trostlose allmacht,
 Die nicht einmal in Gräber ihren arm
 Verlangern, eine kleine Ubereilung
 Mit Menschenleben nicht verbessern kann!”
Schiller.

He sat in silence on the ground,
 The old and haughty Czar,
 Lonely, though princes girt him round,
 And leaders of the war:
 He had cast his jewell'd sabre,
 That many a field had won,
 To the earth beside his youthful dead—
 His fair and first-born son.
 With a robe of ermine for its bed,
 Was laid that form of clay,
 Where the light a stormy sunset shed,
 Through the rich tent made way;
 And a sad and solemn beauty
 On the pallid face came down,
 Which the lord of nations mutely watch'd,
 In the dust, with his renown.
 Low tones, at last of woe and fear
 From his full bosom broke—
 A mournful thing it was to hear
 How then the proud man spoke.
 The voice that through the combat
 Had shouted far and high,
 Came forth in strange, dull, hollow tones.
 Burden'd with agony.
 “There is no crimson on thy cheek,
 And on thy lip no breath;

I call thee, and thou dost not speak—
They tell me this is death!
And fearful things are whispering
That I the deed have done—
For the honor of thy father's name,
Look up, look up, my son!

“Well might I know death's hue and mien,
But on *thine* aspect, boy!
What, till this moment, have I seen
Save pride and tameless joy?
Swiftest thou wert to battle,
And bravest there of all—
How could I think a warrior's frame
Thus like a flower should fall?

“I will not bear that still cold look—
Rise up, thou fierce and free!
Wake as the storm wakes! I will brook
All, save this calm, from thee!
Lift brightly up, and proudly,
Once more thy kindling eyes!
Hath my word lost its power on earth?
I say to thee, arise!

“Didst thou not know I loved thee well?
Thou didst not! and art gone,
In bitterness of soul, to dwell
Where man must dwell alone.
Come back, young fiery spirit!
If but one hour, to learn
The secrets of the folded heart
That seem'd to thee so stern.

“Thou wert the first, the first, fair child
That in mine arms I press'd:
Thou wert the bright one, that hast smiled
Like summer on my breast!
I rear'd thee as an eagle,
To the chase thy steps I led,
I bore thee on my battle-horse,
I look upon thee—dead!

“Lay down my warlike banners here,
Never again to-wave,
And bury my red sword and spear,
Chiefs! in my first-born's grave!
And leave me!—I have conquer'd,
I have slain—my work is done!
Whom have I slain?—ye answer not—
Thou too art mute, my son!”

And thus his wild lament was pour'd
Through the dark resounding night,

And the battle knew no more his sword,
 Nor the foaming steed his might.
 He heard strange voices moaning
 In every wind that sigh'd ;
 From the searching stars of heaven he shrank—
 Humbly the conqueror died.

CAROLAN'S PROPHECY.*

Thy cheek too swiftly flushes, o'er thine eye
 The lights and shadows come and go too fast.
 Thy tears gush forth too soon, and in thy voice
 Are sounds of tenderness too passionate
 For peace on earth ; oh ! therefore, child of song !
 'Tis well thou shouldst depart.

A SOUND of music, from amidst the hills,
 Came suddenly, and died ; a fitful sound
 Of mirth, soon lost in wail. Again it rose,
 And sank in mournfulness.—There sat a bard
 By a blue stream of Erin, where it swept
 Flashing through rock and wood ; the sunset's light
 Was on its wavy, silver-gleaming hair,
 And the wind's whisper in the mountain-ash,
 Whose clusters droop'd above. His head was bow'd.
 His hand was on his harp, yet thence its touch
 Had drawn but broken strains : and many stood,
 Waiting around in silent earnestness,
 Th' unchaining of his soul, the gush of song—
 Many and graceful forms !—yet one alone
 Seem'd present to his dream ; and she, indeed,
 With her pale, virgin brow, and changeful cheek,
 And the clear starlight of her serious eyes,
 Lovely amidst the flowing of dark locks
 And pallid braiding flowers, was beautiful,

* Founded on the following circumstance related in the *Percy Anecdotes* of imagination.

"It is somewhat remarkable that Carolan, the Irish bard, even in his gayest mood, never could compose a planxty for a Miss Brett, in the county of Sligo, whose father's house he frequented, and where he always met with a reception due to his exquisite taste and mental endowments. One day, after an unsuccessful attempt to compose something in a sprightly strain for this lady, he threw aside his harp with a mixture of rage and grief ; and addressing himself in Irish to her mother, 'Madam,' said he, 'I have often, from my great respect to your family, attempted a planxty in order to celebrate your daughter's perfections, but to no purpose. Some evil genius hovers over me ; there is not a string in my harp that does not vibrate a melancholy sound when I set about this task. I fear she is not doomed to remain long among us ;' 'nay,' said he, emphatically, 'she will not survive twelve months.' The event verified the prediction, and the young lady died within the period limited by the unconsciously prophetic bard."

E'en painfully!—a creature to behold
 With trembling 'midst our joy, lest aught unseen
 Should waft the vision from us, leaving earth
 Too dim without its brightness!—Did such fear
 O'ershadow in that hour the gifted one,
 By his own rushing stream?—Once more he gazed,
 Upon the radiant girl, and yet once more
 From the deep chords his wandering hand brought out
 A few short festive notes, an opening strain
 Of bridal melody, soon dash'd with grief,
 As if some wailing spirit in the strings
 Met and o'er-master'd him: but yielding then
 To the strong prophet-impulse, mournfully,
 Like moaning waters o'er the harp he pour'd
 The trouble of his haunted soul, and sang—

Voice of the grave!
 I hear thy thrilling call;
 It comes in the dash of the foaming wave,
 In the sear-leaf's trembling fall!
 In the shiver of the tree,
 I hear thee, O thou voice!
 And I would thy warning were but for me,
 That my spirit might rejoice.

But thou art sent
 For the sad earth's young and fair,
 For the graceful heads that have not bent
 To the wintry hand of care!
 They hear the wind's low sigh,
 And the river sweeping free,
 And the green reeds murmuring heavily,
 And the woods—but they hear not thee!

Long have I striven
 With my deep foreboding soul,
 But the full tide now its bounds hath riven
 And darkly on must roll.
 There's a young brow smiling near.
 With a bridal white rose wreath—
 Unto *me* it smiles from a flowery bier,
 Touch'd solemnly by death!

Fair art thou, Morna!
 The sadness of thine eye
 Is beautiful as silvery clouds
 On the dark blue summer sky!
 And thy voice comes like the sound
 Of a sweet and hidden rill,
 That makes the dim woods tuneful round—
 But soon it must be still!

Silence and dust
 On thy sunny lips must lie—

Make not the strength of love thy trust,
A stronger yet is nigh!
No strain of festal flow
That my hand for thee hath tried,
But into dirge notes wild and low
Its ringing tones have died.

Young art thou, Morna!
Yet on thy gentle head,
Like heavy dew on the lily's leaves,
A spirit hath been shed!
And the glance is thine which sees
Through nature's awful heart—
But bright things go with the summer breeze,
And thou too must depart!

Yet shall I weep?
I know that in thy breast
There swells a fount of song too deep,
Too powerful for thy rest!
And the bitterness I know,
And the chill of this world's breath—
Go, all undimm'd, in thy glory go!
Young and crown'd bride of death!

Take hence to heaven
Thy holy thoughts and bright,
And soaring hopes, that were not given
For the touch of mortal blight!
Might we follow in thy track,
This parting should not be!
But the spring shall give us violets back,
And every flower but thee!

There was a burst of tears around the bard:
All wept but one, and she serenely stood,
With her clear brow and dark religious eye
Raised to the first faint star above the hills,
And cloudless; though it might be that her cheek
Was paler than before.—So Morna heard
The minstrel's prophecy.

And spring return'd,
Bringing the earth her lovely things again,
All, save the loveliest far! A voice, a smile,
A young sweet spirit gone.

THE LADY OF THE CASTLE.

FROM THE "PORTRAIT GALLERY," AN UNFINISHED POEM.

If there be but one spot upon thy name,
 One eye thou fear'st to meet, one human voice
 Whose tones thou shrink'st from—Woman! veil thy face,
 And bow thy head—and die!

THOU see'st her pictured with her shining hair,
 (Famed were those tresses in Provençal song.)
 Half braided, half o'er cheek and bosom fair
 Let loose, and pouring sunny waves along
 Her gorgeous vest. A child's light hand is roving
 'Midst the rich curls; and, oh! how meekly loving
 Its earnest looks are lifted to the face
 Which bends to meet its lip in laughing grace!
 Yet that bright lady's eye, methinks, hath less
 Of deep, and still, and pensive tenderness,
 Than might beseem a mother's;—on her brow
 Something too much there sits of native scorn,
 And her smile kindles with a conscious glow,
 As from the thought of sovereign beauty born.
 These may be dreams—but how shall woman tell
 Of woman's shame, and not with tears?—She fell!
 That mother left that child!—went hurrying by
 Its cradle—haply not without a sigh,
 Haply one moment o'er its rest serene
 She hung—but no! it could not thus have been,
 For *she went on!*—forsook her home, her hearth,
 All pure affection, all sweet household mirth,
 To live a gaudy and dishonor'd thing,
 Sharing in guilt the splendors of a king.

Her lord, in very weariness of life,
 Girt on his sword for scenes of distant strife;
 He reck'd no more of glory:—grief and shame
 Crush'd out his fiery nature, and his name
 Died silently. A shadow o'er his halls
 Crept year by year; the minstrel pass'd their walls;
 The warder's horn hung mute:—mean time the child
 On whose first flowering thoughts no parent smiled,
 A gentle girl, and yet deep-hearted, grew
 Into sad youth; for well, too well, she knew
 Her mother's tale! Its memory made the sky
 Seem all too joyous for her shrinking eye;
 Check'd on her lip the flow of song, which fain
 Would there have linger'd; flush'd her cheek to pain
 If met by sudden glance; and gave a tone
 Of sorrow, as for something lovely gone,
 E'en to the spring's glad voice. Her own was low
 And plaintive.—Oh! there lies such depths of woe

In a *young* blighted spirit! Manhood rears
 A haughty brow, and age has done with tears;
 But youth bows down to misery, in amaze
 At the dark cloud o'er mantling its fresh days—
 And thus it was with her. A mournful sight
 In one so fair—for she indeed was fair—
 Not with her mother's dazzling eyes of light,
Hers were more shadowy, full of thought and prayer,
 And with long lashes o'er a white rose cheek,
 Drooping in gloom, yet tender still and meek,
 Still that fond child's—and oh! the brow above
 So pale and pure! so form'd for holy love
 To gaze upon in silence!—but she felt
 That love was not for her, though hearts would melt
 Where'er she moved, and reverence mutely given
 Went with her; and low prayers, that call'd on Heaven
 To bless the young Isaure.

One sunny morn

With alms before her castle gate she stood,
 'Midst peasant groups; when breathless and o'erworn,
 And shrouded in long weeds of widowhood,
 A stranger through them broke:—the orphan maid,
 With her sweet voice and proffer'd hand of aid
 Turn'd to give welcome; but a wild sad look
 Met hers—a gaze that all her spirit shook;
 And that pale woman, suddenly subdued
 By some strong passion, in its gushing mood,
 Knelt at her feet, and bathed them with such tears
 As rain the hoarded agonies of years
 From the heart's urn; and with her white lips press'd
 The ground they trod; then burying in her vest
 Her brow's deep flush, sobb'd out—"Oh, undefiled!
 I am thy mother—spurn me not, my child!"

Isaure had pray'd for that lost mother; wept
 O'er her stain'd memory, while the happy slept
 In the hush'd midnight; stood with mournful gaze
 Before yon picture's smile of other days,
 But never breathed in human ear the name
 Which weigh'd her being to the earth with shame.
 What marvel if the anguish, the surprise,
 The dark remembrances, the alter'd guise,
 Awhile o'erpowered her?—from the weeper's touch
 She shrank—'twas but a moment—yet too much
 For that all-humbled one; its mortal stroke
 Came down like lightning, and her full heart broke
 At once in silence. Heavily and prone
 She sank, while o'er her castle's threshold stone,
 Those long fair tresses—*they* still brightly wore
 Their early pride, though bound with pearls no more—

Bursting their fillet, in sad beauty roll'd,
And swept the dust with coils of wavy gold.

Her child bent o'er her—call'd her—'twas too late—
Dead lay the wanderer at her own proud gate!
The joy of courts, the star of knight and bard—
How didst thou fall, O bright-hair'd Ermengarde!

THE MOURNER FOR THE BARMECIDES.

"O good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times."

As You Like It.

FALLEN was the House of Giafar; and its name,
The high romantic name of Barmecide,
A sound forbidden on its own bright shores,
By the swift Tigris' wave. Stern Haroun's wrath,
Sweeping the mighty with their fame away,
Had so pass'd sentence: but man's chainless heart
Hides that within its depths which never yet
Th' oppressor's thought could reach.

'Twas desolate
Where Giafar's halls, beneath the burning sun,
Spread out in ruin lay. The songs had ceased;
The lights, the perfumes, and the genii tales
Had ceased; the guests were gone. Yet still one voice
Was there—the fountain's; through those eastern courts,
Over the broken marble and the grass,
Its low clear music shedding mournfully.

And still another voice!—an aged man,
Yet with a dark and fervent eye beneath
His silvery hair, came day by day, and sate
On a white column's fragment; and drew forth,
From the forsaken walls and dim arcades,
A tone that shook them with its answering thrill
To his deep accents. Many a glorious tale
He told that sad yet stately solitude,
Pouring his memory's fulness o'er its gloom.
Like waters in the waste; and calling up,
By song or high recital of their deeds,
Bright solemn shadows of its vanish'd race
To people their own halls: with these alone,
In all this rich and breathing world, his thoughts
Held still unbroken converse. He had been
Rear'd in this lordly dwelling, and was now
The ivy of its ruins, unto which
His fading life seem'd bound. Day roll'd on day,
And from that scene the loneliness was fled;

For crowds around the grey-hair'd chronicler
 Met as men meet, within whose anxious hearts
 Fear with deep feeling strives ; till, as a breeze
 Wanders through forest branches, and is met
 By one quick sound and shiver of the leaves,
 The spirit of his passionate lament,
 As through their stricken souls it pass'd awoke
 One echoing murmur.—But this might not be
 Under a despot's rule, and, summon'd thence,
 The dreamer stood before the Caliph's throne :
 Sentenced to death he stood, and deeply pale,
 And with his white lips rigidly compress'd ;
 Till, in submissive tones, he ask'd to speak
 Once more, ere thrust from earth's fair sunshine forth.
 Was it to sue for grace ?—His burning heart
 Sprang, with a sudden lightning, to his eye,
 And he was changed !—and thus, in rapid words,
 Th' o'ermastering thoughts, more strong than death, found way

“ And shall I not rejoice to go, when the noble and the brave,
 With the glory on their brows, are gone before me to the grave ?
 What is there left to look on now, what brightness in the land ?
 I hold in scorn the faded world, that wants their princely band !

“ My chiefs ! my chiefs ! the old man comes that in your halls
 was nursed— [first—
 That follow'd you to many a fight, where flash'd your sabres
 That bore your children in his arms, your name upon his
 heart :—

Oh ! must the music of that name with him from earth depart ?

“ It shall not be ! a thousand tongues, though human voice
 were still,
 With that high sound the living air triumphantly shall fill ;
 The wind's free flight shall bear it on as wandering seeds are
 sown, [tone.
 And the starry midnight whisper it, with a deep and thrilling

“ For it is not as a flower whose scent with the dropping leaves
 expires, [its fires ;
 And it is not as a household lamp, that a breath should quench
 It is written on our battle-fields with the writing of the sword,
 It hath left upon our desert sands a light in blessings pour'd.

“ The founts, the many gushing founts, which to the wild ye
 gave,
 Of you, my chiefs, shall sing aloud, as they pour a joyous wave !
 And the groves, with whose deep lovely gloom ye hung the
 pilgrim's way,
 Shall send from all their sighing leaves your praises on the day.

“ The very walls your bounty rear'd for the stranger's home-
 less head,
 Shall find a murmur to record your tale, my glorious dead !

Though the grass be where ye feasted once, where lute and
cittern rung,
And the serpent in your palaces lie coil'd amidst its young.

"It is enough! mine eye no more of joy or splendor sees—
I leave your name in lofty faith, to the skies and to the breeze!
I go, since earth her flower hath lost, to join the bright and fair,
And call the grave a kingly house, for ye, my chiefs, are there!"

But while the old man sang, a mist of tears
O'er Haroun's eyes had gather'd, and a thought—
Oh! many a sudden and remorseful thought—
Of his youth's once loved friends, the martyr'd race,
O'erflow'd his softening heart.—"Live! live!" he cried,
"Thou faithful unto death! live on, and still
Speak of thy lords—they *were* a princely band!"

THE SPANISH CHAPEL.*

"Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's early morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a veil o'er the spirit's young bloom,
O'er earth had profaned what was born for the skies."

Moors.

I MADE a mountain brook my guide
Through a wild Spanish glen,
And wander'd on its grassy side,
Far from the homes of men.

It lured me with a singing tone,
And many a sunny glance,
To a green spot of beauty lone,
A haunt for old romance.

A dim and deeply bosom'd grove
Of many an aged tree,
Such as the shadowy violets love,
The fawn and forest bee.

The darkness of the chestnut-bough
There on the waters lay,
The bright stream reverently below
Check'd its exulting play;

And bore a music all subdued,
And led a silvery sheen
On through the breathing solitude
Of that rich leafy scene.

For something viewlessly around
Of solemn influence dwelt,

* Suggested by a scene beautifully described in the *Recollections of the Peninsula*.

In the soft gloom and whispery sound,
Not to be told, but felt ;

While sending forth a quiet gleam
Across the wood's repose,
And o'er the twilight of the stream,
A lowly chapel rose.

A pathway to that still retreat
Through many a myrtle wound,
And there a sight—how strangely sweet !
My steps in wonder bound,

For on a brilliant bed of flowers,
E'en at the threshold made,
As if to sleep through sultry hours.
A young fair child was laid.

To sleep ?—oh ! ne'er on childhood's eye
And silken lashes press'd,
Did the warm *living* slumber lie
With such a weight of rest !

Yet still a tender crimson glow
Its cheek's pure marble dyed—
'Twas but the light's faint streaming flow
Through roses heap'd beside.

I stoop'd—the smooth round arm was chill,
The soft lip's breath was fled,
And the bright ringlets hung so still--
The lovely child was dead !

" Alas !" I cried, " fair faded thing !
Thou hast rung bitter tears,
And thou hast left a woe, to cling,
Round yearning hearts for years !"

But then a voice came sweet and low
I turn'd and near me sate
A woman with a mourner's brow,
Pale, yet not desolate.

And in her still, clear, matron face,
All solemnly serene,
A shadow'd image I could trace
Of that young slumberer's mien.

" Stranger ! thou pitiest me," she said
With lips that faintly smiled,
" As here I watch beside my dead,
My fair and precious child.

" But know, the time-worn heart may be
By pangs in this world riven,
Keener than theirs who yield, like me,
An angel thus to Heaven !"

THE KAISER'S FEAST.

Louis, Emperor of Germany, having put his brother, the Palsgrave Rodolphus, under the ban of the empire in the twelfth century that unfortunate prince fled to England, where he died in neglect and poverty. "After his decease, his mother Matilda privately invited his children to return to Germany; and, by her mediation, during a season of festivity, when Louis kept wassail in the castle of Heidelberg, the family of his brother presented themselves before him in the garb of suppliants, imploring pity and forgiveness. To this appeal the victor softened."—*Miss Benger's Memoirs of the Queen of Bohemia.*

THE Kaiser feasted in his hall—

The red wine mantled high;
Banners were trembling on the wall,
To the peals of minstrelsy:
And many a gleam and sparkle came
From the armor hung around,
As it caught the glance of the torch's flame,
Or the hearth with pine-boughs crown'd.

Why fell there silence on the chord
Beneath the harper's hand?
And suddenly from that rich board,
Why rose the wassail band?
The strings were hush'd—the knights made way
For the queenly mother's tread,
As up the hall, in dark array,
Two fair-hair'd boys she led.

She led them e'en to the Kaiser's place,
And still before him stood;
Till, with strange wonder, o'er his face
Flash'd the proud warrior blood:
And "Speak, my mother! speak!" he cried,
"Wherefore this mourning vest?
And the clinging children by thy side,
In weeds of sadness drest?"

"Well may a mourning vest be mine,
And theirs, my son, my son!
Look on the features of thy line
In each fair little one!
Though grief awhile within their eyes
Hath tamed the dancing glee,
Yet there thine own quick spirit lies—
Thy brother's children see!

"And where is he, thy brother, where?
He in thy home that grew,
And smiling with his sunny hair,
Ever to greet thee flew?

How would his arms thy neck entw me,
 His fond lips press thy brow !
 My son ! oh, call these orphans thine !—
 Thou hast no brother now !

“ What ! from their gentle eyes doth nought
 Speak of thy childhood’s hours,
 And smite thee with a tender thought
 Of thy dead father’s towers ?
 Kind was thy boyish heart and true,
 When rear’d together there,
 Through the old woods like fawns ye flew—
 Where is thy brother—where ?

“ Well didst thou love him then and he
 Still at thy side was seen !
 How is it that such things can be
 As though they ne’er had been ?
 Evil was this world’s breath, which came
 Between the good and brave !
 Now must the tears of grief and shame
 Be offer’d to the grave.

“ And let them, let them there be pour’d !
 Though all unfelt below—
 Thine own wrung heart, to love restored,
 Shall soften as they flow.
 Oh ! death is mighty to make peace ;
 Now bid his work be done !
 So many an inward strife shall cease—
 Take, take these babes, my son !”

His eye was dimm’d—the strong man shook
 With feelings long suppress’d ;
 Up in his arms the boys he took,
 And strain’d them to his breast.
 And a shout from all in the royal hall
 Burst forth to hail the sight ;
 And eyes were wet ’midst the brave that met
 At the Kaiser’s feast that night.

TASSO AND HIS SISTER

“ *Devant vous est Sorrente ; là demeuroit la sœur de Tasse, quand il vint en pèlerin demander à cette obscure amie, un asyle contre l’injustice des princes.—Ses longues douleurs avaient presque egaré sa raison ; il ne lui restoit plus que son génie.*”—*Corinne.*

SHE sat, where on each wind that sigh’d,
 The citron’s breath went by,
 While the red gold of eventide
 Burn’d in the Italian sky.

Her bower was one where daylight's close
Full of sweet laughter found,
As thence the voice of childhood rose
To the high vineyards round.

But still and thoughtful, at her knee,
Her children stood that hour,
Their bursts of song and dancing glee
Hush'd as by words of power.
With bright fix'd wondering eyes, that gazed
Up to their mother's face,
With brows through parted ringlets raised
They stood in silent grace.

While she—yet something o'er her look
Of mournfulness was spread—
Forth from a poet's magic book
The glorious numbers read ;
The proud undying lay, which pour'd
Its light on evil years ;
His of the gifted pen and sword,*
The triumph—and the tears.

She read of fair Erminia's flight,
Which Venice once might hear
Sung on her glittering seas at night
By many a gondolier ;
Of him she read, who broke the charm
That wrapt the myrtle grove ;
Of Godfrey's deeds, of Tancred's arm,
That slew his Paynim love.

Young cheeks around that bright page glow'd,
Young holy hearts were stirr'd ;
And the meek tears of woman flow'd
Fast o'er each burning word.
And sounds of breeze, and fount, and leaf,
Came sweet, each pause between ;
When a strange voice of sudden grief
Burst on the gentle scene.

The mother turn'd—a way-worn man,
In pilgrim garb, stood nigh,
Of stately mien, yet wild and wan,
Of proud yet mournful eye.
But drops which would not stay for pride,
From that dark eye gush'd free,
As pressing his pale brow, he cried,
“Forgotten! e'en by thee!

“Am I so changed?—and yet we two
Oft hand in hand have play'd ;—

* It is scarcely necessary to recall the well-known Italian saying, that Tasso, with his sword and pen, was superior to all men.

This brow hath been all bathed in dew,
 From wreaths which thou hast made;
 We have knelt down and said one prayer,
 And sung one vesper strain;
 My soul is dim with clouds of care—
 Tell me those words again!

“Life hath been heavy on my head,
 I come a stricken deer,
 Bearing the heart, 'midst crowds that bled,
 To bleed in stillness here.”
 She gazed, till thoughts that long had slept
 Shook all her thrilling frame—
 She fell upon his neck and wept,
 Murmuring her brother's name.

Her *brother's* name!—and who was he,
 The weary one, th' unknown,
 That came, the bitter world to flee,
 A stranger to his own?—
 He was the bard of gifts divine
 To sway the souls of men;
 He of the song for Salem's shrine,
 He of the sword and pen!

ULLA, OR THE ADJURATION.

“Yet speak to me! I have outwatch'd the stars,
 And gazed o'er heaven in vain, in search of thee
 Speak to me! I have wander'd o'er the earth,
 And never found thy likeness. Speak to me!
 This once—once more!” *Manfred.*

“THOU'RT gone - thou'rt slumbering low,
 With the sounding seas above thee;
 It is but a restless woe,
 But a haunting dream to love thee!
 Thrice the glad swan has sung,
 To greet the spring-time hours,
 Since thine oar at parting flung
 The white spray up in showers.

There's a shadow of the grave on thy hearth and round thy
 home;
 Come to me from the ocean's dead!—thou'rt surely of them—
 come!”

'Twas Ulla's voice—alone she stood
 In the Iceland summer night,
 Far gazing o'er a glassy flood,
 From a dark rock's beetling height.

" I know thou hast thy bed
Where the sea-weed's coil hath bound thee ;
The storm sweeps o'er thy head,
But the depths are hush'd around thee.
What wind shall point the way
To the chambers where thou'rt lying ?
Come to me thence and say
Thou thought'st on me in dying ?

I will not shrink to see thee with a bloodless lip and cheek—
Come to me from the ocean dead !—thou'rt surely of them—
speak !"

She listen'd—'twas the wind's low moan,
'Twas the ripple of the wave,
'Twas the wakening osprey's cry alone,
As it startled from its cave.

" I know each fearful spell
Of the ancient Runic lay,
Whose mutter'd words compel
The tempest to obey.
But I adjure not *thee*
By magic sign or song—
My voice shall stir the sea
By love—the deep, the strong !

By the might of woman's tears, by the passion of her sighs,
Come to me from the ocean's dead !—by the vows we pledged—
arise !"

Again she gazed with an eager glance,
Wandering and wildly bright ;—
She saw but the sparkling waters dance
To the arrowy northern light.

" By the slow and struggling death
Of hope that loathed to part,
By the fierce and withering breath
Of despair on youth's high heart—
By the weight of gloom which clings
To the mantle of the night,
By the heavy dawn which brings
Nought lovely to the sight—

By all that from my weary soul thou hast wrung of grief and
fear—

Come to me from the ocean's dead—awake, arise, appear !

Was it her yearning spirit's dream,
Or did a pale form rise,
And o'er the hush'd wave glide and gleam,
With bright, still, mournful eyes !

" Have the depths heard ?—they have !
My voice prevails—thou'rt there,

Dim from thy watery grave—
 O thou that wert so fair!
 Yet take me to thy rest!
 There dwells no fear with love;
 Let me slumber on thy breast,
 While the billow rolls above!

Where the long lost things lie hid, where the bright ones have
 their home,
 We will sleep among the ocean's dead—stay for me, stay!—I
 come!"

There was a sullen plunge below,
 A flashing on the main;
 And the wave shut o'er that wild heart's woe,
 Shut, and grew still again.

TO WORDSWORTH.

THINE is a strain to read among the hills,
 The old and full of voices;—by the source
 Of some free stream, whose gladd'ning presence fills
 The solitude with sound; for in its course
 Even such is thy deep song, that seems a part
 Of those high scenes, a fountain from their heart.

Or its calm spirit fitly may be taken
 To the still breast, in sunny garden bowers,
 Where vernal winds each tree's low tones awaken,
 And bud and bell with changes mark the hours.
 There let thy thoughts be with me, while the day
 Sinks with a golden and serene decay.

Or by some hearth where happy faces meet,
 When night hath hush'd the woods, with all their birds,
 There, from some gentle voice, that lay were sweet
 As antique music, link'd with household words;
 While, in pleased murmurs, woman's lip might move,
 And the raised eye of childhood shine in love.

Or where the shadows of dark solemn yews
 Brood silently o'er some lone burial-ground,
 Thy verse hath power that brightly might diffuse
 A breath, a kindling, as of spring, around;
 From its own glow of hope and courage high,
 And steadfast faith's victorious constancy.

True bard and holy!—thou art e'en as one
 Who, by some secret gift of soul or eye,
 In every spot beneath the smiling sun,
 Sees where the springs of living waters lie:
 Unseen awhile they sleep—till, touch'd by thee,
 Bright healthful waves flow forth to each glad wanderer free.

A MONARCH'S DEATHBED.

[The Emperor Albert of Hapsburg, who was assassinated by his nephew, afterwards called John the Parricide, was left to die by the wayside, and only supported in his last moments by a female peasant, who happened to be passing.]

A MONARCH on his deathbed lay—
 Did censers waft perfume,
 And soft lamps pour their silvery ray,
 Through his profound chamber's gloom ?
 He lay upon a greensward bed,
 Beneath a darkening sky—
 A lone tree waving o'er his head,
 A swift stream rolling by.

Had he then fallen as warriors fall,
 Where spear strikes fire with spear ?
 Was there a banner for his pall,
 A buckler for his bier ?
 Not so—nor cloven shields nor helms
 Had strewn the bloody sod,
 Where he, the helpless lord of realms,
 Yielded his soul to God.

Were there not friends with words of cheer,
 And princely vassals nigh ?
 And priests, the crucifix to rear
 Before the glazing eye ?
 A peasant girl that royal head
 Upon her bosom laid,
 And, shrinking not for woman's dread,
 The face of death survey'd.

Alone she sat :—from hill and wood
 Red sank the mournful sun ;
 Fast gush'd the fount of noble blood—
 Treason its worst had done.
 With her long hair she vainly press'd
 The wounds, to staunch their tide—
 Unknown, on that meek humble breast,
 Imperial Albert died !

TO THE MEMORY OF HEBER.

“Umile in tanta gloria.”—*Petrarch*.

If it be sad to speak of treasures gone,
 Of sainted genius call'd too soon away,
 Of light from this world taken, while it shone

Yet kindling onward to the perfect day—
 How shall our grief, if mournful these things be,
 Flow forth, O, thou of many gifts! for thee?
 Hath not thy voice been here amongst us heard?
 And that deep soul of gentleness and power,
 Have we not felt its breath in every word,
 Wont from thy lip, as Hermon's dew, to shower?
 Yes, in our hearts thy fervent thoughts have burn'd—
 Of heaven they were, and thither have return'd.
 How shall we mourn thee?—With a lofty trust,
 Our life's immortal birthright from above!
 With a glad faith, whose eye, to track the just,
 Through shades and mysteries lifts a glance of love,
 And yet can weep!—for nature thus deplores
 The friend that leaves us, though for happier shores.
 And one high tone of triumph o'er thy bier,
 One strain of solemn rapture be allow'd!
 Thou, that rejoicing on thy mid career,
 Not to decay, but unto death hast bow'd;
 In those bright regions of the rising sun,
 Where victory ne'er a crown like thine had won.
 Praise! for yet one more name with power endow'd,
 To cheer and guide us, onward as we press;
 Yet one more image on the heart bestow'd
 To dwell there, beautiful in holiness!
 Thine, Heber, thine; whose memory from the dead,
 Shines as the star which to the Saviour led!
 ST. ASAPH, *Sept.* 1826.

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

"WHY wouldst thou leave me, O gentle child?
 Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild,
 A straw-roof'd cabin, with lowly wall—
 Mine is a fair and a pillar'd hall,
 Where many an image of marble gleams,
 And the sunshine of picture for ever streams."
 "Oh! green is the turf where my brothers play,
 Through the long bright hours of the summer day;
 They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
 And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme,
 And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know—
 Lady, kind lady! O, let me go."
 "Content thee, boy! in my bower to dwell,
 Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well;
 Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
 Harps which the wandering breezes tune,

And the silvery wood-note of many a bird,
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard."

"Oh! my mother sings, at the twilight's fall,
A song of the hills far more sweet than all;
She sings it under our own green tree,
To the babe half slumbering on her knee;
I dreamt last night of that music low—
Lady, kind lady! O, let me go."

"Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest,
She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast;
Thou would'st meet her footstep, my boy, no more,
Nor hear her song at the cabin door.
Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye."

"Is my mother gone from her home away?—
But I know that my brothers are there at play—
I know they are gathering the foxglove's bell,
Or the long fern leaves by the sparkling well;
Or they launch their boats where the bright streams flow—
Lady, kind lady! O, let me go."

"Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now,
They sport no more on the mountain's brow;
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the streams where the fairy barks were tried.
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin home is a lonely spot."

"Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill?—
But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still;
And the red-deer bound in their gladness free,
And the heath is bent by the singing bee,
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow
Lady, kind lady! O, let me go."

INVOCATION.

"I call'd on dreams and visions, to disclose
That which is veil'd from waking thought; conjured
Eternity, as men constrain a ghost
To appear and answer."

Wordsworth.

ANSWER me, burning stars of night!
Where is the spirit gone,
That past the reach of human sight,
As a swift breeze hath flown?—
And the stars answer'd me—"We roll
In light and power on high;
But, of the never-dying soul,
Ask that which cannot die."

Oh ! many-toned and chainless wind !
 Thou art a wanderer free ;
 Tell me if thou its place canst find,
 Far over mount and sea ?
 And the wind murmur'd in reply—
 “ The blue deep I have cross'd,
 And met its barks and billows high,
 But not what thou hast lost.”

Ye clouds, that gorgeously repose
 Around the setting sun,
 Answer ! have ye a home for those
 Whose earthly race is run ?
 The bright clouds answer'd—“ We depart,
 We vanish from the sky ;
 Ask what is deathless in thy heart,
 For that which cannot die.”

Speak then, thou voice of God within,
 Thou of the deep, low tone !
 Answer me, through life's restless din,
 Where is the spirit flown ?
 And the voice answer'd—“ Be thou still !
 Enough to know is given ;
 Clouds, winds, and stars *their* part fulfil,
Thine is to trust in Heaven.”

KORNER AND HIS SISTER.

[Charles Theodore Korner, the celebrated young German poet and soldier, was killed in a skirmish with a detachment of French troops, on the 20th of August, 1813, a few hours after the composition of his popular piece, *The Sword Song*. He was buried at the village of Wobbelin in Mecklenburg, under a beautiful oak, in a recess of which he had frequently deposited verses composed by him while campaigning in its vicinity. The monument erected to his memory is of cast iron ; and the upper part is wrought into a lyre and sword, a favorite emblem of Korner's, from which one of his works had been entitled. Near the grave of the poet is that of his only sister, who died of grief for his loss, having only survived him long enough to complete his portrait and a drawing of his burial-place. Over the gate of the cemetery is engraved one of his own lines :

“ Vergis die treuen Todten nicht.”
 Forget not the faithful dead.

—See Richardson's *Translation of Korner's Life and Works*, and Downes' *Letters from Mecklenburg*.]

GREEN wave the oak forever o'er thy rest,
 Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest,
 And, in the stillness of thy country's breast,
 Thy place of memory as an altar keepest ;

Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was pour'd,
Thou of the Lyre and Sword!

Rest, bard! rest, soldier!—by the father's hand
Here shall the child of after years be led,
With his wreath-offering silently to stand
In the hush'd presence of the glorious dead.
Soldier and bard! for thou thy path hast trod
With freedom and with God.

The oak waved proudly o'er thy burial rite,
On thy crown'd bier to slumber warriors bore thee,
And with true hearts thy brethren of the fight
Wept as they veil'd their drooping banners o'er thee;
And the deep guns with rolling peal gave token,
That Lyre and Sword were broken.

Thou hast a hero's tomb:—a lowlier bed
Is hers, the gentle girl, beside thee lying—
The gentle girl, that bow'd her fair young head
When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying.
Brother, true friend! the tender and the brave—
She pined to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others;—but for *her*,
To whom the wide world held that only spot,
She loved thee!—lovely in your lives ye were,
And in your early deaths divided not.
Thou hast thine oak, thy trophy:—What hath she?
Her own bless'd place by thee!

It was thy spirit, brother, which had made
The bright earth glorious to her youthful eye,
Since first in childhood 'midst the vines ye play'd,
And sent glad singing through the free blue sky.
Ye were but two—and when that spirit pass'd,
Woe to the one, the last!

Woe, yet not long!—She linger'd but to trace
Thine image from the image in her breast—
Once, once again to see that buried face
But smile upon her, ere she went to rest.
Too sad a smile! its living light was o'er—
It answer'd hers no more.

The earth grew silent when thy voice departed,
The home too lonely whence thy step had fled;
What then was left for her the faithful-hearted?
Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead!
Softly she perish'd:—be the Flower deplored
Here with the Lyre and Sword!

Have ye not met ere now?—so let those trust
That meet for moments but to part for years—
That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from dust—
That love, where love is but a fount of tears,

Brother, sweet sister ! peace around ye dwell :
Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell !*

THE DEATH-DAY OF KORNER.†

A song for the death-day of the brave—
A song of pride !

The youth went down to a hero's grave,
With the Sword, his bride.‡

He went, with his noble heart unworn,
And pure, and high ;
An eagle stooping from clouds of morn,
Only to die.

He went with the lyre, whose lofty tone
Beneath his hand
Had thrill'd to the name of his God alone,
And his father-land.

And with all his glorious feelings yet
In their first glow,
Like a southern stream that no frost hath met
To chain its flow.

A song for the death-day of the brave—
A song of pride !

For him that went to a hero's grave,
With the Sword, his bride.

He hath left a voice in his trumpet lays
To turn the flight,
And a guiding spirit for after days,
Like a watchfire's light.

And a grief in his father's soul to rest
'Midst all high thought ;

* The following lines, recently addressed to the author of the above, by the venerable father of Korner, who, with the mother, still survives the "Lyre, Sword, and Flower," here commemorated, may not be uninteresting to the German reader.

Wohllaut tont aus der Ferne von freundlichen Lüften getragen,
Schmeichelt mit lindernder Kraft sich in der Trauernden Ohr,
Starkt den erhebenden Glauben an solcher seelen Verwandschaft,
Die zum Tempel die Brust nur für das Würdige weihn.
Aus dem Lande zu dem sich stets der gefeyerte Jungling
Hingezogen gefühlt, wird ihm ein glänzender Lohn.
Heil dem Brittischen Volke, wenn ihm das Deutschen icht fremd ist
Über Lander und Meer reichen sich beyde die Hand.

Theodor Korner's Vater.

† On reading part of a letter from Korner's father, addressed to Mr Richardson, the translator of his works, in which he speaks of "The Death-day of his son."

‡ See *The Sword Song*, composed on the morning of his death.

And a memory unto his mother's breast,
With healing fraught.

And a name and fame above the blight
Of earthly breath,
Beautiful—beautiful and bright,
In life and death !

A song for the death-day of the brave—
A song of pride !
For him that went to a hero's grave,
With the Sword, his bride !

AN HOUR OF ROMANCE.

“ I come
To this sweet place for quiet. Every tree
And bush, and fragrant flower; and hilly path,
And thymy mound that flings unto the winds
Its morning incense, is my friend.” *Barry Cornwall*

THERE were thick leaves above me and around,
And low sweet sighs like those of childhood's sleep,
Amidst their dimness, and a fitful sound
As of soft showers on water;—dark and deep
Lay the oak shadows o'er the turf, so still
They seem'd but pictured glooms; a hidden rill
Made music, such as haunts us in a dream,
Under the fern tufts; and a tender gleam
Of soft green light, as by the glowworm shed,
Came pouring through the woven beech-boughs down,
And steep'd the magic page wherein I read
Of royal chivalry and old renown,
A tale of Palestine.*—Meanwhile the bee
Swept past me with a tone of summer hours,
A drowsy bugle, wafting thoughts of flowers,
Blue skies, and amber sunshine: brightly free,
On filmy wings, the purple dragon-fly
Shot glancing like a fairy javelin by;
And a sweet voice of sorrow told the dell
Where sat the lone wood-pigeon:
But ere long,
All sense of these things faded, as the spell
Breathing from that high gorgeous tale grew strong
On my chain'd soul:—'twas not the leaves I heard;—
A Syrian wind the lion-banner stir'd,
Through its proud floating folds:—'twas not the brook
Singing in secret through its glassy glen;—
A wild shrill trumpet of the Saracen
Peal'd from the desert's lonely heart, and shook

* The Talisman—Tales of the Crusaders

The burning air.—Like clouds when winds are high,
 O'er glittering sands flew steeds of Araby,
 And tents rose up, and sudden lance and spear
 Flash'd where a fountain's diamond wave lay clear,
 Shadow'd by graceful palm-trees. Then the shout
 Of merry England's joy swell'd freely out,
 Sent through an eastern heaven, whose glorious hue
 Made shields dark mirrors to its depths of blue;
 And harps were there—I heard their sounding strings,
 As the waste echo'd to the mirth of kings.—
 The bright mask faded. Unto life's worn track,
 What call'd me from its flood of glory back?
 A voice of happy childhood!—and they pass'd,
 Banner, and harp, and Paynim's trumpet's blast;
 Yet might I scarce bewail the splendors gone,
 My heart so leap'd to that sweet laughter's tone.

A VOYAGER'S DREAM OF LAND.

“His very heart athirst
 To gaze at nature in her green array,
 Upon the ship's tall side he stands possess'd
 With visions prompted by intense desire;
 Fair fields appear below, such as he left
 Far distant, such as he would die to find:
 He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more.” *Cooper*

THE hollow dash of waves!—the ceaseless roar!—
 Silence, ye billows!—vex my soul no more.

There's a spring in the woods by my sunny home,
 Afar from the dark sea's tossing foam;
 Oh! the fall of that fountain is sweet to hear,
 As a song from the shore to the sailor's ear!
 And the sparkle which up to the sun it throws,
 Through the feathery fern and the olive boughs,
 And the gleam on its path as it steals away
 Into deeper shades from the sultry day,
 And the large water-lilies that o'er its bed
 Their pearly leaves to the soft light spread,
 They haunt me! I dream of that bright spring's flow,
 I thirst for its rills like a wounded roe!

Be still, thou sea-bird, with thy clanging cry!
 My spirit sickens as thy wing sweeps by.

Know ye my home, with the lulling sound
 Of leaves from the lime and the chestnut round?
 Know ye it, brethren! where bower'd it lies,
 Under the purple of southern skies?
 With the streamy gold of the sun that shines
 In through the cloud of its clustering vines,
 And the summer breath of the myrtle flowers,

Borne from the mountain in dewy hours,
 And the fire-fly's glance through the dark'ning shades
 Like shooting stars in the forest glades,
 And the scent of the citron at eve's dim fall—
 Speak! have ye known, have ye felt them all?

The heavy rolling surge! the rocking mast!
 Hush! give my dream's deep music way, thou blast!

Oh, the glad sounds of the joyous earth!
 The notes of the singing cicala's mirth,
 The murmurs that live in the mountain pines,
 The sighing of reeds as the day declines,
 The wings flitting home through the crimson glow
 That steeps the wood when the sun is low,
 The voice of the night-bird that sends a thrill
 To the heart of the leaves when the winds are still—
 I hear them!—around me they rise, they swell,
 They call back my spirit with Hope to dwell—
 They come with a breath from the fresh spring-time,
 And waken my youth in its hour of prime.

The white foam dashes high—away, away!
 Shroud my green land no more, thou blinding spray!

It is there!—down the mountains I see the sweep
 Of the chestnut forests, the rich and deep,
 With the burden and glory of flowers that they bear,
 Floating upborne on the blue summer air,
 And the light pouring through them in tender gleams,
 And the flashing forth of a thousand streams!
 Hold me not, brethren! I go, I go
 To the hills of my youth, where the myrtles blow,
 To the depths of the woods, where the shadows rest,
 Massy and still, on the greensward's breast,
 To the rocks that resound with the water's play—
 I hear the sweet laugh of my fount—give way!

Give way!—the booming surge, the tempest's roar,
 The sea-bird's wail shall vex my soul no more.

THE EFFIGIES.

“Der rasche Kampf verewigt einen Mann:
 Er falle gleich, so preiset ihn das Lied
 Allein die Thranen, die unendlichen
 Der überbliebenen, der verlass'nen Frau,
 Zählt keine Nachwelt.”—*Goethe*.

WARRIOR! whose image on thy tomb,
 With shield and crested head,
 Sleeps proudly in the purple gloom
 By the stain'd window shed;

The records of thy name and race
Have faded from the stone,
Yet through a cloud of years, I trace
What thou hast been and done.

A banner, from its flashing spear,
Flung out o'er many a fight ;
A war-cry ringing far and clear,
And strong to turn the flight ;
An arm that bravely bore the lance
On for the holy shrine ;
A haughty heart and a kingly glance—
Chief! were not these things thine ?

A lofty place were leaders sate
Around the council board ;
In festive halls a chair of state
When the blood-red wine was pour'd ;
A name that drew a prouder tone
From herald, harp, and bard ;
Surely these things were all thine own—
So hadst thou thy reward.

Woman! whose sculptured form at rest
By the arm'd knight is laid,
With meek hands folded o'er a breast
In matron robes array'd ;
What was *thy* tale?—O gentle mate
Of him, the bold and free,
Bound unto his victorious fate,
What bard hath sung of *thee* ?

He woo'd a bright and burning star
Thine was the void, the gloom,
The straining eye that follow'd far
His fast receding plume ;
The heart-sick listening while his steed
Sent echoes on the breeze ;
The pang—but when did *Fame* take heed
Of griefs obscure as these ?

Thy silent and secluded hours
Through many a lonely day
While bending o'er thy broider'd flowers,
With spirits far away ;
Thy weeping midnight prayers for him
Who fought on Syrian plains,
Thy watchings till the torch grew dim—
These fill no minstrel strains.

A still, sad life was thine!—long years
With tasks unguerdon'd fraught—
Deep, quiet love, submissive tears,
Vigils of anxious thought ;

Prayer at the cross in fervor pour'd,
Alms to the pilgrim given—
Oh! happy, happier than thy lord,
In that lone path to heaven!

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW
ENGLAND.

"Look now abroad—another race has fill'd
Those populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are till'd;
The land is full of harvests and green meads."—*Bryant.*

THE breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches toss'd;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea:
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:—
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?

The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trode.
They have left unstained, what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

THE SPIRIT'S MYSTERIES.

"And slight, withal, may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever;—it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's breath, or spring—
A flower—a leaf—the ocean—which may wound—
Striking th' electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound."

Childe Harold

THE power that dwelleth in sweet sounds to waken
Vague yearnings, like the sailor's for the shore,
And dim remembrances, whose hue seems taken
From some bright former state, our own no more;
Is not this all a mystery?—Who shall say
Whence are those thoughts and whither tends their way?

The sudden images of vanish'd things,
That o'er the spirit flash, we know not why;
Tones from some broken harp's deserted strings,
Warm sunset hues of summers long gone by;
A rippling wave—the dashing of an oar—
A flower scent floating past our parents' door;
A word—scarce noted in its hour perchance,
Yet back returning with a plaintive tone;
A smile—a sunny or a mournful glance,
Full of sweet meanings now from this world flown,
Are not these mysteries when to life they start,
And press vain tears in gushes from the heart?

And the far wanderings of the soul in dreams,
Calling up shrouded faces from the dead,
And with them bringing soft or solemn gleams,
Familiar objects brightly to o'erspread;
And wakening buried love, or joy, or fear—
These are night's mysteries—who shall make them clear?

And the strange inborn sense of coming ill,
That oft-times whispers to the haunted breast,
In a low tone which nought can drown or still,
'Midst feasts and melodies a secret guest;
Whence doth that murmur wake, that shadow fall?
Why shakes the spirit thus?—'tis mystery all!

Darkly we move we press upon the brink
 Haply of viewless worlds, and know it not ;
 Yes ! it may be, that nearer than we think
 Are those whom death has parted from our lot !
 Fearfully, wondrously, our souls are made—
 Let us walk humbly on, but undismay'd !
 Humbly—for knowledge strives in vain to feel
 Her way amidst these marvels of the mind ;
 Yet undismay'd—for do they not reveal
 Th' immortal being with our dust entwined ?—
 So let us deem ! and e'en the tears they wake
 Shall then be blest, for that high nature's sake.

THE DEPARTED.

"Thou shalt lie down
 With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings
 The powerful of the earth—the wise—the good,
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
 All in one mighty sepulchre."—*Bryant.*

AND shrink ye from the way
 To the spirit's distant shore ?—
 Earth's mightiest men, in arm'd array
 Are thither gone before.

The warrior kings, whose banner
 Flew far as eagles fly,
 They are gone where swords avail them not,
 From the feast of victory.

And the seers who sat of yore
 By orient palm or wave,
 They have pass'd with all their starry lore—
 Can ye still fear the grave ?

We fear ! we fear !—the sunshine
 Is joyous to behold,
 And we reck not of the buried kings,
 Nor the awful seers of old.

Ye shrink !—the bards whose lays
 Have made your deep hearts burn—
 They have left the sun, and the voice of praise,
 For the land whence none return.

And the beautiful, whose record
 Is the verse that cannot die,
 They too are gone, with their glorious bloom,
 From the love of human eye.

Would ye not join that throng
 Of the earth's departed flowers,

And the masters of the mighty song
In their far and fadeless bowers?

Those songs are high and holy,
But they vanquish not our fear;
Not from *our* path those flowers are gone—
We fain would linger here!

Linger then yet awhile,
As the last leaves on the bough!—
Ye have loved the light of many a smile
That is taken from you now.

There have been sweet singing voices
In your walks, that now are still;
There are seats left void in your earthly homes,
Which none again may fill

Soft eyes are seen no more,
That made Spring-time in your heart;
Kindred and friends are gone before—
And *ye* still fear to part?

We fear not now, we fear not!
Though the way through darkness bends;
Our souls are strong to follow *them*,
Our own familiar friends!

THE PALM TREE.*

It waved not through an eastern sky,
Beside a fount of Araby;
It was not fann'd by southern breeze
In some green isle of Indian seas;
Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep.

But fair the exiled palm-tree grew
'Midst foliage of no kindred hue;
Through the laburnum's dropping gold
Rose the light shaft of orient mould,
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
Purpled the moss-beds at its feet.

Strange look'd it there!—the willow stream'd
Where silvery waters near it gleam'd,
The lime bough lured the honey-bee
To murmur by the desert's tree,
And showers of snowy roses made
A lustre in its fan-like shade.

* This incident is, I think, recorded by De Lille, in his poem of
Les Jardins.

There came an eve of festal hours—
 Rich music fill'd that garden's bowers :
 Lamps, that from flowering branches hung,
 On sparks of dew soft color flung,
 And bright forms glanced—a fairy show—
 Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one, midst the throng,
 Seem'd reckless of all dance or song :
 He was a youth of dusky mien,
 Whereon the Indian sun had been,
 Of crested brow and long black hair—
 A stranger, like the palm-tree, there.

And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes,
 Glittering athwart the leafy glooms :
 He pass'd the pale green olives by,
 Nor won the chestnut flowers his eye ;
 But when to that sole palm he came,
 Then shot a rapture through his frame !

To him, to him its rustling spoke,
 The silence of his soul it broke !
 It whisper'd of his own bright isle,
 That lit the ocean with a smile ;
 Ay, to his ear that native tone
 Had something of the sea wave's moan !

His mother's cabin home, that lay
 Where feathery cocoas fringed the bay ;
 The dashing of his brethren's oar—
 The conch-note heard along the shore ;
 All through his wakening bosom swept—
 He clasp'd his country's tree and wept !

Oh, scorn him not !—the strength whereby
 The patriot girds himself to die,
 Th' unconquerable power which fills
 The freeman battling on his hills—
 These have one fountain deep and clear—
 The same whence gush'd that childlike tear !

THE CHILD'S LAST SLEEP.

SUGGESTED BY A MONUMENT OF CHANTREY'S.

Thou sleepest—but when wilt thou wake, fair child ?
 When the fawn awakes in the forest wild ?
 When the lark's wing mounts with the breeze of morn ?
 When the first rich breath of the rose is born ?—
 Lovely thou sleepest, yet something lies
 Too deep and still on thy soft-seal'd eyes ;

Mournful, though sweet, is thy rest to see—
 When will the hour of thy rising be ?
 Not when the fawn wakes—not when the lark
 On the crimson cloud of the morn floats dark—
 Grief with vain passionate tears hath wet
 The hair, shedding gleams from thy pale brow yet ;
 Love, with sad kisses unfelt, had press'd
 Thy meek dropt eyelids and quiet breast ;
 And the glad Spring, calling out bird and bee,
 Shall color all blossoms, fair child ! but thee.

Thou'rt gone from us, bright one !—that *thou* should'st die,
 And life be left to the butterfly !^{*}
 Thou'rt gone as a dewdrop is swept from the bough .
 Oh ! for the world where thy home is now !
 How may we love but in doubt and fear,
 How may we anchor our fond hearts here ;
 How should e'en joy but a trembler be,
 Beautiful dust . when we look on thee ?

THE SUNBEAM.

THOU art no lingerer in monarch's hall—
 A joy thou art, and a wealth to all !
 A bearer of hope unto land and sea—
 Sunbeam ! what gift hath the world like thee ?

Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles ;
 Thou hast touch'd with glory his thousand isles :
 Thou hast lit up the ships, and the feathery foam,
 And gladden'd the sailor, like words from home.
 To the solemn depths of the forest shades,
 Thou art streaming on through their green arcades ;
 And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
 Like fire-flies glance to the pools below

I look'd on the mountains—a vapor lay
 Folding their heights in its dark array :
 Thou breakest forth, and the mist became
 A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I look'd on the peasant's lowly cot—
 Something of sadness had wrapt the spot ;
 But a gleam of *thee* on its lattice fell,
 And it laugh'd into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
 Flushing the waste like the rose's heart ;
 And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed
 A tender smile on the ruin's head.

* A butterfly, as if resting on a flower, is sculptured on the monument.

Thou takest through the dim church aisle thy way,
 And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day,
 And its high, pale tombs, with their trophies old,
 Are bathed in a flood as of molten gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
 Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave ;
 Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,
 Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer ! oh, what is like thee ?
 Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea !—
 One thing is like thee to mortals given,
 The faith touching all things with hues of heaven !

BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

Thou givest me flowers, thou givest me songs ;—bring back
 The love that I have lost !

WHAT wakest thou, Spring !—sweet voices in the woods,
 And reed-like echoes, that have long been mute ;
 Thou bringest back to fill the solitudes,
 The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute,
 Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
 E'en as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring !—the joyous leaves,
 Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,
 Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
 When thy south wind hath pierced the whispery shade,
 And happy murmurs running through the grass,
 Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters—they too hear thy call,
 Spring, the awakener ! thou hast burst their sleep !
 Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
 Makes melody, and in the forests deep,
 Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray
 Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world of flowers !
 Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,
 Coloring the cowslip with the sunny hours,
 And penciling the wood anemone ;
 Silent they seem—yet each to thoughtful eye
 Glows with mute poesy.

But what awakest thou in the heart, O Spring !
 The human heart with all its dreams and sighs ?
 Thou that givest back so many a buried thing,
 Restorer of forgotten harmonies !
 Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er thou art,
 What wakest thou in the heart ?

Too much, oh ! there too much !—we know not well
 Wherefore it should be thus, yet roused by thee,
 What fond, strange yearnings, from the soul's deep cell,
 Gush for the faces we no more may see !
 How are we haunted, in the wind's low tone,
 By voices that are gone !
 Looks of familiar love, that never more,
 Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet,
 Past words of welcome to our household door,
 And vanish'd smiles, and sounds of parted feet—
 Spring ! 'midst the murmurs of thy flowering trees,
 Why, why revivest thou these ?
 Vain longings for the dead !—why come they back
 With thy young birds, and leaves, and living blooms ?
 Oh ! is it not, that from thine earthly track
 Hope to thy world may look beyond the tombs ?
 Yes ! gentle spring ; no sorrow dims thine air,
 Breathed by our loved ones *there* !

THE ILLUMINATED CITY.

THE hills all glow'd with a festive light,
 For the royal city rejoiced by night :
 There were lamps hung forth upon tower and tree,
 Banners were lifted and streaming free ;
 Every tall pillar was wreath'd with fire ;
 Like a shooting meteor was every spire ;
 And the outline of many a dome on high
 Was traced, as in stars, on the clear dark sky.
 I pass'd through the streets ; there were throngs on throngs—
 Like sounds of the deep were their mingled songs ;
 There was music forth from each palace borne—
 A peal of the cymbal, the harp, and horn ;
 The forests heard it, the mountains rang,
 The hamlets woke to its haughty clang ;
 Rich and victorious was every tone,
 Telling the land of her foes o'erthrown.
 Didst thou meet not a mourner for all the slain ?
 Thousands lie dead on their battle plain !
 Gallant and true were the hearts that fell—
 Grief in the homes they have left must dwell :
 Grief o'er the aspect of childhood spread,
 And bowing the beauty of woman's head :
 Didst thou hear, 'midst the songs, not one tender moan,
 For the many brave to their slumbers gone ?
 I saw not the face of a weeper there—
 Too strong, perchance, was the bright lamp's glare !—

I heard not a wail 'midst the joyous crowd—
 The music of victory was all too loud !
 Mighty it roll'd on the winds afar,
 Shaking the streets like a conqueror's car ;
 Through torches and streamers its flood swept by—
 How could I listen for moan or sigh ?

Turn then away from life's pageants, turn,
 If its deep story thy heart would learn !
 Ever too bright is that outward show,
 Dazzling the eyes till they see not woe.
 But lift the proud mantle which hides from thy view
 The things thou shouldst gaze on, the sad and true ;
 Nor fear to survey what its folds conceal—
 So must thy spirit be taught to feel !

THE SPELLS OF HOME.

"There blend the ties that strengthen
 Our hearts in hours of grief,
 The silver links that lengthen
 Joy's visits when most brief."

Bernard Barton.

By the soft green light in the woody glade,
 On the banks of moss where thy childhood play'd,
 By the household tree through which thine eye
 First look'd in love to the summer sky,
 By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
 Of the primrose tufts in the grass beneath,
 Upon thy heart there is laid a spell,
 Holy and precious—oh ! guard it well !

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,
 Which hath lull'd thee into many a dream,
 By the shiver of the ivy leaves
 To the wind of morn at thy casement eaves,
 By the bee's deep murmur in the limes,
 By the music of the Sabbath chimes,
 By every sound of thy native shade,
 Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter hearth
 When twilight call'd unto household mirth,
 By the fairy tale or the legend old
 In that ring of happy faces told,
 By the quiet hour when hearts unite
 In the parting prayer and the kind " Good-night !"
 By the smiling eye and the loving tone,
 Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

And bless that gift !—it hath gentle might,
 A guardian power and a guiding light.

It hath led the freeman forth to stand
 In the mountain battles of his land ;
 It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas
 To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze ;
 And back to the gates of his father's hall
 It hath led the weeping prodigal.

Yes! when thy heart, in its pride, would stray
 From the pure first loves of its youth away—
 When the sullyng breath of the world would come
 O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's home—
 Think thou again of the woody glade,
 And the sound by the rustling ivy made,
 Think of the tree at thy father's door,
 And the kindly spell shall have power once more !

ROMAN GIRL'S SONG.

"Roma, Roma, Roma!
 Non è più come era prima."

ROME, Rome ! thou art no more
 As thou hast been !
 On thy seven hills of yore
 Thou sat'st a queen.

Thou hadst thy triumphs then
 Purpling the street,
 Leaders and sceptred men
 Bow'd at thy feet.

They that thy mantle wore,
 As gods were seen—
 Rome, Rome ! thou art no more
 As thou hast been !

Rome ! thine imperial brow
 Never shall rise :
 What hast thou left thee now ?—
 Thou hast thy skies !

Blue, deeply blue, they are,
 Gloriously bright !
 Veiling thy wastes afar
 With color'd light.

Thou hast the sunset's glow
 Rome, for thy dower,
 Flushing tall cypress bough,
 Temple and tower !

And all sweet sounds are thine
 Lovely to hear,

While night, o'er tomb and shrine,
Rests darkly clear.

Many a solemn hymn,
By starlight sung,
Sweeps through the arches dim,
Thy wrecks among.

Many a flute's low swell,
On thy soft air
Lingers, and loves to dwell
With summer there.

Thou hast the south's rich gift
Of sudden song—
A charm'd fountain, swift,
Joyous, and strong.

Thou hast fair forms that move
With queenly tread;
Thou hast proud fanes above
Thy mighty dead.

Yet wears thy Tiber's shore
A mournful mien:—
Rome, Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been!

THE DISTANT SHIP.

THE see-bird's wing, o'er ocean's breast
Shoots like a glancing star,
While the red radiance of the West
Spreads kindling fast and far;
And yet that splendor wins thee not—
Thy still and thoughtful eye
Dwells but on one dark distant spot
Of all the main and sky.

Look round thee!—o'er the slumbering deep,
A solemn glory broods;
A fire hath touched the beacon-steep,
And all the golden woods;
A thousand gorgeous clouds on high
Burn with the amber light!—
What spell, from that rich pageantry,
Chains down thy gazing sight?

A softening thought of human cares,
A feeling link'd to earth!
Is not yon speck a bark which bears
The loved of many a hearth?
Oh! do not Hope, and Grief, and Fear,
Crowd her frail world even now,

And manhood's prayer and woman's tear
Follow her venturous prow ?

Bright are the floating clouds above,
The glittering seas below ;

But we are bound by cords of love
To kindred weal and woe.

Therefore amidst this wide array

Of glorious things and fair,

My soul is on that bark's lone way—

For human hearts are there.

THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BIRDS, joyous birds of the wandering wing !

Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring ?

" We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of sharon smile,
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

" We have swept o'er cities in song renown'd—
Silent they lie with the deserts round !

We have cross'd proud rivers, whose tide hath roll'd
All dark with the warrior-blood of old ;
And each worn wing hath regain'd its home,
Under peasant's roof-tree or monarch's dome,"

And what have ye found in the monarch's dome,
Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam ?—

" We have found a change, we have found a pall,
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet's hall,
And a mark on the floor as of life-drops spilt—
Naught looks the same, save the nest we built !"

O joyous birds, it hath still been so ;

Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go !

But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,

And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep :

Say what have ye found in the peasant's cot,

Since last ye parted from that sweet spot ?

" A change we have found there—and many a change.

Faces, and footsteps, and all things strange !

Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,

And the young that were have a brow of care,

And the place is hush'd where the children play'd

Nought looks the same, save the nest we made !"

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,

Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth !

Yet through the wastes of the trackless air

Ye have a guide, and shall *we* despair ?

Ye over desert and deep have pass'd—
So may *we* reach our bright home at last!

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,
They fill'd one home with glee;—
Their graves are sever'd far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.
The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now ?
One 'midst the forest of the west,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.
The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep ;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.
One sleeps where southern vines are drest,
Above the noble slain :
He wrapt his colors round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.
And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd ;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers —
The last of that bright band.
And parted thus they rest, who play'd
Beneath the same green tree ;
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee !
They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with song the hearth—
Alas! for love, if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, O earth !

MOZART'S REQUIEM.

A short time before the death of Mozart, a stranger, of remarkable appearance, and dressed in deep mourning, called at his house, and requested him to prepare a requiem, in his best style, for the funeral of a distinguished person. The sensitive imagination of the composer immediately seized upon the circumstance as an

omen of his own fate ; and the nervous anxiety with which he labored to fulfil the task, had the effect of realizing his impression. He died within a few days after completing this magnificent piece of music, which was performed at his interment.]

"These birds of Paradise but long to flee
Back to their native mansion."

Prophecy of Dante

A REQUIEM!—and for whom?
For beauty in its bloom?
For valor fallen—a broken rose or sword?
A dirge for king or chief,
With pomp of stately grief,
Banner, and torch, and waving plume deplored?
Not so—it is not so!
The warning voice I know,
From other worlds a strange mysterious tone;
A solemn funeral air,
It call'd me to prepare,
And my heart answer'd secretly—my own!
One more then, one more strain,
In links of joy and pain,
Mighty the troubled spirit to inthrall!
And let me breathe my dower
Of passion and of power
Full into that deep lay—the last of all!
The last!—and I must go
From this bright world below,
This realm of sunshine, ringing with sweet sound!
Must leave its festal skies,
With all their melodies,
That ever in my breast glad echoes found!
Yet have I known it long:
Too restless and too strong
Within this clay hath been th' o'ermastering flame;
Swift thoughts, that came and went,
Like torrents o'er me sent,
Have shaken, as a reed, my thrilling frame.
Like perfumes on the wind,
Which none may stay or bind,
The beautiful comes floating through my soul;
I strive with yearnings vain
The spirit to detain
Of the deep harmonies that past me roll!
Therefore disturbing dreams
Trouble the secret streams
And founts of music that o'erflow my breast;
Something far more divine
Than may on earth be mine,
Haunts my worn heart, and will not let me rest.

Shall I then *fear* the tone
 That breathes from worlds unknown ?—
 Surely these feverish aspirations *there*
 Shall grasp their full desire,
 And this unsettled fire
 Burn calmly, brightly, in immortal air.
 One more then, one more strain ;
 To earthly joy and pain
 A rich, and deep, and passionate farewell !
 I pour each fervent thought,
 With fear, hope, trembling, fraught,
 Into the notes that o'er my dust shall swell.

 THE IMAGE IN LAVA*

THOU thing of years departed !
 What ages have gone by,
 Since here the mournful seal was set
 By love and agony ?
 Temple and tower have moulder'd,
 Empires from earth have pass'd,
 And woman's heart hath left a trace
 Those glories to outlast !
 And childhood's fragile image,
 Thus fearfully enshrined,
 Survives the proud memorials rear'd
 By conquerors of mankind.
 Babe ! wert thou brightly slumbering
 Upon thy mother's breast,
 When suddenly the fiery tomb
 Shut round each gentle guest ?
 A strange, dark fate o'ertook you,
 Fair babe and loving heart !
 One moment of a thousand pangs—
 Yet better than to part !
 Haply of that fond bosom
 On ashes here impress'd,
 Thou wert the only treasure, child !
 Whereon a hope might rest.
 Perchance all vainly lavish'd
 Its other love had been,
 And where it trusted, nought remain'd
 But thorns on which to lean.

* The impression of a woman's form, with an infant clasped to the bosom, found at the uncovering of Herculaneum.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Far better, then, to perish,
 Thy form within its clasp,
 Than live and lose thee, precious one!
 From that impassion'd grasp.

Oh ! I could pass all relics
 Left by the pomps of old,
 To gaze on this rude monument
 Cast in affection's mould.

Love, human love ! what art thou ?
 Thy print upon the dust
 Outlives the cities of renown
 Wherein the mighty trust !

Immortal, oh ! immortal
 Thou art, whose earthly glow
 Hath given these ashes holiness—
 It must, it *must* be so !

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

O LOVELY voices of the sky
 That hymn'd the Saviour's birth !
 Are ye not singing still on high,
 Ye that sang, "Peace on earth ?"
 To us yet speak the strains
 Wherewith, in days gone by,
 Ye bless'd the Syrian swains,
 O voices of the sky !

O clear and shining light, whose beams
 That hour Heaven's glory shed
 Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
 And on the shepherds' head ;
 Be near, through life and death
 As in that holiest night
 Of Hope, and Joy, and Faith,
 O clear and shining light !

O star which led to him whose love
 Brought down man's ransom free ;
 Where art thou ?—Midst the hosts above
 May we still gaze on thee ?
 In heaven thou art not set,
 Thy rays earth might not dim—
 Send them to guide us yet,
 O star which led to him !

A FATHER READING THE BIBLE.*

TWAS early day, and sunlight stream'd
 Soft through a quiet room,
 That hush'd, but not forsaken seem'd,
 Still, but with nought of gloom.
 For there, serene in happy age,
 Whose hope is from above,
 A father communed with the page
 Of Heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,
 On his grey holy hair,
 And touch'd the page with tenderest light,
 As if its shrine were there !
 But oh ! that patriarch's aspect shone
 With something lovelier far—
 A radiance all the spirit's own,
 Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life e'en then had met
 His calm, benignant eye ;
 Some ancient promise, breathing yet
 Of Immortality !
 Some martyr's prayer, wherein the glow
 Of quenchless faith survives .
 While every feature said—" *I know*
That my Redeemer lives "

And silent stood his children by,
 Hushing their very breath,
 Before the solemn sanctity
 Of thoughts o'ersweeping death.

* This little poem, which, as its Author herself expressed in a letter to Mrs. Joanna Baillie, was to her "a thing set apart," as being the last of her productions ever read to her beloved mother, was written at the request of a young lady, who thus made known her wish "that Mrs. Hemans would embody in poetry a picture that so warmed a daughter's heart:"

"Upon going into our dear father's sitting-room this morning, my sister and I found him deeply engaged reading his Bible, and being unwilling to interrupt such a holy occupation, we retired to the further end of the apartment, to gaze unobserved upon the serene picture. The bright morning sun was beaming on his venerable silver hair, while his defective sight increased the earnestness with which he perused the blessed book. Our fancy led us to believe that some immortal thought was engaging his mind, for he raised his fine open brow to the light, and we felt we had never loved him more deeply. After an involuntary prayer had passed from our hearts, we whispered to each other, 'Oh ! if Mrs. Hemans could only see our father at this moment, her glowing pen would detain the scene, for even as we gaze upon it the bright gleam is vanishing.'"

"December 9, 1826."

Silent—yet did not each young breast
 With love and reverence melt?
 Oh! blest be those fair girls, and blest
 That home where God is felt!

THE MEETING OF THE BROTHERS *

—“ His early days
 Were with him in his heart.”—*Wordsworth*

THE voices of two forest boys,
 In years when hearts entwine,
 Had fill'd with childhood's merry noise
 A valley of the Rhine:
 To rock and stream that sound was known,
 Gladsome as hunter's bugle tone.

The sunny laughter of their eyes,
 There had each vineyard seen:
 Up every cliff whence eagles rise,
 Their bounding step hath been:
 Ay! their bright youth a glory threw,
 O'er the wild place wherein they grew.

But this, as day-spring's flush was brief
 As early bloom or dew;
 Alas! 'tis but the wither'd leaf
 That wears the enduring hue:
 Those rocks along the Rhine's fair shore,
 Might girdle in their world no more.

For now on manhood's verge they stood,
 And heard life's thrilling call,
 As if a silver clarion woo'd
 To some high festival;
 And parted as young brothers part,
 With love in each unsullied heart.

They parted—soon the paths divide
 Wherein our steps were one,
 Like river branches, far and wide,
 Dissevering as they run;
 And making strangers in their course,
 Of waves that had the same bright source.
 Met they no more?—once more they met,
 Those kindred hearts and true!
 'Twas on a field of death, where yet
 The battle thunders flew,
 Though the fierce day was well nigh past,
 And the red sunset smiled its last.

* For the tale on which this little poem is founded, see *L'Hermit
 en Italia*.

But as the combat closed, they found
 For tender thoughts a space,
 And e'en upon that bloody ground
 Room for one bright embrace,
 And pour'd forth on each other's neck
 Such tears as warriors need not check.
 The mists o'er boyhood's memory spread
 All melted with those tears,
 The faces of the holy dead
 Rose as in vanish'd years;
 The Rhine, the Rhine, the ever blest,
 Lifted its voice in each full breast!
 Oh! was it *then* a time to die?
 It was!—that not in vain
 The soul of childhood's purity
 And peace might turn again:
 A ball swept forth—'twas guided well—
 Heart unto heart those brothers fell!
 Happy, yes, happy thus to go!
 Bearing from earth away
 Affections, gifted ne'er to know
 A shadow, a decay.
 A passing touch of change or chill,
 A breath of aught whose breath can kill.
 And they, between whose sever'd souls,
 Once in close union tied,
 A gulf is set, a current rolls
 For ever to divide;
 Well may *they* envy such a lot,
 Whose hearts yearn on—but mingle not

THE LAST WISH.

Well may I weep to leave this world—thee—all these beautiful woods, and plains, and hills."—*Lights and Shadows.*

Go to the forest shade,
 Seek thou the well known glade,
 Where, heavy with sweet dew, the violets lie
 Gleaming through moss-tufts deep,
 Like dark eyes fill'd with sleep,
 And bathed in hues of Summer's midnight sky.
 Bring me their buds, to shed
 Around my dying bed
 A breath of May and of the wood's repose;
 For I in sooth, depart
 With a reluctant heart,
 That fain would linger where the bright sun glows.

Fain would I stay with thee—
 Alas! this may not be;
 Yet bring me still the gifts of happier hours!
 Go where the fountain's breast
 Catches, in glassy rest,
 The dim green light that pours through laurel bowers.

I know how softly bright,
 Steep'd in that tender light,
 The water-lilies tremble there e'en now;
 Go to the pure stream's edge,
 And from its whispering sedge
 Bring me those flowers to cool my fever'd brow!

Then, as in Hope's young days,
 Track thou the antique maze
 Of the rich garden to its grassy mound;
 There is a lone white rose,
 Shedding, in sudden snows,
 Its faint leaves o'er the emerald turf around.

Well know'st thou that fair tree—
 A murmur of the bee
 Dwells ever in the honey'd lime above;
 Bring me one pearly flower
 Of all its clustering shower—
 For on that spot we first reveal'd our love.

Gather one woodbine bough,
 Then, from the lattice low
 Of the bower'd cottage which I bade the mark,
 When by the hamlet last,
 Through dim wood lanes we pass'd,
 While dews were glancing to the glowworm's spark

Haste! to my pillow bear
 Those fragrant things and fair;
 My hand no more may bind them up at eve—
 Yet shall their odor soft
 One bright dream round me waft
 Of life, youth, summer—all that I must leave!

And, oh! if thou would'st ask
 Wherefore thy steps I task,
 The grove, the stream the hamlet vale to trace—
 'Tis that some thought of me,
 When I am gone, may be
 The spirit bound to each familiar place.

I bid mine image dwell
 (Oh! break not thou the spell!)
 In the deep wood and by the fountain side;
 Thou must not, my beloved!
 Rove where we two have roved,
 Forgetting her that in her Spring-time died!

FAIRY FAVORS.

—— Give me but
 Something whereunto I may bind my heart :
 Something to love, to rest upon, to clasp
 Affection's tendrils round.——

WOULD'ST thou wear the gift of immortal bloom ?
 Would'st thou smile in scorn at the shadowy tomb ?
 Drink of this cup ! it is richly fraught
 With balm from the gardens of genii brought ;
 Drink, and the spoiler shall pass thee by,
 When the young all scatter'd like rose leaves lie.

And would not the youth of my soul be gone,
 If the loved had left me, one by one ?
 Take back the cup that may never bless,
 The gift that would make me brotherless ;
 How should I live, with no kindred eye
 To reflect mine immortality !

Would'st thou have empire, by sign or spell,
 Over the mighty in air that dwell ?
 Would'st thou call the spirits of shore and steep
 To fetch thee jewels from ocean's deep ?
 Wave but this rod, and a viewless band,
 Slaves to thy will, shall around thee stand.

And would not fear, at my coming then,
 Hush every voice in the homes of men ?
 Would not bright eyes in my presence quail ?
 Young cheeks with a nameless thrill turn pale ?
 No gift be mine that aside would turn
 The human love for whose founts I yearn !

Would'st thou then read through the hearts of those
 Upon whose faith thou hast sought repose ?
 Wear this rich gem ! it is charm'd to show
 When a change comes over affection's glow,
 Look on its flushing or fading hue,
 And learn if the trusted be false or true !

Keep, keep the gem, that I still may trust,
 Though my heart's wealth be but pour'd on dust !
 Let not a doubt in my soul have place,
 To dim the light of a loved one's face ;
 Leave to the earth its warm sunny smile—
 That glory would pass could I look on guile !

Say, then, what boon of my power shall be
 Favor'd of spirits ! pour'd forth on thee ?
 Thou scornest the treasures of wave and mine
 Thou wilt not drink of the cup divine,
 Thou art fain with a mortal's lot to rest—
 Answer me ! how may I grace it best ?

Oh! give me no sway o'er the powers unseen,
 But a human heart where my own may lean!
 A friend, one tender and faithful friend,
 Whose thoughts' free current with mine may blend,
 And leaving not either on earth alone,
 Bid the bright calm close of our lives be one!

ANNOTATIONS

OS

"RECORDS OF WOMAN," &c.

WE feel certain that every admirer of the genius of Mrs. Hemans will be obliged to us for here reprinting, almost at length, the admirable Critique on her writings which appeared in the XCIXth Number of the *Edinburgh Review*. The acumen, the clear-sightedness the taste, and elegance of Lord Jeffrey, are evident throughout.

"Women, we fear, cannot do every thing; nor even every thing they attempt. But what they can do, they do, for the most part, excellently—and much more frequently with an absolute and perfect success, than the aspirants of our rougher and more ambitious sex. They cannot, we think, represent naturally the fierce and sullen passions of men—nor their coarser vices—nor even scenes of actual business or contention—and the mixed motives, and strong and faulty characters, by which affairs of moment are usually conducted on the great theatre of the world. For much of this they are disqualified by the delicacy of their training and habits, and the still more disabling delicacy which pervades their conceptions and feelings; and from much they are excluded by their actual inexperience of the realities they might wish to describe—by their substantial and incurable ignorance of business—of the way in which serious affairs are actually managed—and the true nature of the agents and impulses that give movement and direction to the stronger currents of ordinary life. Perhaps they are also incapable of long moral or political investigations, where many complex and indeterminate elements are to be taken into account, and a variety of opposite probabilities to be weighed before coming to a conclusion. They are generally too impatient to get at the ultimate results, to go well through with such discussions; and either stop short at some imperfect view of the truth, or turn aside to repose in the shadow of some plausible error. This, however, we are persuaded, arises entirely from their being seldom set on such tedious tasks. Their proper and natural business is the practical regulation of private life, in all its bearings, affections, and concerns; and the questions with which they have to deal in that most important department, though often of the utmost difficulty and nicety, involve, for the most part, but few elements; and may generally be better described as delicate than intricate—requiring for their solution rather a quick tact and fine perception than a patient or laborious examination. For the same reason, they rarely succeed in long works, even on subjects the best suited to their genius; their natural training rendering them equally averse to long doubt and long labor.

"For all other intellectual efforts, however, either of the understanding or the fancy, and requiring a thorough knowledge either of man's strength or his weakness, we apprehend them to be, in all respects, as well qualified as their brethren of the stronger sex; while, in their perceptions of grace, propriety, ridicule—their power of detecting artifice, hypocrisy, and affectation—the force and promptitude of their sympathy, and their capacity of noble and devoted attachment, and of the efforts and sacrifices it may require, they are, beyond all doubt, our superiors.

"Their business being, as we have said, with actual or social life, and the colors it receives from the conduct and dispositions of individuals, they unconsciously acquire, at a very early age, the finest perception of character and manners, and are almost as soon instinctively schooled in the deep and dangerous learning of feeling and emotion; while the very minuteness with which they make and meditate on these interesting observations, and the finer shades and variations of sentiment which are thus treasured and recorded, trains their whole faculties to a nicety and precision of operation, which often discloses itself to advantage in their application to studies of a very different character. When women, accordingly, have turned their minds—as they have done but too seldom—to the exposition or arrangement of any branch of knowledge, they have commonly exhibited, we think, a more beautiful accuracy, and a more uniform and complete justness of thinking, than their less discriminating brethren. There is a finish and completeness about every thing they put out of their hands, which indicates not only an inherent taste for elegance and neatness, but a habit of nice observation, and singular exactness of judgment.

"It has been so little the fashion, at any time, to encourage women to write for publication, that it is more difficult than it should be to prove these truths by examples. Yet there are enough, within the reach of a very careless and superficial glance over the open field of literature, to enable us to explain, at least, and illustrate, if not entirely to verify, our assertions. No *man*, we will venture to say, could have written the letters of Madame de Sevigné, or the novels of Miss Austin, or the hymns and early lessons of Mrs. Barbauld, or the conversations of Mrs. Marcet. These performances, too, are not only essentially and intensely feminine, but they are, in our judgment, decidedly more perfect than any masculine productions with which they can be brought into comparison. They accomplish more completely all the ends at which they aim, and are worked out with a gracefulness and felicity of execution which excludes all idea of failure, and entirely satisfies the expectations they may have raised. We might easily have added to these instances. There are many parts of Miss Edgeworth's earlier stories, and of Miss Mitford's sketches and descriptions, and not a little of Mrs. Opie's, that exhibit the same fine and penetrating spirit of observation, the same softness and delicacy of hand, and unerring truth of delineation, to which we have alluded as characterising the pure specimens of female art. The same distinguishing traits of a woman's spirit are visible through the grief and the piety of Lady Russell, and the gaiety, the spite, and the venturesomeness of Lady Mary Wortley. We have not as yet much female poetry; but there is a truly feminine tenderness, purity, and elegance, in the *Psyche* of Mrs. Tighe, and in some of the smaller pieces of Lady Craven. On some of the works of Madame de Staël—her *Corinne* especially—there is a still deeper stamp of the genius of her sex. Her pictures of its boundless devotedness—its depth and capacity of suffering—its high aspirations—its painful irritability, and inextinguishable thirst for emotion, are powerful specimens of that morbid anatomy of the heart, which

no hand but that of a woman's was fine enough to have laid open, or skilful enough to have recommended to our sympathy and love. There is the same exquisite and inimitable delicacy, if not the same power, in many of the happier passages of Madame de Souza and Madame Cottin—to say nothing of the more lively and yet melancholy records of Madame de Staël, during her long penance in the Court of the Duchesse de Maine.

“But we are preluding too largely; and must come at once to the point, to which the very heading of this article has already admonished the most careless of our readers that we are tending. We think the poetry of Mrs. Hemans a fine exemplification of female poetry, and we think it has much of the perfection which we have ventured to ascribe to the happier productions of female genius.

“It may not be the best imaginable poetry, and may not indicate the very highest or most commanding genius; but it embraces a great deal of that which gives the very best poetry its chief power of pleasing; and would strike us, perhaps, as more impassioned and exalted, if it were not regulated and harmonized by the most beautiful taste. It is infinitely sweet, elegant, and tender—touching, perhaps, and contemplative, rather than vehement and overpowering; and not only finished throughout with an exquisite delicacy, and even serenity of execution, but informed with a purity and loftiness of feeling, and a certain sober and humble tone of indulgence and piety, which must satisfy all judgments, and allay the apprehensions of those who are most afraid of the passionate exaggerations of poetry. The diction is always beautiful, harmonious, and free; and the themes, though of infinite variety, uniformly treated with a grace, originality, and judgment which mark the same master-hand. These themes she has borrowed, with the peculiar interest and imagery that belong to them, from the legends of different nations, and the most opposite states of society; and has contrived to retain much of what is interesting and peculiar in each of them, without adopting, along with it, any of the revolting or extravagant excesses which may characterise the taste or manners of the people or the age from which it has been derived. She has thus transfused into her German or Scandinavian legends, the imaginative and daring tone of the originals, without the mystical exaggerations of the one, or the painful fierceness and coarseness of the other—she has preserved the clearness and elegance of the French, without their coldness or affectation—and the tenderness and simplicity of the early Italians, without their diffuseness or languor. Though occasionally expatiating, somewhat fondly and at large, amongst the sweets of her own planting, there is, on the whole, a great condensation and brevity in most of her pieces, and, almost without exception, a most judicious and vigorous conclusion. The great merit, however, of her poetry, is undoubtedly in its tenderness and its beautiful imagery. The first requires no explanation; but we must be allowed to add a word as to the peculiar charm and character of the latter.

“It has always been our opinion, that the very essence of poetry, apart from the pathos, the wit, or the brilliant description which may be embodied in it, but may exist equally in prose, consists in the fine perception and vivid expression of that subtle and mysterious analogy which exists between the physical and the moral world—which makes outward things and qualities the natural types and emblems of inward gifts and emotions, and leads us to ascribe life and sentiment to every thing that interests us in the aspects of external nature. The feeling of this analogy, obscure and inexplicable as the theory of it may be, is so deep and universal in our nature, that it has stamped itself on the ordinary language of men of every kindred and speech: and that to such an extent, that one half of the epithets

by which we familiarly designate moral and physical qualities, are in reality so many metaphors, borrowed reciprocally, upon this analogy, from those opposite forms of existence. The very familiarity, however, of the expression, in these instances, takes away its poetical effect—and indeed, in substance, its metaphorical character. The original sense of the word is entirely forgotten in the derivative one to which it has succeeded; and it requires some etymological recollection to convince us that it was originally nothing else than a typical or analogical illustration. Thus we talk of a penetrating understanding, and a furious blast—a weighty argument, and a gentle stream—without being at all aware that we are speaking in the language of poetry, and transferring qualities from one extremity of the sphere of being to another. In these cases, accordingly, the metaphor, by ceasing to be felt, in reality ceases to exist; and the analogy being no longer intimated, of course can produce no effect. But whenever it is intimated, it does produce an effect; and that effect, we think, is poetry.

“It has substantially two functions, and operates in two directions. In the *first* place, it strikes vividly out, and flashes at once on our minds, the conception of an inward feeling or emotion, which it might otherwise have been difficult to convey, by the presentment of some bodily form or quality, which is instantly felt to be its true representative; and enables us to fix and comprehend it with a force and clearness not otherwise attainable: and, in the *second* place, it vivifies dead and inanimate matter with the attributes of living and sentient mind; and fills the whole visible universe around us with objects of interest and sympathy, by tinging them with the hues of life, and associating them with our own passions and affections. This magical operation the poet, too, performs, for the most part, in one of two ways—either by the direct agency of similes and metaphors, more or less condensed or developed, or by the mere graceful presentment of such visible objects on the scene of his passionate dialogues or adventures, as partake of the character of the emotion he wishes to excite, and thus form an appropriate accompaniment or preparation for its direct indulgence or display. The former of those methods has perhaps been most frequently employed, and certainly has most attracted attention. But the latter, though less obtrusive, and perhaps less frequently resorted to of set purpose, is, we are inclined to think, the most natural and efficacious of the two; and is often adopted, we believe, unconsciously by poets of the highest order—the predominant emotion of their minds overflowing spontaneously on all the objects which present themselves to their fancy, and calling out from them, and coloring with its own hues, those that are naturally emblematic of its character, and in accordance with its general expression. It would be easy to show how habitually this is done by Shakspeare and Milton especially, and how much many of their finest passages are indebted both for force and richness of effect to this general and diffusive harmony of the external character of their scenes with the passions of their living agents—this harmonizing and appropriate glow with which they kindle the whole surrounding atmosphere, and bring all that strikes the sense into union with all that touches the heart.

“But it is more to our present purpose to say, that we think the fair writer before us is eminently a mistress of this poetical secret; and, in truth, it was solely for the purpose of illustrating this great charm and excellence in her imagery, that we have ventured upon this little dissertation. Almost all her poems are rich with fine descriptions, and studded over with images of visible beauty. But these are never idle ornaments; all her pomps have a meaning; and her flowers and her gems are arranged, as they are said to be among

Eastern lovers, so as to speak the language of truth and of passion. This is peculiarly remarkable in some little pieces, which seem at first sight to be purely descriptive—but are soon found to tell upon the heart, with a deep moral and pathetic impression. But it is a truth nearly as conspicuous in the greater part of her productions, where we scarcely meet with any striking sentiment that is not ushered in by some such symphony of external nature, and scarcely a lovely picture that does not serve as a foreground to some deep or lofty emotion. We may illustrate this proposition, we think, by opening either of these little volumes at random, and taking what they first present to us.—The following exquisite lines, for example, on a Palm-tree in an English garden:

‘It waved not through an Eastern sky,
Beside a fount of Araby,’ &c.

“The following, which the author has named, ‘Graves of a Household,’ has rather less of external scenery, but serves, like the others, to show how well the graphic and pathetic may be made to set off each other:

‘They grew in beauty, side by side.
They fill’d one home with glee,’ &c.

“We have taken these pieces chiefly on account of their shortness; But it would not be fair to Mrs. Hemans not to present our readers with one longer specimen—and to give a portion of her graceful narrative along with her pathetic descriptions. This story, of “The Lady of the Castle,” is told, we think, with great force and sweetness:

‘Thou see’st her pictured with her shining hair,
(Famed where these tresses in Provencal song,)’ &c.

“The following sketch of ‘Joan of Arc in Rheims,’ is in a loftier and more ambitious vein; but sustained with equal grace, and as touching in its solemn tenderness. We can afford to extract but a part of it:

— ‘Within, the light,
Through the rich gloom of pictured windows flowing,’ &c.

“There are several strains of a more passionate character; especially in the two poetical epistles from Lady Arabella Stuart and Pro-perzia Rossi. We shall venture to give a few lines from the former. The Lady Arabella was of royal descent; and having excited the fears of our pusillanimous James by a secret union with the Lord Seymour, was detained in a cruel captivity, by that heartless monarch, till the close of her life—during which she is supposed to have dictated this letter to her lover from her prison-house.

‘My friend, my friend! where art thou! Day by day,
Gliding, like some dark mournful stream, away,’ &c.

“The following, though it has no very distinct object or moral, breathes, we think, the very spirit of poetry, in its bright and vague picturings, and is well entitled to the name it bears—‘An Hour of Romance:’

‘There were thick leaves above me and around,
And low sweet sighs like those of childhood’s sleep,’ &c.

“There is great sweetness in the following portion of a little poem on a ‘Girl’s School:’—

‘Oh! joyous creatures! that will sink to rest,
Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,’ &c.

“There is a fine and stately solemnity in these lines on ‘The Lost Pleiad:’

‘Hath the night lost a gem, the regal night?
She wears her crown of old magnificence,’ &c.

"The following on 'The Dying Improvisatore,' have a rich lyrical cadence, and glow of deep feeling:—

'Never, oh? never more,
On thy Rome's purple heaven mine eye shall dwell,' &c.

"But we must stop here. There would be no end of our extracts, if we were to yield to the temptation of noting down every beautiful passage which arrests us in turning over the leaves of the volumes before us. We ought to recollect, too, that there are few to whom our pages are likely to come, who are not already familiar with their beauties; and, in fact, we have made these extracts, less with the presumptuous belief that we are introducing Mrs. Hemans for the first time to the knowledge or admiration of our readers, than from a desire of illustrating, by means of them, the singular felicity in the choice and employment of her imagery, of which we have already spoken so much at large;—that fine accord she has established between the world of sense and of soul—that delicate blending of our deep inward emotions with their splendid symbols and emblems without.

SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS; WITH OTHER POEMS.

They tell but dreams—a lonely spirit's dreams;
Yet ever through their fleeting imagery
Wanders a vein of melancholy love,
An aimless thought of home; as in the song
Of the caged skylark ye may deem there dwells
A passionate memory of blue skies and flowers,
And living streams—far off!

A SPIRIT'S RETURN.

"This is to be a mortal,
And seek the things beyond mortality!"—*Manfred*.

Thy voice prevails—dear friend, my gentle friend!
This long-shut heart for thee shall be unseal'd,
And though thy soft eye Mournfully will bend
Over the troubled stream, yet once reveal'd
Shall its freed waters flow; then rocks must close
For evermore, above their dark repose.

Come while the gorgeous mysteries of the sky
Fused in the crimson sea of sunset lie;
Come to the woods, where all strange wandering sound
Is mingled into harmony profound;
Where the leaves thrill with spirit, while the wind
Fills with a viewless being, unconfined,

The trembling reeds and fountains—our own dell,
 With its green dimness and Æolian breath,
 Shall suit th' unveiling of dark records well—
 Hear me in tenderness and silent faith !

Thou knew'st me not in life's fresh vernal morn—
 I would thou had'st !—for then my heart on thine
 Had pour'd a worthier love : now, all o'erworn
 By its deep thirst for something too divine,
 It hath but fitful music to bestow,
 Echoes of harp-strings broken long ago.

Yet even in youth companionless I stood,
 As a lone forest-bird 'midst ocean's foam ;
 For me the silver cords of brotherhood
 Were early loosed ; the voices from my home
 Pass'd one by one, and melody and mirth
 Left me a dreamer by a silent hearth.

But, with the fulness of a heart that burn'd
 For the deep sympathies of mind, I turn'd
 From that unanswering spot, and fondly sought
 In all wild scenes with thrilling murmurs fraught,
 In every still small voice and sound of power,
 And flute-note of the wind through cave and bower,
 A perilous delight !—for then first woke
 My life's lone passion, the mysterious quest
 Of secret knowledge ; and each tone that broke
 From the wood-arches or the fountain's breast,
 Making my quick soul vibrate as a lyre,
 But minister'd to that strange inborn fire.

'Midst the bright silence of the mountain dells,
 In noontide hours or golden summer-eves,
 My thoughts have burst forth as a gale that swells
 Into a rushing blast, and from the leaves
 Shakes out response. O thou rich world unseen !
 That curtain'd realm of spirits !—thus my cry
 Hath troubled air and silence—dost thou lie
 Spread all around, yet by some filmy screen
 Shut from us ever ? The resounding woods,
 Do their depths teem with marvels ?—and the floods,
 And the pure fountains, leading secret veins
 Of quenchless melody through rock and hill,
 Have they bright dwellers ?—are their lone domains
 Peopled with beauty, which may never still
 Our weary thirst of soul ?—Cold, weak and cold,
 Is earth's vain language, piercing not one fold
 Of our deep being ! Oh, for gifts more high !
 For a seer's glance to rend mortality !
 For a charm'd rod, to call from each dark shrine
 The oracles divine !

I woke from those high fantasies, to know
 My kindred with the earth—I woke to love:
 O gentle friend! to love in doubt and woe,
 Shutting the heart the worshipp'd name above,
 Is to love deeply—and *my* spirit's dower
 Was a sad gift, a melancholy power
 Of so adoring—with a buried care,
 And with the o'erflowing of a voiceless prayer,
 And with a deepening dream, that day by day,
 In the still shadow of its lonely sway,
 Folded me closer, till the world held nought
 Save the *one* being to my centred thought.
 There was no music but his voice to hear,
 No joy but such as with *his* step drew near;
 Life was but where he look'd—life where he moved;
 Silently, fervently, thus, thus I loved.
 Oh! but such love is fearful!—and I knew
 Its gathering doom:—the soul's prophetic sight
 Even then unfolded in my breast, and threw
 O'er all things round a full, strong, vivid light,
 Too sorrowfully clear!—an under-tone
 Was given to Nature's harp, for me alone
 Whispering of grief.—Of grief?—be strong, awake!
 Hath not thy love been victory, O, my soul?
 Hath not its conflict won a voice to shake
 Death's fastnesses?—a magic to control
 Worlds far removed?—from o'er the grave to thee
 Love hath made answer; and *thy* tale should be
 Sung like a lay of triumph!—Now return,
 And take thy treasure from its bosom'd urn,
 And lift it once to light!

In fear, in pain,
 I said I loved—but yet a heavenly strain
 Of sweetness floated down the tearful stream,
 A joy flash'd through the trouble of my dream!
 I knew myself beloved!—we breathed no vow,
 No mingling visions might our fate allow,
 As unto happy hearts; but still and deep,
 Like a rich jewel gleaming in a grave,
 Like golden sand in some dark river's wave,
 So did my soul that costly knowledge keep
 So jealously!—a thing o'er which to shed,
 When stars alone beheld the drooping head,
 Lone tears! yet oftentimes burden'd with the excess
 Of our strange nature's quivering happiness.

But, oh! sweet friend! we dream not of love's might
 Till death has robed with soft and solemn light
 The image we enshrine!—Before *that* hour,
 We have but glimpses of the o'ermastering power
 Within us laid!—*then* doth the spirit-flame
 With sword-like lightning rend its mortal frame;

The wings of that which pants to follow fast
 Shake their clay-bars, as with a prison'd blast—
 The sea is in our souls!

He died—he died
 On whom my lone devotedness was cast!
 I might not keep one vigil by his side,
 I, whose wrung heart watch'd with him to the last!
 I might not once his fainting head sustain,
 Nor bathe his parch'd lips in the hour of pain,
 Nor say to him, "Farewell!"—He pass'd away—
 Oh! had *my* love been there, its conquering sway
 Had won him back from death!—but thus removed,
 Borne o'er the abyss no sounding-line hath proved,
 Join'd with the unknown, the viewless—he became
 Unto my thoughts another, yet the same—
 Changed—hallow'd—glorified!—and his low grave
 Seem'd a bright mournful altar—mine, all mine:—
 Brother and friend soon left me *that* sole shrine,
 The birthright of the faithful!—*their* world's wave
 Soon swept them from its brink.—Oh! deem thou not
 That on the sad and consecrated spot
 My soul grew weak!—I tell thee that a power
 There kindled heart and lip—a fiery shower
 My words were made—a might was given to prayer,
 And a strong grasp to passionate despair,
 And a dread triumph!—Know'st thou what I sought?
 For what high boon my struggling spirit wrought?
 —Communion with the dead!—I sent a cry,
 Through the veil'd empires of eternity,
 A voice to cleave them! by the mournful truth,
 By the lost promise of my blighted youth,
 By the strong chain a mighty love can bind
 On the beloved, the spell of mind o'er mind;
 By words, which in themselves are magic high,
 Arm'd and inspir'd, and wing'd with agony;
 By tears, which comfort not, but burn, and seem
 To bear the heart's blood in their passion-stream;
 I summon'd, I adjured!—with quicken'd sense,
 With the keen vigil of a life intense,
 I watch'd, an answer from the winds to wring,
 I listen'd, if perchance the stream might bring
 Token from worlds afar; I taught *one* sound
 Unto a thousand echoes—one profound
 Imploring accent to the tomb, the sky—
 One prayer to-night—"Awake, appear, reply!"
 Hast thou been told that from the viewless bourne,
 The dark way never hath allow'd return?
 That all which tears can move, with life is fled—
 That earthly love is powerless on the dead?
 Believe it not!—there is a large lone star
 Now burning o'er yon western hill afar,

And under its clear light there lies a spot
Which well might utter forth—Believe it not!

I sat beneath that planet—I had wept
My woe to stillness, every night-wind slept;
A hush was on the hills; the very streams
Went by like clouds, or noiseless founts in dreams,
And the dark tree o'ershadowing me that hour,
Stood motionless, even as the grey church-tower
Whereon I gazed unconsciously:—there came
A low sound, like the tremor of a flame,
Or like the light quick shiver of a wing,
Flitting through twilight woods, across the air;
And I look'd up!—Oh! for strong words to bring
Conviction o'er thy thought!—Before me there,
He, the departed, stood!—Ay, face to face,
So near, and yet how far!—his form, his mien,
Gave to remembrance back each burning trace
Within:—Yet something awfully serene,
Pure, sculpture-like, on the pale brow, that wore
Of the once beating heart no token more;
And stillness on the lip—and o'er the hair
A gleam that trembled through the breathless air:
And an unfathom'd calm, that seem'd to lie
In the grave sweetness of the illumined eye;
Told of the gulfs between our being set,
And, as that unsheathed spirit-glance I met,
Made my soul faint:—with *fear*? Oh! *not* with *fear*!
With the sick feeling that in *his* far sphere
My love could be as nothing! But he spoke—
How shall I tell thee of the startling thrill
In that low voice, whose breezy tones could fill
My bosom's infinite? O, friend. I woke
Then first to heavenly life!—Soft, solemn, clear,
Breathed the mysterious accents on mine ear,
Yet strangely seem'd as if the while they rose
From depths of distance, o'er the wide repose
Of slumbering waters wafted, or the dells
Of mountains, hollow with sweet echo-cells;
But, as they murmur'd on, the mortal chill
Pass'd from me, like a mist before the morn,
And, to that glorious intercourse upborne
By slow degrees, a calm, divinely still,
Possess'd my frame: I sought that lighted eye—
From its intense and searching purity
I drank in *soul*!—I question'd of the dead—
Of the hush'd, starry shores their footsteps tread,
And I was answer'd:—if remembrance there,
With dreamy whispers fill the immortal air;
If thought, here piled from many a jewel-heap,
Be treasure in that pensive land to keep;
If love, o'ersweeping change, and blight, and blast
Find *there* the music of his home at last;

I ask'd, and I was answer'd :—Full and high
 Was that communion with eternity,
 Too rich for aught so fleeting !—Like a knell
 Swept o'er my sense its closing words, " Farewell,
 On earth we meet no more !"—and all was gone—
 The pale bright settled brow—the thrilling tone,
 The still and shining eye ! and never more
 May twilight gloom or midnight hush restore
 That radiant guest ! One full-fraught hour of heaven,
 To earthly passion's wild implorings given,
 Was made my own—the ethereal fire hath shiver'd
 The fragile censer in whose mould it quiver'd,
 Brightly, consumingly ! What now is left ?
 A faded world, of glory's hues bereft—
 A void, a chain !—I dwell 'midst throngs, apart,
 In the cold silence of the stranger's heart ;
 A fix'd, immortal shadow stands between
 My spirit and life's fast receding scene ;
 A gift hath sever'd me from human ties,
 A power is gone from all earth's melodies,
 Which never may return : their chords are broken,
 The music of another land hath spoken—
 No after-sound is sweet !—this weary thirst !
 And I have heard celestial fountains burst !
 What *here* shall quench it ?

Dost thou not rejoice,

When the spring sends forth an awakening voice
 Through the young woods ?—Thou dost !—And in that birth
 Of early leaves, and flowers, and songs of mirth,
 Thousands, like thee, find gladness !—Could'st thou know
 How every breeze then summons *me* to go !
 How all the light of love and beauty shed
 By those rich hours, but woos me to the dead !
 The *only* beautiful that change no more—
 The only loved !—the dwellers on the shore
 Of spring fulfill'd !—The dead !—*whom* call we so ?
 They that breathe purer air, that feel, that know
 Things wrapt from us !—Away !—within me pent,
 That which is barr'd from its own element
 Still droops or struggles !—But the day *will* come—
 Over the deep the free bird finds its home,
 And the stream lingers 'midst the rocks, yet greets
 The sea at last ; and the wing'd flower-seed meets
 A soil to rest in :—shall not *I*, too, be,
 My spirit-love ! upborne to dwell with thee ?
 Yes ! by the power whose conquering anguish stirr'd
 The tomb, whose cry beyond the stars was heard,
 Whose agony of triumph won thee back
 Through the dim pass no mortal step may track,
 Yet shall we meet !—that glimpse of joy divine
 Proved thee for ever and for ever mine !

THE LADY OF PROvence.*

"Courage was cast about her like a dress
Of solemn comeliness,
A gather'd mind and an untroubled face
Did give her dangers grace." *Donne*

THE war-note of the Saracen
Was on the winds of France ;
It had still'd the harp of the Troubadour,
And the clash of the tourney's lance.

The sounds of the sea, and the sounds of the night,
And the hollow echoes of charge and flight,
Were around Clotilde, as she knelt to pray
In a chapel where the mighty lay,
On the old Provençal shore ;

Many a Chatillon beneath,
Unstirr'd by the ringing trumpet's breath,
His shroud of armor wore.

And the glimpses of moonlight that went and came
Through the clouds like bursts of a dying flame,
Gave quivering life to the slumber pale
Of stern forms couch'd in their marble mail,
At rest on the tombs of the knightly race,
The silent throngs of that burial-place.

They were imaged there with helm and spear,
As leaders in many a bold career,
And haughty their stillness look'd and high,
Like a sleep whose dreams were of victory ;
But meekly the voice of the lady rose,
Through the trophies of their proud repose ;
Meekly, yet fervently calling down aid.
Under their banners of battle she pray'd ;
With her pale fair brow, and her eyes of love,
Upraised to the Virgin's portray'd above,
And her hair flung back, till it swept the grave
Of a Chatillon with its gleamy wave.
And her fragile frame, at every blast,
That full of the savage war-horn pass'd,
Trembling, as trembles a bird's quick heart,
When it vainly strives from its cage to part—

So knelt she in her woe ;
A weeper alone with the tearless dead—
Oh ! they reck not of tears o'er their quiet shed.
Or the dust had stirr'd below !

Hark ! a swift step ! she hath caught its tone,
Through the dash of the sea, through the wild wind's moan ;

* Founded on an incident in the early French history.

Is her lord return'd with his conquering bands?
 No! a breathless vassal before her stands! [host?"
 —"Hast thou been on the field?—Art thou come from the
 —"From the slaughter, lady!—All, all is lost!
 Our banners are taken, our knights laid low,
 Our spearmen chased by the Paynim foe;
 And thy lord," his voice took a sadder sound—
 "Thy lord—he is not on the bloody ground!
 There are those who tell that the leader's plume
 Was seen on the flight through the gathering gloom."
 —A change o'er her mien and her spirit pass'd;
 She ruled the heart which had beat so fast,
 She dash'd the tears from her kindling eye,
 With a glance, as of sudden royalty:
 The proud blood sprang in a fiery flow,
 Quick o'er bosom, and cheek, and brow,
 And her young voice rose till the peasant shook
 At the thrilling tone and the falcon look:
 —"Dost thou stand by the tombs of the glorious dead,
 And fear not to say that their son hath fled?
 —Away! he is lying by lance and shield,—
 Point me the path to his battle-field!"

The shadows of the forest
 Are about the lady now;
 She is hurrying through the midnight on,
 Beneath the dark pine-bough.

There's a murmur of omens in every leaf,
 There's a wail in the stream like the dirge of a chief;
 The branches that rock to the tempest-strife,
 Are groaning like things of troubled life;
 The wind from the battle seems rushing by
 With a funeral-march through the gloomy sky;
 The pathway is rugged, and wild, and long,
 But her frame in the daring of love is strong,
 And her soul as on swelling seas upborne,
 And girded all fearful things to scorn.

And fearful things were around her spread,
 When she reach'd the field of the warrior-dead:
 There lay the noble, the valiant, low—
 Ay! but *one* word speaks of deeper woe;
 There lay the *loved*—on each fallen head
 Mothers vain blessings and tears had shed;
 Sisters were watching in many a home
 For the fetter'd footstep, no more to come;
 Names in the prayer of that night were spoken,
 Whose claim unto kindred prayer was broken;
 And the fire was heap'd, and the bright wine pour'd,
 For those, now needing nor hearth nor board;
 Only a requiem, a shroud, a knell,
 And oh! ye beloved of women, farewell!

Silently, with lips compress'd,
 Pale hands clasp'd above her breast,
 Stately brow of anguish high,
 Deathlike cheek, but dauntless eye ;
 Silently, o'er that red plain,
 Moved the lady 'midst the slain.

Sometimes it seem'd as a charging cry,
 Or the ringing tramp of a steed, came nigh ;
 Sometimes a blast of the Paynim horn,
 Sudden and shril from the mountains borne ;
 And her maidens trembled ; but on *her* ear
 No meaning fell with those sounds of fear ;
 They had less of mastery to shake her now,
 Than the quivering, erewhile, of an aspen bough.
 She search'd into many an unclosed eye,
 That look'd, without soul, to the starry sky ;
 She bow'd down o'er many a shatter'd breast,
 She lifted up helmet and cloven crest—

Not there, not there he lay !
 "Lead where the most hath been dared and done,
 Where the heart of the battle hath bled,—lead on !"
 And the vassal took the way.

He turn'd to a dark and lonely tree
 That waved o'er a fountain red ;
 Oh ! swiftest *there* had the currents free
 From noble veins been shed.

Thickest there the spear-heads gleam'd
 And the scatter'd plumage stream'd,
 And the broken shields were toss'd,
 And the shiver'd lances cross'd,
 And the mail-clad sleepers round
 Made the harvest of that ground.

He was there ! the leader amidst his band
 Where the faithful had made their last vain stand :
 He was there ! but affection's glance alone
 The darkly-changed in that hour had known ;
 With a falchion yet in his cold hand grasp'd,
 And a banner of France to his bosom clasp'd,
 And the form that of conflict bore fearful trace,
 And the face—oh ! speak not of that dead face !
 As it lay to answer love's look no more,
 Yet never so proudly loved before !

She quell'd in her soul the deep floods of woe,
 The time was not yet for their waves to flow ;
 She felt the full presence, the might of death,
 Yet there came no sob with her struggling breath,
 And a proud smile shone o'er her pale despair,
 As she turned to his followers—"Your lord is there
 Look on him ! know him by scarf and crest !—
 Bear him away with his sires to rest !"

Another day, another night,
 And the sailor on the deep
 Hears the low chant of a funeral rite
 From the lordly chapel sweep.

It comes with a broken and muffled tone,
 As if that rite were in terror done :
 Yet the song 'midst the seas hath a thrilling power,
 And he knows 'tis a chieftain's burial hour.

Hurriedly, in fear and woe,
 Through the aisle the mourners go ;
 With a hush'd and stealthy tread,
 Bearing on the noble dead ;
 Sheath'd in armor of the field—
 Only his wan face reveal'd,
 Whence the still and solemn gleam
 Doth a strange sad contrast seem
 To the anxious eyes of that pale band,
 With torches wavering in every hand,
 For they dread each moment the shout of war,
 And the burst of the Moslem scimitar

There is no plumed head o'er the bier to bend,
 No brother of battle, no princely friend :
 No sound comes back like the sound of yore,
 Unto sweeping swords from the marble floor ;
 By the red fountain the valiant lie,
 The flower of Provençal chivalry ;
 But *one* free step, and one lofty heart,
 Bear through that scene to the last their part.

She hath led the death-train of the brave,
 To the verge of his own ancestral grave ;
 She hath held o'er her spirit long rigid sway,
 But the struggling passion must now have way ;
 In the cheek, half seen through her mourning veil,
 - By turns does the swift blood flush and fail ;
 The pride on the lip is lingering still,
 But it shakes as a flame to the blast might thrill ;
 Anguish and triumph are met at strife,
 Rending the cords of her frail young life ;
 And she sinks at last on her warrior's bier,
 Lifting her voice, as if death might hear.—

" I won thy fame from the breath of wrong
 My soul hath risen for thy glory strong !
 Now call me hence, by thy side to be,
 The world thou leav'st has no place for me.
 The light goes with thee, the joy, the worth—
 Faithful and tender ! Oh ! call me forth !
 Give me my home on thy noble heart,—
 Well have we loved, let us both depart !"—
 And pale on the breast of the dead she lay,
 The living cheek to the cheek of clay ;

The *living* cheek!—Oh! it was not in vain,
That strife of the spirit to rend its chain;
She is there at rest in her place of pride,
In death how queen-like—a glorious bride!

Joy for the freed one!—she might not stay
When the crown had fallen from her life away;
She might not linger—a weary thing,
A dove with no home for its broken wing,
Thrown on the harshness of alien skies,
That know not its own land's melodies.
From the long heart-withering early gone;
She hath lived—she hath loved—her task is done!

THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO.

“Tableau, où l'Amour fait alliance avec la Tombe; union redoutable de la mort et de la vie!”—*Madame de Staël.*

THERE was music on the midnight:
From a royal fane it roll'd,
And a mighty bell, each pause between,
Sternly and slowly toll'd.
Strange was their mingling in the sky,
It hush'd the listener's breath;
For the music spoke of triumph high,
The lonely bell, of death.

There was hurrying through the midnight
A sound of many feet;
But they fell with a muffled fearfulness
Along the shadowy street:
And softer, fainter, grew their tread,
As it near'd the minster gate,
Whence a broad and solemn light was shed
From a scene of royal state.

Full glow'd the strong red radiance
In the centre of the nave,
Where the folds of a purple canopy
Swept down in many a wave;
Loading the marble pavement old
With a weight of gorgeous gloom,
For something lay 'midst their fretted gold,
Like a shadow of the tomb.

And within that rich pavillion,
High on a glittering throne,
A woman's form sat silently,
Midst the glare of light alone.
Her jewell'd robes fell strangely still—
The drapery on her breast

Seem'd with no pulse beneath to thrill,
So stonelike was its rest!

But a peal of lordly music
Shook e'en the dust below,
When the burning gold of the diadem
Was set on her pallid brow!
Then died away that haughty sound,
And from the encircling band
Stepp'd prince and chief, midst the hush profound.
With homage to her hand.

Why pass'd a faint, cold shuddering
Over each martial frame,
As one by one, to touch that hand,
Noble and leader came?
Was not the settled aspect fair?
Did not a queenly grace,
Under the parted ebon hair,
Sit on the pale still face?

Death! death! canst *thou* be lovely
Unto the eye of life?
Is not each pulse of the quick high breast
With thy cold mien at strife?
—It was a strange and fearful sight,
The crown upon that head,
The glorious robes, and the blaze of light.
All gather'd round the Dead!

And beside her stood in silence
One with a brow as pale,
And white lips rigidly compress'd,
Lest the strong heart should fail:
King Pedro, with a jealous eye,
Watching the homage done,
By the land's flower and chivalry,
To her, his martyr'd one.

But on the face he looked not,
Which once his star had been;
To every form his glance was turn'd,
Save of the breathless queen;
Though something, won from the grave's embrace,
Of her beauty still was there,
Its hues were all of that shadowy place,
It was not for *him* to bear.

Alas! the crown, the sceptre,
The treasures of the earth,
And the priceless love that pour'd those gifts,
Alike of wasted worth!
The rites are closed:—bear back the dead
Unto the chamber deep!

Lay down again the royal head,
 Dust with the dust to sleep!
 There is music on the midnight—
 A requiem sad and slow,
 As the mourners through the sounding aisle
 In dark procession go;
 And the ring of state, and the starry crown,
 And all the rich array,
 Are borne to the house of silence down,
 With her, that queen of clay
 And tearlessly and firmly
 King Pedro led the train;
 But his face was wrapt in his folding robe,
 When they lower'd the dust again,
 'Tis hush'd at last the tomb above,
 Hymns die, and steps depart:
 Who call'd thee strong as Death, O Love?
 Mightier thou wast and art.

ITALIAN GIRL'S HYMN TO THE VIRGIN

"O sanctissima, O purissima!
 Dulcis Virgo Maria,
 Mater amata, intemerata,
 Ora, ora pro nobis."—*Sicilian Mariner's Hymn*

In the deep hour of dreams,
 Through the dark woods, and past the moaning sea
 And by the star-light gleams,
 Mother of sorrows! lo, I come to thee!

Unto thy shrine I bear
 Night-blowing flowers, like my own heart, to lie
 All, all unfolded there,
 Beneath the meekness of thy pitying eye.

For thou, that once did'st move,
 In thy still beauty, through an early home,
 Thou know'st the grief, the love,
 The fear of woman's soul;—to thee I come!

Many, and sad, and deep,
 Were the thoughts folded in thy silent breast;
 Thou, too, could'st watch and weep—
 Hear, gentlest mother! hear a heart oppress'd!

There is a wandering bark
 Bearing one from me o'er the restless wave:
 Oh! let thy soft eye mark
 His course;—be with him, holiest, guide and save!

My soul is on that way ;
 My thoughts are travellers o'er the waters dim ;
 Through the long weary day
 I walk, o'ershadow'd by vain dreams of him.

Aid him—and me, too, aid !
 Oh ! 'tis not well, this earthly love's excess !
 On thy weak child is laid
 The burden of too deep a tenderness.

Too much o'er *him* is pour'd
 My being's hope—scarce leaving Heaven a part ;
 Too fearfully adored,
 Oh ! make not him the chastener of my heart !

I tremble with a sense
 Of grief to be ;—I hear a warning low—
 Sweet mother ! call me hence !
 This wild idolatry must end in woe

The troubled joy of life,
 Love's lightning happiness, my soul hath known ;
 And, worn with feverish strife,
 Would fold its wings ; take back, take back thine own !

Hark ! how the wind swept by !
 The tempest's voice comes rolling o'er the wave—
 Hope of the sailor's eye,
 And maiden's heart, blest mother, guide and save !

TO A DEPARTED SPIRIT.

FROM the bright stars, or from the viewless air,
 Or from some world unreach'd by human thought,
 Spirit, sweet spirit ! if thy home be there,
 And if thy visions with the past be fraught,
Answer me, answer me !

Have we not communed here of life and death ?
 Have we not said that love, such love as ours,
 Was not to perish as a rose's breath,
 To melt away, like song from festal bowers ?
Answer, oh ! answer me !

Thine eye's last light was mine—the soul that shone
 Intensely, mournfully, through gathering haze—
 Did'st thou bear with thee to the shore unknown,
 Nought of what lived in that long, earnest gaze !
Hear, hear, and answer me !

Thy voice—its low, soft, fervent, farewell tone
 Thrill'd through the tempest of the parting strife,

Like a faint breeze :—oh ! from that music flown,
 Send back *one* sound, if love's be quenchless life,
 But once, oh ! answer me !

In the still noontide, in the sunset's hush,
 In the dead hour of night, when thought grows deep,
 When the heart's phantoms from the darkness rush,
 Fearfully beautiful, to strive with sleep—
 Spirit ! then answer me !

By the remembrance of our blended prayer ;
 By our tears, whose mingling made them sweet ;
 By our last hope, the victor o'er despair ;—
 Speak ! if our souls in deathless yearnings meet ;
 Answer me, answer me !

The grave is silent :—and the far-off sky,
 And the deep midnight—silent all, and lone !
 Oh ! if thy buried love make no reply,
 What voice has earth ?—Hear, pity, speak, mine own !
 Answer me, answer me !

THE CHAMOIS HUNTER'S LOVE.

"For all his wildness and proud phantasies,
 I love him !"—*Croly*.

Thy heart is in the upper world, where fleet the chamois
 bounds, [sounds ;
 Thy heart is where the mountain-fir shakes to the torrents
 And where the snow-peaks gleam like stars, through the still-
 ness of the air, [is there ;
 And where the Lauwine's* peal is heard—Hunter ! thy heart

I know thou lov'st me well, dear friend ! but better, better far,
 Thou lov'st that high and haughty life, with rocks and storms
 at war ;

In the green sunny vales with me, thy spirit would but pine,
 And yet I will be thine my love ! and yet I will be thine !

And I will not seek to woo thee down from those thy native
 heights,

With the sweet song, our land's own song, of pastoral delights ;
 For thou must live as eagles live, thy path is not as mine,
 And yet I will be thine, my love ! and yet I will be thine.

And I will leave my blessed home, my father's joyous hearth,
 With all the voices meeting there in tenderness and mirth,
 With all the kind and laughing eyes, that in its fire-light shine,
 To sit forsaken in thy hut, yet know that thou art mine !

* *Lauwine*, the avalanche.

It is my youth, it is my bloom, it is my glad free heart,
That I cast away for thee—for thee, all reckless as thou art!
With tremblings and with vigils lone, I bind myself to dwell,
Yet, yet I would not change that lot, oh no! I love too well!

A mournful thing is love which grows to one so wild as thou,
With that bright restlessness of eye, that tameless fire of brow!
Mournful!—but dearer far I call its mingled fear and pride,
And the trouble of its happiness, than aught on earth beside.

To listen for thy step in vain, to start at every breath,
To watch through long long nights of storm, to sleep and
dream of death,
To wake in doubt and loneliness—this doom I know is mine,
And yet I will be thine, my love! and yet I will be thine!

That I may greet thee from thine Alps, when thence thou
comest at last,
That I may hear thy thrilling voice tell o'er each danger past,
That I may kneel and pray for thee, and win thee aid divine,
For this I will be thine, my love! for this I will be thine!

THE INDIAN WITH HIS DEAD CHILD.*

IN the silence of the midnight
I journey with my dead;
In the darkness of the forest-boughs
A lonely path I tread.

But my heart is high and fearless,
As by mighty wings upborne;
The mountain eagle hath not plumes
So strong as love and scorn.

I have raised thee from the grave-sod.
By the white man's path defiled;
On to th' ancestral wilderness,
I bear thy dust, my child!

I have ask'd the ancient deserts
To give my dead a place,
Where the stately footsteps of the free
Alone should leave a trace.

* An Indian, who had established himself in a township of Maine, feeling indignantly the want of sympathy evinced towards him by the white inhabitants, particularly on the death of his only child, gave up his farm soon afterwards, dug up the body of his child, and carried it with him two hundred miles through the forests to join the Canadian Indians.—See *Tudor's Letters on the Eastern States of America*.

SONG OF EMIGRATION.

And the tossing pines made answer—
"Go, bring us back thine own!"
And the streams from all the hunters' hills
Rush'd with an echoing tone.

Thou shalt rest by sounding waters
That yet untamed may roll;
The voices of that chainless host
With joy shall fill thy soul.

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with the dead,
Where the arrows of my father's bow
Their falcon flight have sped.

I have left the spoilers' dwellings
For evermore behind;
Unmingled with their household sounds,
For me shall sweep the wind.

Alone, amidst their hearth-fires,
I watch'd my child's decay,
Uncheer'd, I saw the spirit-light
From his young eyes fade away.

When his head sank on my bosom,
When the death-sleep o'er him fell,
Was there one to say, "A friend is near?"
There was none!—pale race, farewell!

To the forests, to the cedars,
To the warrior and his bow,
Back, back!—I bore thee laughing thence.
I bear thee slumbering now!

I bear thee unto burial
With the mighty hunters gone;
I shall hear thee in the forest-breeze
Thou wilt speak of joy, my son!

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with the dead;
But my heart is strong, my step is fleet,
My father's path I tread.

SONG OF EMIGRATION.

THERE was heard a song on the chiming sea,
A mingled breathing of grief and glee;
Man's voice, unbroken by sighs, was there,
Filling with triumph the sunny air;
Of fresh green lands, and of pastures new,
It sang, while the bark through the surges flew.

But ever and anon
 A murmur of farewell
 Told, by its plaintive tone,
 That from woman's lip it fell.

"Away, away o'er the foaming main!"
 This was the free and the joyous strain,
 "There are clearer skies than ours, afar,
 We will shape our course by a brighter star;
 There are plains whose verdure no foot hath press'd,
 And whose wealth is all for the first brave guest."

"But, alas! that we should go,"
 Sang the farewell voices then,
 "From the homesteads, warm and low,
 By the brook and in the glen!"

"We will rear new homes under trees that glow,
 As if gems were the fruitage of every bough;
 O'er our white walls we will train the vine,
 And sit in its shadow at day's decline;
 And watch our herds, as they range at will
 Through the green savannas, all bright and still."

"But woe for that sweet shade
 Of the flowering orchard-trees,
 Where first our children play'd
 'Midst the birds and honey-bees!"

"All, all our own shall the forests be,
 As to the bound of the roebuck free!
 None shall say, 'Hither, no further pass!'
 We will track each step through the wavy grass;
 We will chase the elk in his speed and might,
 And bring proud spoils to the hearth at night"

"But oh! the grey church-tower,
 And the sound of Sabbath-bell,
 And the shelter'd garden-bower,
 We have bid them all farewell!"

"We will give the names of our fearless race
 To each bright river whose course we trace;
 We will leave our memory with mounts and floods,
 And the path of our daring in boundless woods!
 And our works unto many a lake's green shore,
 Where the Indian's graves lay, alone, before."

"But who shall teach the flowers,
 Which our children loved, to dwell
 In a soil that is not ours?
 —Home, home and friends, farewell!"

THE KING OF ARRAGON'S LAMENT FOR HIS BROTHER.

"If I could see him, it were well with me!"

COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*,

THERE were lights and sounds of revelling in the vanquish'd
city's halls,
As by night the feast of victory was held within its walls;
And the conquerors fill'd the wine-cup high, after years of
bright blood shed; [the dead.
But their lord, the King of Arragon, 'midst the triumph, wail'd

He look'd down from the fortress won, on the tents and towers
below [his brow;
The moonlit sea, the torchlit streets—and a gloom came o'er
The voice of thousands floated up, with the horn and cymbal
tone;
But his heart, 'midst that proud music, felt more utterly alone.

And he cried, "Thou art mine, fair city! thou city of the sea!
But, oh! what portion of delight is mine at last in thee?—
I am lonely 'midst thy palaces, while the glad waves past them
roll, [soul.
And the soft breath of thine orange-bowers is mournful to my

"My brother! oh, my brother! thou art gone—the true and
brave,
And the haughty joy of victory hath died upon thy grave;
There are many round my throne to stand, and to march where
I lead on; [gone!
There was *one* to love me in the world—my brother! thou art

"In the desert, in the battle, in the ocean-tempest's wrath,
We stood together, side by side; one hope was ours—one path;
Thou hast wrapp'd me in thy soldier's cloak, thou hast fenced
me with thy breast; [and best!
Thou hast watch'd beside my couch of pain—oh! bravest heart

"I see the festive lights around;—o'er a dull sad world they
shine;
I hear the voice of victory—my Pedro! where is *thine*?
The only voice in whose kind tone my spirit found reply!—
Oh, brother! I have bought too dear this hollow pageantry!

"I have hosts, and gallant fleets, to spread my glory and my
sway, [away!
And chiefs to lead them fearlessly; my friend hath pass'd

*The grief of Ferdinand, King of Arragon, for the loss of his brother, Don Pedro, who was killed during the siege of Naples, is affectingly described by the historian Mariana. It is also the subject of one of the old Spanish Ballads in Lockhart's beautiful collection.

For the kindly look, the word of cheer, my heart may thirst in
vain,
And the face that was as light to mine—it cannot come again!

“I have made thy blood, thy faithful blood, the offering for a
crown; [cold renown;
With love, which earth bestows not twice, I have purchased
How often will my weary heart 'midst the sounds of triumph die,
When I think of thee, my brother! thou flower of chivalry!

“I am lonely—I am lonely! this rest is even as death! [breath;
Let me hear again the ringing spears, and the battle-trumpet's
Let me see the fiery charger foam, and the royal banner wave,
But where art thou, my brother? where?—in thy low and
early grave!”

And louder swell'd the songs of joy through that victorious
night, [light;
And faster flow'd the red wine forth, by the stars' and torches'
But low and deep, amidst the mirth, was heard the conqueror's
moan— [gone!”

“My brother! oh, my brother! best and bravest! thou art

THE RETURN.

“HAST thou come with the heart of thy childhood back?

The free, the pure, the kind?”

—So murmur'd the trees in my homeward track,

As they play'd to the mountain wind.

“Hath thy soul been true to its early love?”

Whisper'd my native streams;

“Hath the spirit nursed amidst hill and grove,

Still revered its first high dreams?”

“Hast thou borne in thy bosom the holy prayer

Of the child in his parent halls?”

—Thus breathed a voice on the thrilling air,

From the old ancestral walls.

“Hast thou kept thy faith with the faithful dead,

Whose place of rest is nigh?

With the father's blessing o'er thee shed,

With the mother's trusting eye?”

—Then my tears gush'd forth in sudden rain,

As I answer'd—“O, ye shades!

I bring not my childhood's heart again

To the freedom of your glades.

“I have turn'd from my first pure love aside,

O bright and happy streams!

Light after light, in my soul have died
The day-spring's glorious dreams.

"And the holy prayer from my thoughts hath pass'd—
The prayer at my mother's knee;
Darken'd and troubled I come at last,
Home of my boyish glee!

"But I bear from my childhood a gift of tears,
To soften and atone;
And oh! ye scenes of those bless'd years,
They shall make me again your own."

THE VAUDOIS' WIFE.

"Clasp me a little longer, on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat, oh! think—
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess—
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend, to more than human friendship just.
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs, when I am laid in dust.

Gertrude of Wyoming.

Thy voice is in mine ear, beloved!
Thy look is in my heart,
Thy bosom is my resting-place,
And yet I must depart.
Earth on my soul is strong—too strong—
Too precious is its chain,
All woven of thy love, dear friend,
Yet vain—though mighty—vain!

Thou see'st mine eye grow dim, beloved!
Thou see'st my life-blood flow.
Bow to the chastener silently,
And calmly let me go!
A little while between our hearts
The shadowy gulf must lie,
Yet have we for their communing
Still, still Eternity!

Alas! thy tears are on my cheek,
My spirit they detain;
I know that from thine agony
Is wrung that burning rain.

* The wife of a Vaudois leader, in one of the attacks made on the Protestant hamlets, received a mortal wound, and died in her husband's arms, exhorting him to courage and endurance.

Best, kindest, weep not ;—make the pang
The bitter conflict, less—
Oh ! sad it is, and yet a joy,
To feel thy love's excess !

But calm thee ! Let the thought of death
A solemn peace restore !
The voice that must be silent soon,
Would speak to thee once more,
That thou may'st bear its blessing on
Through years of after life—
A token of consoling love,
Even from this hour of strife.

I bless thee for the noble heart,
The tender, and the true,
Where mine hath found the happiest rest
That e'er fond woman's knew :
I bless thee, faithful friend and guide,
For my own, my treasured share,
In the mournful secrets of thy soul,
In thy sorrow, in thy prayer.

I bless thee for kind looks and words
Shower'd on my path like dew,
For all the love in those deep eyes,
A gladness ever new !
For the voice which ne'er to mine replied
But in kindly tones of cheer ;
For every spring of happiness
My soul hath tasted here !

I bless thee for the last rich boon
Won from affection tried,
The right to gaze on death with thee,
To perish by thy side !
And yet more for the glorious hope
Even to *these* moments given—
Did not *thy* spirit ever lift
The trust of *mine* to Heaven ?

Now be *thou* strong ! Oh, knew we not,
Our path must lead to this ?
A shadow and a trembling still
Were mingled with our bliss !
We plighted our young hearts when storms
Were dark upon the sky,
In full, deep knowledge of their task
To suffer and to die !

Be strong ! I leave the living voice
Of this, my martyr'd blood,
With the thousand echoes of the hills,
With the torrent's foaming flood,

A spirit 'midst the caves to dwell,
 A token on the air,
 To rouse the valiant from repose,
 The fainting from despair.
 Hear it and bear thou on, my love!
 Ay, joyously endure!
 Our mountains must be altars yet,
 Inviolat and pure;
 There must our god be worshipp'd still
 With the worship of the free:
 Farewell!—there's but *one* pang in death,
 One only,—leaving thee!

THE GUERILLA LEADER'S VOW

“ All my pretty ones !
 Did you say all ?

* * * * *
 Let us make medicine of this great revenge,
 To cure this deadly grief!”—*Macbeth*.

My battle-vow !—no minster walls
 Gave back the burning word,
 Nor cross nor shrine the low deep tone
 Of smother'd vengeance heard:
 But the ashes of a ruin'd home
 Thrill'd, as it sternly rose,
 With mingling voice of blood that shook
 The midnight's dark repose.

I breathed it not o'er kingly tombs,
 But where my children lay,
 And the startled vulture, at my step,
 Soar'd from their precious clay.
 I stood amidst my dead alone—
 I kiss'd their lips—I pour'd,
 In the strong silence of that hour,
 My spirit on my sword.

The roof-tree fallen, the smouldering floor,
 The blacken'd threshold-stone,
 The bright hair torn, and soil'd with blood,
 Whose fountain was my own;
 These, and the everlasting hills,
 Bore witness that wild night;
 Before them rose th' avenger's soul,
 In crush'd affection's might.

The stars, the searching stars of heaven,
 With keen looks would upbraid,
 If from my heart the fiery vow,
 Sear'd on it then, could fade

They have no cause —Go, ask the streams
That by my paths have swept,
The red waves that unstain'd were borne—
How hath my faith been kept?

And other eyes are on my soul,
That never, never close,
The sad, sweet glances of the lost—
They leave me no repose.
Haunting my night-watch 'midst the rocks,
And by the torrent's foam,
Through the dark-rolling mists they shine
Full, full of love and home!

Alas! the mountain eagle's heart,
When wrong'd, may yet find rest;
Scorning the place made desolate,
He seeks another nest,
But I—your soft looks wake the thirst
That wins no quenching rain;
Ye drive me back, my beautiful!
To the stormy fight again.

THEKLA AT HER LOVER'S GRAVE.*

"Thither where he lies buried!
That single spot is the whole world to me."
COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

THY voice was in my soul! it call'd me on;
O my lost friend! thy voice was in my soul:
From the cold, faded world whence thou art gone,
To hear no more life's troubled billows roll,
I come, I come!

Now speak to me again! we loved so well—
We *loved*! oh! still, I know that still we love!
I have left all things with thy dust to dwell,
Through these dim aisles in dreams of thee to rove:
This is my home!

Speak to me in the thrilling minster's gloom!
Speak! thou hast died, and sent me no farewell!
I will not shrink;—oh! mighty is the tomb,
But one thing mightier, which it cannot quell,
This woman's heart!

This lone, full, fragile heart! the strong alone
In love and grief—of both the burning shrine!
Thou, my soul's friend! with grief hast surely done,
But with the love which made thy spirit mine,
Say, could'st thou part?

* See *Wallenstein*. Act 6th.

I hear the rustling banners ; and I hear
 The wind's low singing through the fretted stone ;
 I hear not *thee* ; and yet I feel thee near—
 What is this bound that keeps thee from thine own ?
 Breathe it away !

I wait thee—I adjure thee ! hast thou known
 How I have loved thee ? could'st thou dream it all ?
 Am I not here, with night and death alone,
 And fearing not ? and hath my spirit's call
 O'er thine no sway ?

Thou *canst* not come ! or thus I should not weep !
 Thy love is deathless—but no longer free !
 Soon would its wing triumphantly o'ersweep
 The viewless barrier, if such power might be,
 Soon, soon, and fast !

But I shall come to thee ! our souls' deep dreams,
 Our young affections, have not gush'd in vain ;
 Soon in one tide shall blend the sever'd streams,
 The worn heart break its bonds—and death and pain
 Be with the past !

THE SISTERS OF SCIO.

" As are our hearts, our way is one,
 And cannot be divided. Strong affection
 Contends with all things and o'ercometh all things.
 Will not I live with thee ? will I not cheer thee ?
 Would'st thou be lonely then ? would'st thou be sad !"
Joanna Baillie.

" SISTER, sweet sister ! let me weep awhile !
 Bear with me—give the sudden passion way !
 Thoughts of our own lost home, our sunny isle,
 Come, as a wind that o'er a reed hath sway ;
 Till my heart dies with yearnings and sick fears ;
 Oh ! could my life melt from me in these tears !

" Our father's voice, our mother's gentle eye,
 Our brother's bounding step—where are they, where ?
 Desolate, desolate our chambers lie ?
 —How hast *thou* won thy spirit from despair ?
 O'er *mine* swift shadows, gusts of terror, sweep ;—
 I sink away—bear with me—let me weep !"

" Yes ! weep my sister ! weep, till from thy heart
 The weight flow forth in tears ! yet sink thou not ;
 I bind my sorrow to a lofty part,
 For thee, my gentle one ! our orphan lot
 To meet in quenchless trust ; my soul is strong—
 Thou, too, wilt rise in holy might ere long.
 VOL. II.—19

"A breath of our free heavens and noble sires,
 A memory of our old victorious dead,—
 These mantle me with power! and though their fires
 In a frail censer briefly may be shed,
 Yet shall they light us onward, side by side;—
 Have the wild birds, and have not *we*, a guide?
 "Cheer, then, beloved! on whose meek brow is set
 Our mother's image—in whose voice a tone,
 A faint sweet sound of hers is lingering yet,
 An echo of our childhood's music gone;—
 Cheer thee! thy sister's heart and faith are high:
 Our path is one—with thee I live and die!"

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

[The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, who had been imprisoned by King Alfonso of Asturias, almost from the time of Bernardo's birth, at last took up arms in despair. The war which he maintained proved so destructive, that the men of the land gathered round the King, and united in demanding Saldana's liberty. Alfonso, accordingly, offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, in exchange for his castle of Carpio. Bernardo, without hesitation, gave up his stronghold, with all his captives; and being assured that his father was then on his way from prison, rode forth with the King to meet him. And when he saw his father approaching, he exclaimed, says the ancient chronicle, 'Oh, God! is the Count of Saldana indeed coming?'—'Look where he is,' replied the cruel King, 'and now go and greet him whom you have so long desired to see.' The remainder of the story will be found related in the ballad. The chronicles and romances leave us nearly in the dark as to Bernardo's history after this event.]

THE warrior bow'd his crested head, and tamed his heart of
 fire,
 And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprison'd sire;
 "I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive train,
 I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—oh, break my father's
 chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransom'd man this
 day:
 Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet him on his
 Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
 And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they press'd; there came a glittering band,
 With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land;
 "Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
 The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearn'd so long to
 see."

His dark eye flash'd, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's blood
came and went [ing, bent;

He reach'd that grey-hair'd chieftain's side, and there dismount-
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took,—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook ?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropp'd from his like
lead,—

He look'd up to the face above—the face was of the dead !
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the brow was fix'd and
white—

He met at last his father's eyes—but in them was no sight !

Up from the ground he sprung, and gazed, but who could paint
that gaze !

They hush'd their very hearts, that saw its horror and amaze ;
They might have chain'd him, as before that stony form he
he stood, [blood.

For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the

“ Father ! ” at length he murmur'd low—and wept like child-
hood then,—

Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men !—
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young re-
nown,—

He flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sate down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mourn-
ful brow [now.—

“ No more, there is no more,” he said, “ to lift the sword for
My king is false, my hope betray'd, my father—oh ! the
worth,

The glory, and the loveliness, are pass'd away from earth !

“ I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire ! beside
thee yet, [met,—

I would that there our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had
Thou would'st have known my spirit then—for thee my fields
were won,— [no son ! ”

And thou hast perish'd in thy chains, as though thou had'st

Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized the mon-
arch's rein,

Amidst the pale and wilder'd looks of all the courtier train ;
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse
led,

And sternly set them face to face—the king before the dead !—

“ Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss ?—
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king ! and tell me what is
this !

The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—give answer, where
are they ?— [cold clay !

If thou would'st clear thy perjured soul, send life through this

" Into these glassy eyes put light—be still! keep down thine
 ire,—
 Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this earth is *not* my sire!
 Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was
 shed,— [thy head?"
 Thou canst not—and a king?—His dust be mountains on
 He loosed the steed; his slack hand fell—upon the silent face
 He cast one long, deep, troubled look—then turn'd from that
 sad place:
 His hope was crush'd, his after-fate untold in martial strain,—
 His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills of Spain.

THE TOMB OF MADAME LANGHANS.*

" To a mysteriously consorted pair
 This place is consecrate; to death and life,
 And to the best affections that proceed
 From this conjunction." *Wordsworth*

How many hopes were borne upon thy bier,
 O bride of stricken love! in anguish hither!
 Like flowers, the first and fairest of the year
 Pluck'd on the bosom of the dead to wither:
 Hopes from their source all holy, though of earth,
 All brightly gathering round affection's hearth.

Of mingled prayer they told; of Sabbath hours;
 Of morn's farewell, and evening's blessed meeting;
 Of childhood's voice, amidst the household bowers;
 And bounding step, and smile of joyous greeting;—
 But thou, young mother! to thy gentle heart
 Did'st take thy babe, and meekly so depart.

How many hopes have sprung in radiance hence!
 Their trace yet lights the dust where thou art sleeping!
 A solemn joy comes o'er me, and a sense
 Of triumph, blent with nature's gush of weeping,
 As, kindling up the silent stone, I see
 The glorious vision, caught by faith, of thee.

Slumberer! love calls thee, for the night is past;
 Put on the immortal beauty of thy waking!
 Captive! and hear'st thou not the trumpet's blast,
 The long victorious note, thy bondage breaking?
 Thou hear'st, thou answer'st, "God of earth and heaven!
 Here am I, with the child whom thou hast given!"

* At Hindlebank, near Berne, she is represented as bursting from the sepulchre, with her infant in her arms, at the sound of the last trumpet. An inscription on the tomb concludes thus:—"Here am I, O God! with the child whom thou hast given me."

THE EXILE'S DIRGE.

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages." *Cymbeline.*

["I attended a funeral where there were a number of the German settlers present. After I had performed such service as is usual on similar occasions, a most venerable looking old man came forward, and asked me if I were willing that they should perform some of their peculiar rites. He opened a very ancient version of Luther's Hymns, and they all began to sing, in German, so loud that the woods echoed the strain. There was something affecting in the singing of these ancient people, carrying one of their brethren to his last home, and using the language and rites which they had brought with them over the sea from the *Vaterland*, a word which often occurred in this hymn. It was a long, slow, and mournful air, which they sung as they bore the body along: the words '*mein Gott*,' '*mein Bruder*,' and '*Vaterland*,' died away in distant echoes amongst the woods. I shall long remember that funeral hymn."—FLINT'S *Recollections of the Valley of the Mississippi.*]

THERE went a dirge through the forest's gloom.
—An exile was borne to a lonely tomb.

"Brother!" (so the chant was sung
In the slumberer's native tongue,)
"Friend and brother! not for thee
Shall the sound of weeping be:
Long the exile's woe hath lain
On thy life a withering chain;
Music from thine own blue streams,
Wander'd through thy fever-dreams;
Voices from thy country's vines,
Met thee 'midst the alien pines;
And thy true heart died away,
And thy spirit would not stay."

So swell'd the chant; and the deep wind's moan
Seem'd through the cedars to murmur—"Gone!"

"Brother! by the rolling Rhine
Stands the home that once was thine;
Brother! now thy dwelling lies
Where the Indian arrow flies!
He that bless'd thine infant head,
Fills a distant greensward bed;
She that heard thy lisping prayer,
Slumbers low beside him there;
They that earliest with thee play'd,
Rest beneath their own oak shade,
Far, far hence!—yet sea nor shore
Haply, brother! part ye more;
God hath call'd thee to that band
In the immortal Fatherland!"

"The *Fatherland!*"—with that sweet word
A burst of tears 'midst the strain was heard.

"Brother! were we there with thee
Rich would many a meeting be!
Many a broken garland bound,
Many a mourn'd and lost one found!
But our task is still to bear,
Still to breathe in changeful air;
Loved and bright things to resign,
As even now this dust of thine;
Yet to hope!—to hope in heaven,
Though flowers fall, and ties be riven—
Yet to pray! and wait the hand
Beckoning to the *Fatherland!*"

And the requiem died in the forest's gloom;
They had reach'd the exile's lonely tomb.

THE DREAMING CHILD.

"Alas! what kind of grief should thy years know?
Thy brow and cheek are smooth as waters be
When no breath troubles them."

Beaumont and Fletcher

AND is there sadness in *thy* dreams, my boy?
What should the cloud be made of?—blessed child!
Thy spirit, borne upon a breeze of joy,
All day hath ranged through sunshine, clear, yet mild:

And now thou tremblest!—wherefore?—in *thy* soul
There lies no past, no future.—Thou hast heard
No sound of presage from the distance roll,
Thy heart bears traces of no arrowy word.

From thee no love hath gone; thy mind's young eye
Hath look'd not into death's, and thence become
A questioner of mute eternity,
A weary searcher for a viewless home:

Nor hath thy sense been quicken'd unto pain,
By feverish watching for some step beloved;
Free are thy thoughts, an ever-changeful train,
Glancing like dewdrops, and as lightly moved.

Yet now, on billows of strange passion toss'd,
How art thou wilder'd in the cave of sleep!
My gentle child! 'midst what dim phantoms lost,
Thus in mysterious anguish dost thou weep?

Awake! they sadden me—those early tears,
First gushings of the strong dark river's flow,
That *must* o'ersweep thy soul with coming years
Th' unfathomable flood of human woe!

Awful to watch, even rolling through a dream,
Forcing wild spray-drops but from childhood's eyes!
Wake, wake! as yet *thy* life's transparent stream
Should wear the tinge of none but summer skies.

Come from the shadow of those realms unknown,
Where now thy thoughts dismay'd and darkling rove;
Come to the kindly region all thine own,
The home, still bright for thee with guardian love.

Happy, fair child! that yet a mother's voice
Can win thee back from visionary strife!—
Oh, shall *my* soul, thus waken'd to rejoice,
Start from the dreamlike wilderness of life?

THE CHARMED PICTURE.

"Oh! that those lips had language!—Life hath pass'd
With me but roughly since I saw thee last."

Cooper.

THINE eyes are charm'd—thine earnest eyes—
Thou image of the dead!
A spell within their sweetness lies,
A virtue thence is shed.

Oft in their meek blue light enshrined,
A blessing seems to be,
And sometimes there my wayward mind
A still reproach can see:

And sometimes pity—soft and deep,
And quivering through a tear;
Even as if love in heaven could weep,
For grief left drooping here.

And oh, my spirit needs that balm!
Needs it 'midst fitful mirth!
And in the night-hour's haunted calm,
And by the lonely hearth.

Look on me *thus*, when hollow praise
Hath made the weary pine
For one true tone of other days,
One glance of love like thine!

Look on me *thus*, when sudden glee
Bears my quick heart along,
On wings that struggle to be free,
As bursts of skylark song.

In vain, in vain!—too soon are felt
The wounds they cannot flee;
Better in childlike tears to melt,
Pouring my soul on thee!

Sweet face, that o'er my childhood shone,
 Whence is thy power of change,
 Thus ever shadowing back my own,
 The rapid and the strange?
 Whence are they charm'd—those earnest eyes?
 —I know the mystery well!
 In mine own trembling bosom lies
 The spirit of the spell!
 Of Memory, Conscience, Love, 'tis born—
 Oh! change no longer, thou!
 For ever be the blessing worn
 On thy pure thoughtful brow!

PARTING WORDS.

“One struggle more, and I am free.”

Byron.

LEAVE me, oh! leave me!—unto all below
 Thy presence binds me with too deep a spell;
 Thou makest those mortal regions, whence I go,
 Too mighty in their loveliness—farewell,
 That I may part in peace!

Leave me!—thy footstep, with its lightest sound,
 The very shadow of thy waving hair,
 Wakes in my soul a feeling too profound,
 Too strong for aught that loves and dies, to bear—
 Oh! bid the conflict cease!

I hear thy whisper—and the warm tears gush
 Into mine eyes, the quick pulse thrills my heart;
 Thou bidd'st the peace, the reverential hush,
 The still submission, from my thoughts depart;
 Dear one! this must not be.

The past looks on me from thy mournful eye,
 The beauty of our free and vernal days;
 Our communings with sea, and hill, and sky—
 Oh! take that bright world from my spirit's gaze,
 Thou art all earth to me!

Shut out the sunshine from my dying room,
 The jasmine's breath, the murmur of the bee;
 Let not the joy of bird-notes pierce the gloom!
 They speak of love, of summer, and of thee,
 Too much—and death is here.

Doth our own spring make happy music now,
 From the old beech-roots flashing into day?
 Are the pure lilies imaged in its flow?
 Alas! vain thoughts! that fondly thus can stray
 From the dread hour so near!

If I could but draw courage from the light
 Of thy clear eye, that ever shone to bless!
 —Not now! 'twill not be now!—my aching sight
 Drinks from that fount a flood of tenderness,
 Bearing all strength away!

Leave me!—thou comest between my heart and Heaven
 I would be still, in voiceless prayer to die!
 —Why must our souls thus love, and then be riven?
 —Return! thy parting wakes mine agony!
 —Oh, yet awhile delay!

THE MESSAGE TO THE DEAD.*

THOU'RT passing hence, my brother!
 Oh! my earliest friend, farewell!
 Thou'rt leaving me, without thy voice,
 In a lonely home to dwell;
 And from the hills, and from the hearth,
 And from the household-tree,
 With thee departs the lingering mirth,
 The brightness goes with thee.

But thou, my friend, my brother!
 Thou'rt speeding to the shore
 Where the dirgelike tone of parting words
 Shall smite the soul no more!
 And thou wilt see our holy dead,
 The lost on earth and main:
 Into the sheaf of kindred hearts,
 Thou wilt be bound again!

Tell, then, our friend of boyhood,
 That yet his name is heard
 On the blue mountains, whence his youth
 Pass'd like a swift bright bird.
 The light of his exulting brow,
 The vision of his glee,
 Are on me still—Oh! still I trust
 That smile again to see.

And tell our fair young sister
 The rose cut down in spring,
 That yet my gushing soul is fill'd
 With lays she loved to sing.

* "Messages from the living to the dead are not uncommon in the Highlands. The Gaels have such a ceaseless consciousness of immortality, that their departed friends are considered as merely absent for a time, and permitted to relieve the hours of separation by occasional intercourse with the objects of their earliest affections." See the Notes to Mrs. Brunton's Works.

Her soft, deep eyes look through my dreams,
 Tender and sadly sweet ;—
 Tell her my heart within me burns
 Once more that gaze to meet.

And tell our white-hair'd father,
 That in the paths he trode,
 The child he loved, the last on earth,
 Yet walks and worships God.
 Say, that his last fond blessing yet
 Rests on my soul like dew,
 And by its hallowing might I trust
 Once more his face to view.

And tell our gentle mother,
 That on her grave I pour
 The sorrows of my spirit forth,
 As on her breast of yore.
 Happy thou art that soon, how soon,
 Our good and bright will see !—
 Oh ! brother, brother ! may I dwell,
 Erelong, with them and thee !

THE TWO HOMES.

“ Oh ! if the soul immortal be,
 Is not its love immortal too ? ”

SEE'ST thou my home ?—'tis where yon woods are waving,
 In their dark richness, to the summer air,
 Where yon blue stream, a thousand flower-banks laving
 Leads down the hills a vein of light,—'tis there !

'Midst those green wilds how many a fount lies gleaming,
 Fringed with the violet, color'd with the skies !
 My boyhood's haunt, through days of summer dreaming,
 Under young leaves that shook with melodies.

My home ! the spirit of its love is breathing
 In every wind that plays across my track ;
 From its white walls the very tendrils wreathing,
 Seem with soft links to draw the wanderer back.

There am I loved—there pray'd for—there my mother
 Sits by the hearth with meekly thoughtful eye ;
 There my young sisters watch to greet their brother
 —Soon their glad footsteps down the path will fly.

There, in sweet strains of kindred music blending,
 All the home-voices meet at day's decline ;
 One are those tones, as from one heart ascending,—
 There laughs *my* home—sad stranger ! where is thine ?

Ask'st thou of mine ?—In solemn peace 'tis lying,
 Far o'er the deserts and the tombs away ;
 'Tis where *I*, too, am loved with love undying,
 And fond hearts wait my step—But where are they ?

Ask where the earth's departed have their dwelling ;
 Ask of the clouds, the stars, the trackless air !
 I know it not, yet trust the whisper, telling
 My lonely heart, that love unchanged is there.

And what is home, and where, but with the loving ?
 Happy *thou* art, that so canst gaze on thine !
 My spirit feels but, in its weary roving,
 That with the dead, where'er they be, is mine

Go to thy home, rejoicing son and brother !
 Bear in fresh gladness to the household scene !
 For me, too, watch the sister and the mother,
 I well believe—but dark seas roll between.

THE SOLDIER'S DEATHBED.

“Wie herrlich die Sonne dort untergeht! da ich noch ein Bube war—war's mein Lieblingsgedanke, wie sie zu leben, wie sie zu sterben!”—*Die Rauber.*

Like thee to die, thou sun!—My boyhood's dream
 Was this ; and now my spirit, with thy beam,
 Ebbs from a field of victory !—yet the hour
 Bears back upon me, with a torrent's power,
 Nature's deep longings :—Oh ! for some kind eye,
 Wherein to meet love's fervent farewell gaze ;
 Some breast to pillow life's last agony,
 Some voice, to speak of hope and brighter days,
 Beyond the pass of shadows !—But I go,
 I that have been so loved, go hence alone ;
 And ye, now gathering round my own hearth's glow,
 Sweet friends ! it may be that a softer tone,
 Even in this moment, with your laughing glee,
 Mingles its cadence while you speak of me .
 O'eme, your soldier, 'midst the mountains lying,
 On the red banner of his battles dying,
 Far, far away !—and oh ! your parting prayer—
 Will not his name be fondly murmur'd there ?
 It will !—A blessing on that holy hearth !
 Though clouds are darkening to o'ercast its mirth.
 Mother ! I may not hear thy voice again ;
 Sisters ! ye watch to greet my step in vain ;
 Young brother, fare thee well !—on each dear head
 Blessing and love a thousandfold be shed,
 My soul's last earthly breathings !—May your home
 Smile for you ever !—May no winter come,

No world, between your hearts! May ev'n your tears,
 For my sake, full of long-remember'd years,
 Quickened the true affections that entwine
 Your lives in one bright bond!—I may not sleep
 Amidst our fathers, where those tears might shine
 Over my slumbers; yet your love will keep
 My memory living in the ancestral halls,
 Where shame hath never trod:—the dark night falls,
 And I depart.—The brave are gone to rest,
 The brothers of my combats, on the breast
 Of the red field they reap'd:—their work is done—
 Thou, too, art set!—farewell, farewell, thou sun!
 The last lone watcher of the bloody sod,
 Offers a trusting spirit up to God.

THE IMAGE IN THE HEART.

TO * * * *

“True, indeed, it is,
 That they whom death has hidden from our sight
 Are worthiest of the mind's regard; with them
 The future cannot contradict the past—
 Mortality's last exercise and proof
 Is undergone.” *Wordsworth.*

“The love where death has set his seal,
 Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
 Nor falsehood disavow.”—*Byron.*

I CALL thee bless'd!—though now the voice be fled,
 Which, to thy soul, brought dayspring with its tone,
 And o'er the gentle eyes though dust be spread,
 Eyes that ne'er look'd on thine but light was thrown
 Far through thy breast:

And though the music of thy life be broken,
 Or changed in every chord, since he is gone,
 Feeling all this, even yet, by many a token,
 O thou, the deeply, but the brightly lone!
 I call thee bless'd!

For in thy heart there is a holy spot,
 As 'mid the waste an Isle of fount and palm,
 For ever green!—the world's breath enters not,
 The passion-tempests may not break its calm;
 'Tis thine, all thine!

Thither, in trust unbaffled, may'st thou turn
 From bitter words, cold greetings, heartless eyes,
 Quenching thy soul's thirst at the hidden urn
 That fill'd with waters of sweet memory, lies
 In its own shrine.

Thou hast thy *home*!—there is no power in change
 To reach that temple of the past; no sway;
 In all time brings of sudden, dark, or strange,
 To sweep the still transparent peace away
 From its hush'd air!

And oh! that glorious image of the dead!
 Sole thing whereon a deathless love may rest,
 And in deep faith and dreamy worship shed
 Its high gifts fearlessly!—I call thee bless'd,
 If only *there*.

Bless'd, for the beautiful within thee dwelling
 Never to fade!—a refuge from distrust,
 A spring of purer life, still freshly welling,
 To clothe the barrenness of earthly dust
 With flowers divine.

And thou hast been beloved!—it is no dream,
 No false mirage for *thee*, the fervent love,
 The rainbow still unreach'd, the ideal gleam,
 That ever seems before, beyond, above,
 Far off to shine.

But thou, from all the daughters of the earth
 Singled and mark'd, hast *known* its home and place;
 And the high memory of its holy worth,
 To this our life a glory and a grace
 For thee hath given.

And art thou not *still* fondly, truly loved?
 Thou art!—the love his spirit bore away,
 Was not for death!—a treasure but removed,
 A bright bird parted for a clearer day,—
 Thine still in Heaven!

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

"And dreams, in their development, have breath,
 And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
 They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
 They make us what we were not—what they will,
 And shake us with the vision that's gone by."

Byron

O SPIRIT-LAND! thou land of dreams!
 A world thou art of mysterious gleams,
 Of startling voices, and sounds at strife,
 A world of the dead in the hues of life.

Like a wizard's magic glass thou art,
 When the wavy shadows float by, and part:
 Visions of aspects, now loved, now strange,
 Glimmering and mingling in ceaseless change.

Thou art like a city of the past,
 With its gorgeous halls into fragments cast,
 Amidst whose ruins there glide and play
 Familiar forms of the world's to-day.

Thou art like the depths where the seas have birth
 Rich with the wealth that is lost from earth,—
 All the sere flowers of our days gone by,
 And the buried gems in thy bosom lie.
 Yes! thou art like those dim sea-caves,
 A realm of treasures, a realm of graves!
 And the shapes through thy mysteries that come and go,
 Are of beauty and terror, of power and woe.

But for *me*, O thou picture-land of sleep!
 Thou art all one world of affections deep,—
 And wrung from my heart is each flushing dye,
 That sweeps o'er thy chambers of imagery.

And thy bowers are fair—even as Eden fair:
 All the beloved of my soul are there!
 The forms my spirit most pines to see,
 The eyes, whose love hath been life to me:

They are there—and each blessed voice I hear,
 Kindly, and joyous, and silvery clear;
 But under-tones are in each, that say,—
 "It is but a dream; it will melt away!"

I walk with sweet friends in the sunset's glow;
 I listen to music of long ago;
 But one thought, like an omen, breathes faint through the
 "It is but a dream; it will melt away!" [lay,—

I sit by the hearth of my early days;
 All the home-faces are met by the blaze,—
 And the eyes of the mother shine soft, yet say,
 "It is but a dream; it will melt away!"

And away, like a flower's passing breath, 'tis gone,
 And I wake more sadly, more deeply lone!
 Oh! a haunted heart is a weight to bear,—
 Bright faces, kind voices! where are ye, where?

Shadow not forth, O thou land of dreams,
 The past, as it fled by my own blue streams!
 Make not my spirit within me burn
 For the scenes and the hours that may ne'er return!

Call out from the *future* thy visions bright.
 From the world o'er the grave, take thy solemn light,
 And oh! with the loved, whom no more I see,
 Show me my home, as it yet may be!

As it yet may be in some purer sphere,
 No cloud, no parting, no sleepless fear;
 So my soul may bear on through the long, long day
 Till I go where the beautiful melts not away!

WOMAN ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

"Where hath not woman stood,
Strong in affection's might? a reed, upborne
By an o'er-mastering current?"

GENTLE and lovely form,
What didst thou here,
When the fierce battle-storm
Bore down the spear?

Banner and shiver'd crest,
Beside thee strown,
Tell, that amidst the best,
Thy work was done!

Yet strangely, sadly fair
O'er the wild scene,
Gleams through its golden hair,
That brow serene.

Low lies the stately head,—
Earth-bound the free:
How gave those haughty dead
A place to thee?

Slumberer! *thine* early bier
Friends should have crown'd,
Many a flower and tear
Shedding around.

Soft voices, clear and young,
Mingling their swell,
Should o'er thy dust have sung
Earth's last farewell.

Sisters, above the grave
Of thy repose,
Should have bid violets wave
With the white rose.

Now must the trumpet's note,
Savage and shrill,
For requiem o'er thee float.
Thou fair and still!

And the swift charger sweep
In full career,
Trampling thy place of sleep,—
Why camest thou here?

Why?—ask the true heart why
Woman hath been,
Ever, where brave men die,
Unshrinking seen?

Unto this harvest ground
Proud reapers came,—

SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

Some, for that stirring sound,
A warrior's name ;

Some for the stormy play
And joy of strife ;
And some, to fling away
A weary life ;—

But thou, pale sleeper, thou,
With the slight frame,
And the rich locks, whose glow
Death cannot tame ;

Only one thought, one power,
Thee could have led,
So, through the tempest's hour,
To lift thy head !

Only the true, the strong,
The love, whose trust
Woman's deep soul too long
Pours on the dust !

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

GLOOM is upon thy lonely hearth,
Oh, silent house ! once fill'd with mirth ;
Sorrow, is in the breezy sound
Of thy tall poplars whispering round.

The shadow of departed hours
Hangs dim upon thine early flowers ;
Even in thy sunshine seems to brood
Something more deep than solitude.

Fair art thou, fair to a stranger's gaze,
Mine own sweet home of other days !
My children's birthplace ! yet for me,
It is too much to look on thee.

Too much ! for all about thee spread,
I feel the memory of the dead,
And almost linger for the feet
That never more my step shall meet.

The looks, the smiles, all vanish'd now,
Follow me where thy roses blow ;
The echoes of kind household-words
Are with me 'midst thy singing birds.

Till my heart dies, it dies away
In yearnings for what might not stay ;
For love which ne'er deceived my trust,
For all which went with "dust to dust !"

What now is left me, but to raise
From thee, lorn spot ! my spirit's gaze,
To lift, through tears, my straining eye
Up to my Father's house on high ?

Oh ! many are the mansions there,*
But not in one hath grief a share !
No haunting shade from things gone by,
May there o'ersweep the unchanging sky.

And *they* are there, whose long-loved mien
In earthly home no more is seen ;
Whose places, where they smiling sate,
Are left unto us desolate.

We miss them when the board is spread ;
We miss them when the prayer is said ;
Upon our dreams their dying eyes
In still and mournful fondness rise.

But they are where these longings vain
Trouble no more the heart and brain ;
The sadness of this aching love
Dims not our Father's house above.

Ye are at rest, and I in tears,†
Ye dwellers of immortal spheres !
Under the poplar boughs I stand,
And mourn the broken household band.

But, by your life of lowly faith,
And by your joyful hope in death,
Guide me, till on some brighter shore,
The sever'd wreath is bound once more !

Holy ye were, and good, and true !
No change can cloud my thoughts of you ;
Guide me, like you to live and die,
And reach my Father's house on high !

THE STRANGER'S HEART.

THE stranger's heart ! Oh ! wound it not !
A yearning anguish is its lot ;
In the green shadow of thy tree,
The stranger finds no rest with thee.

Thou think'st the vine's low rustling leaves
Glad music round thy household eaves ;

* "In my father's house there are many mansions."—*John chap. xiv.*

† From an ancient Hebrew dirge :

"Mourn for the mourner, and not for the dead,
For he is at rest, and we in tears !"

To him that sound hath sorrow's tone—
 The stranger's heart is with his own.
 Thou think'st thy children's laughing play
 A lovely sight at fall of day ;—
 Then are the stranger's thoughts oppress'd—
 His mother's voice comes o'er his breast.
 Thou think'st it sweet when friend with friend
 Beneath one roof in prayer may blend ;
 Then doth the stranger's eye grow dim—
 Far, far are those who pray'd with him.
 Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage-land—
 The voices of thy kindred band—
 Oh ! 'midst them all when bless'd thou art,
 Deal gently with the stranger's heart !

TO A REMEMBERED PICTURE.*

THEY haunt me still—those calm, pure, holy eyes !
 Their piercing sweetness wanders through my dreams :
 The soul of music that within them lies,
 Comes o'er *my* soul in soft and sudden gleams :
 Life—spirit-life—immortal and divine—
 Is there—and yet how dark a death was thine !
 Could it—oh ! *could* it be—meek child of song ?
 The might of gentleness on that fair brow—
 Was the celestial gift no shield from wrong ?
 Bore it no talisman to ward the blow ?
 Ask if a flower, upon the billows cast,
 Might brave their strife—a flute-note hush the blast !
 Are there not deep sad oracles to read
 In the clear stillness of that radiant face ?
 Yes, even like thee must gifted spirits bleed,
 Thrown on a world, for heavenly things no place !
 Bright exiled birds that visit alien skies.
 Pouring on storms their suppliant melodies.
 And seeking ever some true, gentle breast,
 Whereon their trembling plumage might repose,
 And their free song-notes, from that happy nest,
 Gush as a fount that forth from sunlight flows ;
 Vain dream ! the love whose precious balms might save,
 Still, still denied—they struggle to the grave.
 Yet my heart shall not sink !—another doom,
 Victim ! hath set its promise in thine eye ;
 A light is there, too quenchless for the tomb,
 Bright earnest of a nobler destiny ;

* That of Rizzio, at Holyroodhouse.





Telling of answers, in some far-off sphere,
To the deep souls that find no echo here.

COME HOME!

COME home!—there is a sorrowing breath
In music since ye went,
And the early flower-scents wander by,
With mournful memories blent.
The tones in every household voice
Are grown more sad and deep,
And the sweet word—*brother*—wakes a wish
To turn aside and weep.

O ye beloved! come home!—the hour
Of many a greeting tone,
The time of hearth-light and of song
Returns—and ye are gone!
And darkly, heavily it falls.
On the forsaken room,
Burdening the heart with tenderness,
That deepens 'midst the gloom.

Where finds it *you*, ye wandering ones?
With all your boyhood's glee
Untamed, beneath the desert's palm,
Or on the lone mid-sea?
By stormy hills of battles old?
Or where dark rivers foam?—
Oh! life is dim where ye are not—
Back, ye beloved, come home!

Come with the leaves and winds of spring,
And swift birds, o'er the main!
Our love is grown too sorrowful—
Bring us its youth again!
Bring the glad tones to music back!
Still, still your home is fair,
The spirit of your sunny life
Alone is wanting there!

THE FOUNTAIN OF OBLIVION.

*" Implora pace ! " **

ONE draught, kind fairy! from that fountain deep,
To lay the phantoms of a haunted breast,

* Quoted from a letter of Lord Byron's. He describes the impression produced upon him by some tombs at Bologna, bearing this simple inscription, and adds, " When I die, I could wish that some friend would see these words, and no other, placed above my grave,—'*Implora pace.*' "

And lone affections, which are griefs, to steep
 In the cool honey-dews of dreamless rest ;
 And from the soul the lightning-marks to lave—
 One draught of that sweet wave !

Yet, mortal, pause !—within thy mind is laid
 Wealth, gather'd long and slowly ; thoughts divine
 Heap that full treasure-house ; and thou hast made
 The gems of many a spirit's ocean thine ;—
 Shall the dark waters to oblivion bear
 A pyramid so fair ?

Pour from the fount ! and let the draught efface
 All the vain lore by memory's pride amass'd,
 So it but sweep along the torrent's trace,
 And fill the hollow channels of the past ;
 And from the bosom's inmost folded leaf,
 Rase the one master-grief !

Yet pause once more !—all, *all* thy soul hath known,
 Loved, felt, rejoiced in, from its grasp must fade !
 Is there no voice whose kind awakening tone
 A sense of spring-time in thy heart hath made ?
 No eye whose glance thy daydreams would recall ?
 —Think—would'st thou part with all ?

Fill with forgetfulness !—there are, there *are*
 Voices whose music I have loved too well ;
 Eyes of deep gentleness—but they are far—
 Never ! oh—never, in my home to dwell !
 Take their soft looks from off my yearning soul—
 Fill high th' oblivious bowl !

Yet pause again !—with memory wilt thou cast
 The undying hope away, of memory born ?
 Hope of reunion, heart to heart at last,
 No restless doubt between, no rankling thorn ?
 Would'st thou erase all records of delight
 That make such visions bright ?

Fill with forgetfulness, fill high !—yet stay—
 'Tis from the past we shadow forth the land
 Where smiles, long lost, again shall light our way,
 And the soul's friends be wreath'd in one bright band
 —Pour the sweet waters back on their own rill,
 I *must* remember still.

For their sake, for the dead—whose image nought
 May dim within the temple of my breast—
 For their love's sake, which now no earthly thought
 May shake or trouble with its own unrest,
 Though the past haunt me as a spirit—yet
 I ask not to forget.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE BRIDAL DAY.

On a monument in a Venetian church is an epitaph, recording that the remains beneath are those of a noble lady, who expired suddenly while standing as a bride at the altar.

"We bear her home! we bear her home!
Over the murmuring salt sea's foam:
One who has fled from the war of life,
From sorrow, pain, and the fever strife."—*Barry Cornwall.*

BRIDE! upon thy marriage-day
When thy gems in rich array
Made the glistening mirror seem
As a star-reflecting stream;
When the clustering pearls lay fair
'Midst thy braids of sunny hair,
And the white veil o'er thee streaming,
Like a silvery halo gleaming,
Mellow'd all that pomp and light
Into something meekly bright;
Did the fluttering of thy breath
Speak of joy or woe beneath?
And the hue that went and came
O'er thy cheek, like wavering flame,
Flow'd that crimson from the unrest,
Or the gladness of thy breast?
—Who shall tell us? from thy bower.
Brightly didst thou pass that hour;
With the many-glancing oar,
And the cheer along the shore,
And the wealth of summer flowers
On thy fair head cast in showers,
And the breath of song and flute,
And the clarion's glad salute,
Swiftly o'er the Adrian tide
Wert thou borne in pomp, young bride
Mirth and music, sun and sky,
Welcome thee triumphantly!
Yet, perchance, a chastening thought,
In some deeper spirit wrought,
Whispering, as untold it blent
With the sounds of merriment,
"From the home of childhood's glee,
From the days of laughter free,
From the love of many years,
Thou art gone to cares and fears;
To another path and guide,
To a bosom yet untried!
Bright one! oh! there well may be
Trembling 'midst our joy for thee."

Bride ! when through the stately fane,
Circled with thy nuptial train,
'Midst the banners hung on high
By thy warrior-ancestry,
'Midst those mighty fathers dead,
In soft beauty thou wast led ;
When before the shrine thy form
Quiver'd to some bosom storm,
When, like harp-strings with a sigh
Breaking in mid-harmony,
On thy lip the murmurs low
Died with love's unfinish'd vow ;
When like scatter'd rose-leaves, fled
From thy cheek each tint of red,
And the light forsook thine eye,
And thy head sank heavily ;
Was that drooping but the excess
Of thy spirit's blessedness ?
Or did some deep feeling's might,
Folded in thy heart from sight,
With a sudden tempest-shower,
Earthward bear thy life's young flower ?
—Who shall tell us ?—on *thy* tongue
Silence, and for ever, hung !
Never to thy lip and cheek
Rush'd again the crimson streak,
Never to thine eye return'd
That which there had beam'd and burn'd !
With the secret none might know,
With thy rapture or thy woe,
With thy marriage-robe and wreath,
Thou wert fled, young bride of death !
One, one lightning moment there
Struck down triumph to despair,
Beauty, splendor, hope, and trust,
Into darkness—terror—dust !
There were sounds of weeping o'er thee,
Bride ! as forth thy kindred bore thee,
Shrouded in thy gleaming veil,
Deaf to that wild funeral wail,
Yet perchance a chastening thought,
In some deeper spirit wrought,
Whispering while the stern, sad knell
On the air's bright stillness fell ;
—“ From the power of chill and change
Souls to sever and estrange ;
From love's wane—a death in life
But to watch—a mortal strife ;
From the secret fevers known
To the burning heart alone,
Thou art fled—afar, away—
Where these blights no more have sway

Bright one ! oh ! there well may be
Comfort 'midst our tears for thee !"

THE ANCESTRAL SONG.

" A long war disturb'd your mind—
Here your perfect peace is sign'd ;
'Tis now full tide 'twixt night and day,
End your moan, and come away !"

WEBSTER—*Duchess of Malfy.*

THERE were faint sounds of weeping ;—fear and gloom
And midnight vigil in a stately room
Of Lusignan's old halls :—rich odors there
Fill'd the proud chamber as with Indian air,
And soft light fell, from lamps of silver, thrown
On jewels that with rainbow lustre shone
Over a gorgeous couch :—there emeralds gleam'd,
And deeper crimson from the ruby stream'd
Than in the heart-leaf of the rose is set,
Hiding from sunshine,—Many a carcanet
Starry with diamonds, many a burning chain
Of the red gold, sent forth a radiance vain,
And sad, and strange, the canopy beneath
Whose shadowy curtains, round a bed of death,
Hung drooping solemnly ;—for there one lay,
Passing from all earth's glories fast away,
Amidst those queenly treasures : They had been
Gifts of her lord, from far-off Paynim lands,
And for *his* sake, upon their orient sheen
She had gazed fondly, and with faint, cold hands
Had press'd them to her languid heart once more,
Melting in childlike tears. But this was o'er—
Love's last vain clinging unto life ; and now—
A mist of dreams was hovering o'er her brow,
Her eye was fix'd, her spirit seem'd removed,
Though not from earth, from all it knew or loved,
Far, far away ! her handmaids watch'd around,
In awe, that lent to each low midnight sound
A might, a mystery ; and the quivering light
Of wind-sway'd lamps, made spectral in their sight
The forms of buried beauty, sad, yet fair,
Gleaming along the walls with braided hair,
Long in the dust grown dim ; and she, too, saw,
But with the spirit's eye of raptur'd awe,
Those pictured shapes !—a bright, yet solemn train
Beckoning, they floated o'er her dreamy brain,
Clothed in diviner hues ; while on her ear
Strange voices fell, which none besides might hear,
Sweet, yet profoundly mournful, as the sigh
Of winds o'er harp-strings through a midnight sky ;

And thus it seem'd, in that low thrilling tone,
Th' ancestral shadows call'd away their own.

Come, come, come !

Long thy fainting soul hath yearn'd
For the step that ne'er return'd ;
Long thine anxious ear hath listen'd,
And thy watchful eye hath glisten'd
With the hope, whose parting strife
Shook the flower-leaves from thy life—
Now the heavy day is done,
Home awaits thee, wearied one !

Come, come, come !

From the quenchless thoughts that burn
In the seal'd heart's lonely urn ;
From the coil of memory's chain
Wound about the throbbing brain ,
From the veins of sorrow deep,
Winding through the world of sleep ;
From the haunted halls and bowers,
Throng'd with ghosts of happier hours !

Come, come, come !

On our dim and distant shore
Aching love is felt no more !
We have loved with earth's excess—
Past is now that weariness !
We have wept, that weep not now—
Calm is each once-beating brow !
We have known the dreamer's woes—
All is now one bright repose !

Come, come, come !

Weary heart that long hast bled,
Languid spirit, drooping head,
Restless memory, vain regret,
Pining love whose light is set,
Come away !—'tis hush'd, tis well,
Where by shadowy founts we dwell,
All the fever thirst is still'd,
All the air with peace is fill'd,—

Come, come, come !

And with her spirit rapt in that wild lay,
She pass'd, as twilight melts to night, away !

THE MAGIC GLASS.

"How lived, how loved, how died they ?"—*Byron.*

"THE dead ! the glorious dead !—and shall they rise ?
Shall they look on thee with their proud bright eyes ?
Thou ask'st a fearful spell !

Yet say, from shrine or dim sepulchral hall,
 What kingly vision shall obey my call?
 The deep grave knows it well!

"Would'st thou behold earth's conquerors? shall they pass
 Before thee, flushing all the Magic Glass
 With triumph's long array?
 Speak! and those dwellers of the marble urn,
 Robed for the feast of victory, shall return,
 As on their proudest day.

"Or would'st thou look upon the lords of song?—
 O'er the dark mirror that immortal throng
 Shall waft a solemn gleam!
 Passing, with lighted eyes and radiant brows,
 Under the foliage of green laurel-boughs,
 But silent as a dream."

"Not these, O mighty master!—Though their lays
 Be unto man's free heart, and tears, and praise,
 Hallow'd for evermore!
 And not the buried conquerors! Let them sleep,
 And let the flowery earth her Sabbaths keep
 In joy, from shore to shore!

"But, if the narrow house may so be moved,
 Call the bright shadows of the most beloved,
 Back from their couch of rest!
 That I may learn if *their* meek eyes be fill'd
 With peace, if human love hath ever still'd
 The yearning human breast."

"Away, fond youth!—An idle quest is thine;
 These have no trophy, no memorial shrine;
 I know not of their place!
 'Midst the dim valleys, with a secret flow,
 Their lives, like shepherd reed-notes, faint and low,
 Have pass'd, and left no trace.

"Haply, begirt with shadowy woods and hills,
 And the wild sounds of melancholy rills,
 Their covering turf may bloom;
 But ne'er hath fame made relics of its flowers—
 Never hath pilgrim sought their household bowers,
 Or poet hail'd their tomb."

"Adieu, then, master of the midnight spell!
 Some voice, perchance, by those lone graves may tell
 That which I pine to know!
 I haste to seek, from woods and valleys deep,
 Where the beloved are laid in lowly sleep,
 Records of joy and woe."

CORINNE AT THE CAPITOL.

"Les femmes doivent penser qu'il est dans cette carrière bien peu de sorte qui puissent valoir la plus obscure vie d'une femme aimée et d'une mère heureuse."—*Madame de Staël*

DAUGHTER of th' Italian heaven !
Thou, to whom its fires are given,
Joyously thy car hath roll'd
Where the conquerors pass'd of old ;
And the festal sun that shone,
O'er three hundred triumphs gone,*
Makes thy day of glory bright,
With a shower of golden light.

Now thou tread'st th' ascending road,
Freedom's foot so proudly trode ;
While, from tombs of heroes borne,
From the dust of empire shorn,
Flowers upon thy graceful head,
Chaplets of all hues, are shed,
In a soft and rosy rain,
Touch'd with many a gem-like stain.

Thou hast gain'd the summit now !
Music hails thee from below ;
Music, whose rich notes might stir
Ashes of the sepulchre ;
Shaking with victorious notes
All the bright air as it floats.
Well may woman's heart beat high
Unto that proud harmony !

Now afar it rolls—it dies—
And thy voice is heard to rise
With a low and lovely tone
In its thrilling power alone ;
And thy lyre's deep silvery string,
Touch'd as by a breeze's wing,
Murmurs tremblingly at first,
Ere the tide of rapture burst.

All the spirit of thy sky
Now hath lit thy large dark eye,
And thy cheek a flush hath caught
From the joy of kindled thought ;
And the burning words of song
From thy lip flow fast and strong,
With a rushing stream's delight
In the freedom of its might.

Radiant daughter of the sun !
Now thy living wreath is won.
Crown'd of Rome !—Oh ! art thou not
Happy in that glorious lot ?—

*The treble hundred triumphs.—*Byron*.

Happier, happier far than thou,
 With the laurel on thy brow,
 She that makes the humblest hearth
 Lovely but to one on earth!

THE RUIN.

"Oh! 'tis the *heart* that magnifies this life
 Making a truth and beauty of its own."

Wordsworth.

"Birth has gladden'd it: death has sanctified it."

Guesses at Truth.

No dower of storied song is thine,
 O desolate abode!
 Forth from thy gates no glittering line
 Of lance and spear hath flow'd.
 Banners of knighthood have not flung
 Proud drapery o'er thy walls,
 Nor bugle-notes to battle rung
 Through thy resounding halls.
 Nor have rich bowers of *pleasaunce* here
 By courtly hands been dress'd,
 For princes, from the chase of deer,
 Under green leaves to rest;
 Only some rose, yet lingering bright
 Beside thy casements lone,
 Tells where the spirit of delight
 Hath dwelt, and now is gone.
 Yet minstrel tale of harp and sword,
 And sovereign beauty's lot,
 House of quench'd light and silent board!
 For me thou needest not.
 It is enough to know that *here*,
 Where thoughtfully I stand,
 Sorrow and love, and hope and fear,
 Have link'd one kindred band.
 Thou bindest me with mighty spells!
 —A solemnizing breath,
 A presence all around thee dwells,
 Of human life and death.
 I need but pluck yon garden flower
 From where the wild weeds rise,
 To wake, with strange and sudden power,
 A thousand sympathies.
 Thou hast heard many sounds, thou hearth!
 Deserted now by all!
 Voices at eve here met in mirth
 Which eve may ne'er recall.
 Youth's buoyant step, and woman's tone,
 And childhood's laughing glee,

And song and prayer, have all been known,
Hearth of the dead! to thee.

Thou hast heard blessings fondly pour'd
Upon the infant head,
As if in every fervent word
The living soul were shed;
Thou hast seen partings, such as bear
The bloom from life away—
Alas! for love in changeful air,
Where nought beloved can stay!

Here, by the restless bed of pain,
The vigil hath been kept,
Till sunrise, bright with hope in vain,
Burst forth on eyes that wept;
Here hath been felt the hush, the gloom,
The breathless influence, shed
Through the dim dwelling, from the room
Wherein reposed the dead.

The seat left void, the missing face,
Have here been mark'd and mourn'd,
And time hath fill'd the vacant place,
And gladness hath return'd;
Till from the narrowing household chain
The links dropp'd one by one!
And homewards hither, o'er the main,
Came the spring-birds alone.

Is there not cause, then—cause for thought,
Fix'd eye and lingering tread,
Where, with their thousand mysteries fraught,
Even lowliest hearts have bled?
Where, in its ever-haunting thirst
For draughts of purer day,
Man's soul, with fiſful strength, hath burst
The clouds that wrapt its way?

Holy to human nature seems
The long-forsaken spot;
To deep affections, tender dreams,
Hopes of a brighter lot!
Therefore in silent reverence here,
Hearth of the dead! I stand,
Where joy and sorrow, smile and tear,
Have link'd one household band,

THE MINSTER.

"A fit abode, whersin appear enshrined
Our hopes of immortality."—*Byron.*

SPEAK low!—the place is holy to the breath
Of awful harmonies, of whisper'd prayer;

Tread lightly !—for the sanctity of death
 Broods with a voiceless influence on the air :
 Stern, yet serene !—a reconciling spell,
 Each troubled billow of the soul to quell.

Leave me to linger silently awhile !

—Not for the light that pours its fervid streams
 Of rainbow glory down through arch and aisle,
 Kindling old banners into haughty gleams,
 Flushing proud shrines, or by some warrior's tomb
 Dying away in clouds of gorgeous gloom :

Not for rich music, though in triumph pealing,
 Mighty as forest sounds when winds are high ;
 Nor yet for torch, and cross, and stole, revealing
 Through incense-mists their sainted pageantry :—
 Though o'er the spirit each hath charm and power,
 Yet not for *these* I ask one lingering hour.

But by strong sympathies, whose silver cord
 Links me to mortal weal, my soul is bound ;
 Thoughts of the human hearts, that here have pour'd
 Their anguish forth, are with me and around ;—
 I look back on the pangs, the burning tears,
 Known to these altars of a thousand years.

Send up a murmur from the dust, Remorse !
 That here hast bow'd with ashes on thy head :
 And thou, still battling with the tempest's force—
 Thou, whose bright spirit through all time hast bled—
 Speak, wounded Love ! if penance here, or prayer,
 Hath laid one haunting shadow of despair ?

No voice, no breath !—of conflicts past, no trace !
 —Doth not this hush give answer to my quest ?

Surely the dread religion of the place
 By every grief hath made its might confest !
 —Oh ! that within my heart I could but keep
 Holy to Heaven, a spot thus pure, and still, and deep !

THE SONG OF NIGHT.*

“ O night,
 And storm, and darkness ! ye are wondrous strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength !” — *Byron*

I COME to thee, O Earth !
 With all my gifts !—for every flower sweet dew
 In bell, and urn, and chalice, to renew
 The glory of its birth.

* Suggested by Thorwaldsen's bas-relief of Night, represented under the form of a winged female figure, with two infants asleep in her arms.

Not one which glimmering lies
Far amidst folding hills, or forest leaves,
But, through its veins of beauty, so receives
A spirit of fresh dyes.

I come with every star ;
Making thy streams, that on their noon-day track,
Give but the moss, the reed, the lily back,
Mirrors of worlds afar.

I come with peace :—I shed
Sleep through thy wood-walks, o'er the honey-bee,
The lark's triumphant voice, the fawn's young glee,
The hyacinth's meek head.

On my own heart I lay
The weary babe ; and sealing with a breath
Its eyes of love, send fairy dreams, beneath
The shadowing lids to play.

I come with mightier things !
Who calls me silent ? I have many tones—
The dark skies thrill with low mysterious moans,
Borne on my sweeping wings,

I waft them not alone
From the deep organ of the forest shades,
Or buried streams, unheard amidst their glades,
Till the bright day is done ;

But in the human breast
A thousand still small voices I awake,
Strong, in their sweetness, from the soul to shake
The mantle of its rest.

I bring them from the past :
From true hearts broken, gentle spirits torn,
From crush'd affections, which, though long o'erborne,
Make their tones heard at last.

I bring them from the tomb :
O'er the sad couch of late repentant love
They pass—though low as murmurs of a dove—
Like trumpets through the gloom.

I come with all my train ;
Who calls me lonely ?—Hosts around me tread,
The intensely bright, the beautiful, the dead—
Phantoms of heart and brain !

Looks from departed eyes—
These are my lightnings !—fill'd with anguish vain,
Or tenderness too piercing to sustain,
They smite with agonies.

I, that with soft control,
Shut the dim violet, hush the woodland song,
I am the avenging one !—the arm'd, the strong—
The searcher of the soul !

I, that shower dewy light
Through slumbering leaves, bring storms!—the tempest-birth
Of memory, thought, remorse:—Be holy, Earth!
I am the solemn Night!

THE STORM-PAINTER IN HIS DUNGEON.*

"Where of ye, O tempests, is the goal?
Are ye like those that shake the human breast?
Or do ye find at length, like eagles, some high nest?"
Childe Harold.

MIDNIGHT, and silence deep!
—The air is fill'd with sleep,
With the stream's whisper, and the citron's breath;
The fix'd and solemn stars
Gleam through my dungeon bars—
Wake, rushing winds! this breezeless calm is death!
Ye watch-fires of the skies!
The stillness of your eyes
Looks too intensely through my troubled soul;
I feel this weight of rest
An earth-load on my breast—
Wake, rushing winds, awake! and, dark clouds, roll!
I am your own, *your* child,
O ye, the fierce, and wild,
And kingly tempests!—will ye not arise?
Hear the bold spirit's voice,
That knows not to rejoice
But in the peal of your strong harmonies.
By sounding ocean-waves,
And dim Calabrian caves,
And flashing torrents, I have been your mate;
And with the rocking pines
Of the olden Apennines,
In your dark path stood fearless and elate:
Your lightnings were as rods,
That smote the deep abodes
Of thought and vision—and the stream gush'd free;
Come, that my soul again
May swell to burst its chain—
Bring me the music of the sweeping sea!

* Pietro Mulier, called Il Tempesta, from his surprising pictures of storms. "His compositions," says Lanzi, "inspire a real horror, presenting to our eyes death-devoted ships overtaken by tempests and darkness—fired by lightning—now rising on the mountain-wave, and again submerged in the abyss of ocean." During an imprisonment of five years in Genoa, the pictures which he painted in his dungeon were marked by additional power and gloom.—See LANZI'S *History of Painting*, translated by Roscoe.

Within me dwells a flame,
 An eagle caged and tame,
 Till call'd forth by the harping of the blast ;
 Then is its triumph's hour,
 It springs to sudden power,
 As mounts the billow o'er the quivering mast.
 Then, then, the canvass o'er,
 With hurried hand I pour
 The lava-waves and gusts of my own soul !
 Kindling to fiery life
 Dreams, worlds, of pictured strife—
 Wake, rushing winds, awake ! and, dark clouds, roll !
 Wake, rise ! the reed may bend,
 The shivering leaf descend,
 The forest branch give way before your might ;
 But I your strong compeer,
 Call, summon, wait you here—
 Answer, my spirit !—answer, storm and night !

THE TWO VOICES.

Two solemn Voices, in a funeral strain,
 Met as rich sunbeams and dark bursts of rain
 Meet in the sky :
 "Thou art gone hence !" one sang ; " Our light is flown,
 Our beautiful, that seem'd too much our own
 Ever to die !
 "Thou art gone hence !—our joyous hills among
 Never again to pour thy soul in song,
 When spring-flowers rise !
 Never the friend's familiar step to meet
 With loving laughter, and the welcome sweet
 Of thy glad eyes."
 "Thou art gone home, gone *home* !" then, high and clear,
 Warbled that other Voice ; "Thou hast no tear
 Again to shed.
 Never to fold the robe o'er secret pain,
 Never, weigh'd down by Memory's clouds, again
 To bow thy head.
 "Thou art gone home ! oh ! early crown'd and blest !
 Where could the love of that deep heart find rest
 With aught below ?
 Thou must have seen rich dream by dream decay,
 All the bright rose-leaves drop from life away—
 Thrice bless'd to go !"
 Yet sigh'd again that breeze-like Voice of grief—
 "Thou art gone hence ! alas ! that aught so brief,
 So loved should be ;
 Thou tak'st our summer hence !—the flower, the tone
 The music of our being, all in one,
 Depart with thee !

"Fair form, young spirit, morning vision fled!
Canst *thou* be of the dead, the awful dead?

The dark unknown?

Yes! to the dwelling where no footsteps fall,
Never again to light up hearth or hall,

Thy smile is gone!"

"Home, *home*!" once more the exulting Voice arose:

"Thou art gone home!—from that divine repose

Never to roam!

Never to say farewell, to weep in vain,
To read of change, in eyes beloved, again—

Thou art gone home!

"By the bright waters now thy lot is cast—

Joy for thee, happy friend! thy bark hath past

The rough sea's foam!

Now the long yearnings of thy soul are still'd,

Home! home!—thy peace is won, thy heart is fill'd.

Thou art gone home!"

THE PARTING SHIP.

"A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain."—*Wordsworth.*

Go, in thy glory, o'er the ancient sea,

Take with thee gentle winds thy sails to swell;

Sunshine and joy upon thy streamers be,

Fare-thee-well, bark! farewell!

Proudly the flashing billow thou hast cleft,

The breeze yet follows thee with cheer and song;

Who now of storms hath dream or memory left?

And yet the deep is strong!

But go thou triumphing, while still the smiles

Of summer tremble on the water's breast!

Thou shalt be greeted by a thousand isles,

In lone, wild beauty drest.

To thee a welcome breathing o'er the tide,

The genii groves of Araby shall pour;

Waves that enfold the pearl shall bathe thy side,

On the old Indian shore.

Oft shall the shadow of the palm-tree lie

O'er glassy bays wherein thy sails are furl'd,

And its leaves whisper, as the wind sweeps by

Tales of the elder world.

Oft shall the burning stars of Southern skies,

On the mid-ocean see thee chain'd in sleep,

A lonely home for human thoughts and ties,

Between the heavens and deep.

Blue seas that roll on gorgeous coasts renown'd,
 By night shall sparkle where thy prow makes way,
 Strange creatures of the abyss that none may sound
 In thy broad wake shall play.

From hills unknown, in mingled joy and fear,
 Free dusky tribes shall pour, thy flag to mark ;—
 Blessings go with thee on thy lone career !
 Hail, and farewell, thou bark !

A long farewell !—Thou wilt not bring us back
 All whom thou bearest far from home and hearth !
 Many are thine, whose steps no more shall track
 Their own sweet native earth !

Some wilt thou leave beneath the plantain's shade,
 Where through the foliage Indian suns look bright ;
 Some in the snows of wintry regions laid,
 By the cold northern light.

And some, far down below the sounding wave,
 Still shall they lie, though tempests o'er them sweep,
 Never may flower be strewn above their grave,
 Never may sister weep !

And thou—the billow's queen—even thy proud form
 On our glad sight no more perchance may swell ;
 Yet God alike is in the calm and storm—
 Fare-thee-well, bark ! farewell !

THE LAST TREE OF THE FOREST.

WHISPER, thou Tree, thou lonely Tree,
 One, where a thousand stood !
 Well might proud tales be told by thee,
 Last of the solemn wood !

Dwells there no voice amidst thy boughs,
 With leaves yet darkly green ?
 Stillness is round, and noontide glows
 Tell us what thou hast seen.

"I have seen the forest shadows lie
 Where men now reap the corn ;
 I have seen the kingly chase rush by,
 Through the deep glades at morn.

"With the glance of many a gallant spear,
 And the wave of many a plume,
 And the bounding of a hundred deer,
 It hath lit the woodland's gloom.

"I have seen the knight and his train ride past,
 With his banner borne on high ;
 O'er all my leaves there was brightness cast
 From his gleaming panoply.

"The pilgrim at my feet hath laid
 His palm branch 'midst the flowers,
 And told his beads, and meekly pray'd,
 Kneeling, at vesper-hours.
 "And the merry-men of wild and glen,
 In the green array they wore,
 Have feasted here, with the red wine's cheer,
 And the hunter's song of yore.
 "And the minstrel, resting in my shade,
 Hath made the forest ring
 With the lordly tales of the high Crusade,
 Once loved by chief and king.
 "But now the noble forms are gone
 That walk'd the earth of old;
 The soft wind hath a mournful tone,
 The sunny light looks cold.
 "There is no glory left us now,
 Like the glory with the dead:—
 I would that where they slumber low
 My latest leaves were shed!"
 Oh! thou dark Tree, thou lonely Tree,
 That mournest for the past!
 A peasant's home in thy shades I see,
 Embower'd from every blast.
 A lovely and a mirthful sound
 Of laughter meets mine ear;
 For the poor man's children sport around
 On the turf, with nought to fear.
 And roses lend that cabin's wall
 A happy summer glow:
 And the open door stands free to all,
 For it recks not of a foe.
 And the village bells are on the breeze
 That stirs thy leaf, dark Tree!
 How can I mourn, 'midst things like these,
 For the stormy past, with thee?

 THE STREAMS.

The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
 That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
 Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
 Or chasms and watery depths; all those have vanish'd!
 They live no longer in the faith of heaven,
 But still the heart doth need a language!"

COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

YE have been holy, O founts and floods!
 Ye of the ancient and solemn woods,

Ye that are born of the valleys deep,
 With the water-flowers on your breast asleep,
 And ye that gush from the sounding caves—
 Hallow'd have been your waves.

Hallow'd by man, in his dreams of old
 Unto beings not of this mortal mould
 Viewless, and deathless, and wondrous powers
 Whose voice he heard in his lonely hours,
 And sought with its fancied sound to still
 The heart earth could not fill.

Therefore the flowers of bright summers gone,
 O'er your sweet waters, ye streams! were thrown;
 Thousand of gifts to the sunny sea
 Have ye swept along, in your wanderings free,
 And thrill'd to the murmur of many a vow—
 Where all is silent now!

Nor seems it strange that the heart hath been
 So link'd in love to your margins green;
 That still, though ruin'd, your early shrines
 In beauty gleam through the southern vines,
 And the ivied chapels of colder skies,
 On your wild banks arise.

For the loveliest scenes of the glowing earth,
 Are those bright streams! where your springs have birth,
 Whether their cavern'd murmur fills,
 With a tone of plaint, the hollow hills,
 Or the glad sweet laugh of their healthful flow
 Is heard 'midst the hamlets low.

Or whether, ye gladden the desert sands
 With a joyous music to pilgrim bands,
 And a flash from under some ancient rock,
 Where a shepherd-king might have watch'd his flock,
 Where a few lone palm-trees lift their heads,
 And a green Acacia spreads.

Or whether, in bright old lands renown'd,
 The laurels thrill to your first-born sound,
 And the shadow, flung from the Grecian pine,
 Sweeps with the breeze o'er your gleaming line,
 And the tall reeds whisper to your waves,
 Beside heroic graves.

Voices and lights of the lonely place!
 By the freshest fern your path we trace:
 By the brightest cups on the emerald moss,
 Whose fairy goblets the turf emboss,
 By the rainbow glancing of insect wings,
 In a thousand mazy rings.

There sucks the bee, for the richest flowers
 Are all your own through the summer hours;

There the proud stag his fair image knows,
 Traced on your glass beneath alder-boughs,
 And the Halcyon's breast, like the skies array'd,
 Gleams through the willow-shade.

But the wild sweet tales, that with elves and fays
 Peopled your banks in the olden days,
 And the memory left by departed love,
 To your antique founts in glen and grove,
 And the glory born of the poet's dreams—
 These are your charms, bright streams!

Now is the time of your flowery rites,
 Gone by with its dances and young delights:
 From your marble urns ye have burst away,
 From your chapel-cells to the laughing day;
 Low lie your altars with moss o'ergrown,
 And the woods again are lone.

Yet holy still be your living springs,
 Haunts of all gentle and gladsome things!
 Holy, to converse with nature's lore,
 That gives the worn spirit its youth once more,
 And to silent thoughts of the love divine,
 Making the heart a shrine!

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

"There is nothing in the wide world so like the voice of a spirit."
Gray's Letters.

OH! many a voice is thine, thou Wind! full many a voice is
 thine, [sign;
 From every scene thy wing o'ersweeps thou bear'st a sound and
 A minstrel wild and strong thou art, with a mastery all thine
 own, [tone.
 And the spirit is thy harp, O Wind! that gives the answering

Thou hast been across red fields of war, where shiver'd helmets
 lie, [sky;
 And thou bringest thence the thrilling note of a clarion in the
 A rustling of proud banner-folds, a peal of stormy drums,—
 All these are in thy music met, as when a leader comes.

Thou hast been o'er solitary seas, and from their wastes brought
 back
 Each noise of waters that awoke in the mystery of thy track—
 The chime of low soft southern waves on some green palmy
 shore,
 The hollow roll of distant surge, the gather'd billows' roar.

Thou art come from forests dark and deep, thou mighty rush-
 ing Wind!
 And thou bearest all their unisons in one full swell combined;
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The restless pines, the moaning stream, all hidden things and
free,
Of the dim old sounding wilderness, have lent their soul to thee.

Thou art come from cities lighted up for the conqueror passing
by,

Thou art wafting from their streets a sound of haughty revelry ;
The rolling of triumphant wheels, the harpings in the hall .
The far-off shout of multitudes, are in thy rise and fall.

Thou art come from kingly tombs and shrines, from ancient
minsters vast, [hath pass'd ;

Through the dark aisles of a thousand years thy lonely wing
Thou hast caught the anthem's billowy swell, the stately dirge's
tone, [slumber gone.

For a chief, with sword, and shield, and helm, to his place of

Thou art come from long-forsaken homes, wherein our young
days flew, [kind, the true ;

Thou hast found sweet voices lingering there, the loved, the
Thou callest back those melodies, though now all changed and
fled—

Be still, be still, and haunt us not with music from the dead !

Are all these notes in *thee*, wild wind ? these many notes in
thee ?

Far in our own unfathom'd souls their fount must surely be ;
Yes ! buried, but unsleeping, *there* thought watches, memory
lies, [harmonies.

From whose deep urn the tones are pour'd through all earth's

THE VIGIL OF ARMS.*

A SOUNDING step was heard by night

In a church where the mighty slept,

As a mail-clad youth, till morning's light,

'Midst the tombs his vigil kept.

He walk'd in dreams of power and fame,

He lifted a proud, bright eye,

For the hours were few that withheld his name

From the roll of chivalry.

Down the moonlit aisles he paced alone,

With a free and stately tread ;

And the floor gave back a muffled tone

From the couches of the dead :

* The candidate for knighthood was under the necessity of keeping watch, the night before his inauguration, in a church, and completely armed. This was called "the Vigil of Arms."

The silent many that round him lay,
The crown'd and helm'd that were,
The haughty chiefs of the war array—
Each in his sepulchre !

But no dim warning of time or fate
That youth's flushed hopes could chill ;
He moved through the trophies of buried state
With each proud pulse throbbing still.
He heard, as the wind through the chancel sung,
A swell of the trumpet's breath ;
He look'd to the banners on high that hung,
And not to the dust beneath.

And a royal mask of splendor seem'd
Before him to unfold ;
Through the solemn arches on it stream'd,
With many a gleam of gold ;
There were crested knight, and gorgeous dame,
Glittering athwart the gloom,
And he follow'd, till his bold step came
To his warrior-father's tomb.

But there the still and shadowy might
Of the monumental stone,
And the holy sleep of the soft lamp's light
That over its quiet shone,
And the image of that sire, who died
In his noonday of renown—
These had a power unto which the pride
Of fiery life bow'd down.

And a spirit from his early years
Came back o'er his thoughts to move,
Till his eye was fill'd with memory's tears,
And his heart with childhood's love !
And he look'd, with a change in his softening glance,
To the armor o'er the grave—
For there they hung, the shield and lance,
And the gauntlet of the brave.

And the sword of many a field was there,
With its cross for the hour of need,
When the knight's bold war-cry hath sunk in prayer,
And the spear is a broken reed !
—Hush ! did a breeze through the armor sigh ?
Did the folds of the banner shake ?
Not so !—from the tomb's dark mystery
There seem'd a voice to break !

He had heard that voice bid clarions blow,
He had caught its last blessing's breath—
'Twas the same—but its awful sweetness now
Had an under-tone of death !

And it said—"The sword hath conquer'd kings,
 And the spear through realms hath pass'd;
 But the cross, alone, of all these things,
 Might aid me at the last."

THE HEART OF BRUCE IN MELROSE ABBEY.

HEART! that did'st press forward still,*
 Where the trumpet's note rang shrill,
 Where the knightly swords were crossing,
 And the plumes like sea foam tossing,
 Leader of the charging spear,
 Fiery heart!—and liest thou *here*?
 May this narrow spot inurn
 Aught that so could beat and burn?
 Heart! that lovedst the clarion's blast,
 Silent is thy place at last;
 Silent—save when early bird
 Sings where once the mass was heard;
 Silent—save when breeze's moan
 Comes through flowers or fretted stone;
 And the wild-rose waves around thee,
 And the long dark grass hath bound thee,
 —Sleep'st thou, as the swain might sleep,
 In his nameless valley deep?

No! brave heart! though cold and lone,
 Kingly power is yet thine own!
 Feel I not thy spirit brood
 O'er the whispering solitude?
 Lo! at one high thought of thee,
 Fast they rise, the bold, the free,
 Sweeping past thy lowly bed,
 With a mute, yet stately tread.
 Shedding their pale armor's light
 Forth upon the breathless night,
 Bending every warlike plume
 In the prayer o'er saintly tomb.

Is the noble Douglas nigh,
 Arm'd to follow thee, or die?
 Now, true heart, as thou wert wont
 Pass thou to the peril's front!
 Where the banner-spear is gleaming,
 And the battle's red wine streaming,
 Till the Paynim quail before thee,
 Till the cross wave proudly o'er thee—
 Dreams! the falling of a leaf
 Wins me from their splendors brief;

* "Now pass thou forward, as thou wert wont, and Douglas will follow thee or die!" With these words Douglas threw from him the heart of Bruce into mid-battle against the Moors of Spain

Dreams, yet bright ones! scorn them not,
 Thou that seek'st the holy spot;
 Nor, amidst its lone domain,
 Call the faith in relics vain!

NATURE'S FAREWELL.

'The beautiful is vanish'd, and returns not.'

COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*

"A YOUTH rode forth from his childhood's home,
 Through the crowded paths of the world to roam;
 And the green leaves whisper'd, as he pass'd,
 Wherefore, thou dreamer, away so fast?
 "Knew'st thou with what thou art parting here,
 Long would'st thou linger in doubt and fear;
 Thy heart's light laughter, thy sunny hours,
 Thou hast left in our shades with the spring's wild flowers.

"Under the arch by our mingling made,
 Thou and thy brother have gaily play'd.
 Ye may meet again where ye roved of yore,
 But as ye *have* met there—oh! never more!"

On rode the youth—and, the boughs among,
 Thus the free birds o'er his pathway sung:
 "Wherefore so fast unto life away?
 Thou art leaving for ever thy joy in our lay!"

"Thou may'st come to the summer woods again,
 And thy heart have no echo to greet their strain;
 Afar from the foliage its love will dwell—
 A change must pass o'er thee—farewell, farewell!"

On rode the youth—and the founts and streams
 Thus mingled a voice with his joyous dreams:
 "We have been thy playmates through many a day,
 Wherefore thus leave us?—oh! yet delay!"

"Listen but once to the sound of our mirth!
 For thee 'tis a melody passing from earth.
 Never again wilt thou find in its flow,
 The peace it could once on thy heart bestow.

"Thou wilt visit the scenes of thy childhood's glee,
 With the breath of the world on thy spirit free;
 Passion and sorrow its depth will have stirr'd,
 And the singing of waters be vainly heard.

"Thou wilt bear in our gladsome laugh no part—
 What should it do for a burning heart?
 Thou wilt bring to the banks of our freshest rill,
 Thirst which no fountain on earth may still.

"Farewell!—when thou comest again to thine own,
Thou wilt miss from our music its loveliest tone;
Mournfully true is the tale we tell—
Yet on, fiery dreamer! farewell, farewell!"

And a something of gloom on his spirit weigh'd
As he caught the last sounds of his native shade;
But he knew not, till many a bright spell broke,
How deep were the oracles Nature spoke!

THE BEINGS OF THE MIND,

"The beings of the mind are not of clay,
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray,
And more belov'd existence; that which Fate
Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
Of mortal bondage."—*Byron*.

Come to me in your triumphs and your woes,
Ye forms, to life by glorious poets brought!
I sit alone with flowers, and vernal boughs,
In the deep shadow of a voiceless thought;
'Midst the glad music of the spring alone,
And sorrowful for visions that are gone!

Come to me! make your thrilling whispers heard,
Ye, by those masters of the soul endow'd
With life, and love, and many a burning word,
That bursts from grief, like lightning from a cloud,
And smites the heart, till all its chords reply,
As leaves make answer when the wind sweeps by.

Come to me! visit my dim haunt!—the sound
Of hidden springs is in the grass beneath:
The stock-dove's note above; and all around,
The poesy that with the violet's breath
Floats through the air, in rich and sudden streams,
Mingling, like music, with the soul's deep dreams.

Friends, friends!—for such to my lone heart ye are—
Unchanging ones! from whose immortal eyes
The glory melts not as a waning star,
And the sweet kindness never, never dies;
Bright children of the bard! o'er this green dell
Pass once again, and light it with your spell!

Imogen? fair Fidele! meekly blending
In patient grief, "a smiling with a sigh;"*
And thou, Cordelia! faithful daughter, tending
That sire, an outcast to the bitter sky;
Thou of the soft low voice!—thou art not gone!
Still breathes for me its faint and flute-like tone

* "Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh."—*Cymbeline*.

And come to me !—sing me thy willow-strain,
 Sweet Desdemona ! with the sad surprise
 In thy beseeching glance, where still, though vain,
 Undimm'd, unquenchable affection lies ;
 Come bowing thy young head to wrong and scorn,
 As a frail hyacinth, by showers o'erborne.

And thou, too, fair Ophelia ! flowers are here,
 That well might win thy footstep to the spot—
 Pale cowslips, meet for maiden's early bier,
 And pansies for sad thoughts,*—but needed not !
 Come with thy wreaths, and all the love and light
 In that wild eye still tremulously bright.

And Juliet, vision of the south ! enshrining
 All gifts that unto its rich heaven belong ;
 The glow, the sweetness, in its rose combining,
 The soul its nightingales pour forth in song,
 Thou, making death deep joy !—but *could'st* thou die ?
 No !—thy young love hath immortality !

From earth's bright faces fades the light of morn,
 From earth's glad voices drops the joyous tone ;
 But ye, the children of the soul, were born
 Deathless, and for undying love alone ;
 And, oh ! ye beautiful ! 'tis well, how well,
 In the soul's world, with you, where change is not, to dwell ;

THE LYRE'S LAMENT.

"A large lyre hung in an opening of the rock, and gave forth its melancholy music to the wind—but no human being was to be seen."

Salathiel

A DEEP-TONED lyre hung murmuring
 To the wild wind of the sea :
 "Oh melancholy wind," it sigh'd,
 "What would thy breath with me ?
 "Thou can'st not wake the spirit
 That in me slumbering lies,
 Thou strikest not forth th' electric fire
 Of buried melodies.

"Wind of the dark sea-waters !
 Thou dost but sweep my strings
 Into wild gusts of mournfulness,
 With the rushing of thy wings.

"But the spell—the gift—the lightning—
 Within my frame conceal'd,
 Must I moulder on the rock away,
 With their triumphs unreveal'd ?

* "Here's pansies for you—that's for thoughts.—*Hamlet*."

"I have power, high power, for freedom
To wake the burning soul !
I have sounds that through the ancient hills
Like a torrent's voice might roll.

"I have pealing notes of victory
That might welcome kings from war ;
I have rich deep tones to send the wail
For a hero's death afar.

"I have chords to lift the pæan
From the temple to the sky,
Full as the forest-unisons
When sweeping winds are high.

"And love—for love's lone sorrow
I have accents that might swell
Through the summer air with the rose's breath,
Or the violets' faint farewell :

"Soft—spiritual—mournful—
Sighs in each note enshrined—
But who shall call that sweetness forth ?
Thou can'st not, ocean-wind !

"I pass without my glory,
Forgotten I decay—
Where is the touch to give me life ?
—Wild, fitful wind, away !"

So sigh'd the broken music
That in gladness had no part—
How like art thou, neglected lyre,
To many a human heart !

TASSO'S CORONATION.*

A crown of victory ! a triumphal song !
Oh ! call some friend, upon whose pitying heart
The weary one may calmly sink to rest ;
Let some kind voice, beside his lowly couch,
Pour the last prayer for mortal agony !

A TRUMPET's note is in the sky, in the glorious Roman sky,
Whose dome hath rung, so many an age, to the voice of
victory ;

There is crowding to the Capitol, the imperial streets along,
For again a conqueror must be crown'd—a kingly child of
song :

Yet his chariot lingers,
Yet around his home
Broods a shadow silently,
'Midst the joy of Rome.

* Tasso died at Rome on the day before that appointed for his coronation in the Capital.

A thousand thousand laurel boughs are waving wide and far,
To shed out their triumphal gleams around his rolling car ;
A thousand haunts of olden gods have given their wealth of
flowers,

To scatter o'er his path of fame bright hues in gem-like showers.

Peace ! within his chamber
Low the mighty lies ;
With a cloud of dreams on his noble brow,
And a wandering in his eyes.

Sing, sing for him, the lord of song, for him, whose rushing
strain [main !

In mastery o'er the spirit sweeps, like a strong wind o'er the
Whose voice lives deep in burning hearts, for ever there to
dwell,

As full-toned oracles are shrined in a temple's holiest cell.

Yes ! for him, the victor,
Sing—but low, sing low !
A soft sad *miserere* chant
For a soul about to go !

The sun, the sun of Italy is pouring o'er his way,
Where the old three hundred triumphs moved, a flood of gold-
en day ; [nown—

Streaming through every haughty arch of the Cæsars' past re-
Bring forth, in that exulting light, the conqueror for his crown !

Shut the proud bright sunshine
From the fading sight !
There needs no ray by the bed of death,
Save the holy taper's light.

The wreath is twined—the way is strewn—the lordly train are
met—

The streets are hung with coronals—why stays the minstrel yet ?
Shout ! as an army shouts in joy around a royal chief—
Bring forth the bard of chivalry, the bard of love and grief !

Silence ! forth we bring him,
In his last array ;
From love and grief the freed, the flown—
Way for the bier—make way !

THE BETTER LAND.

" I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band ;
Mother ! oh, where is that radiant shore ?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs ?"
—" Not there, not there, my child !"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
 Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
 And strange bright birds on their starry wings,
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
 —"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
 Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?—
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?—
 Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
 —"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
 Sorrow and death may not enter there:
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
 For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
 It is there, it is there, my child!"

THE WOUNDED EAGLE.

EAGLE! this is not thy sphere!
 Warrior-bird! what seek'st thou here?
 Wherefore by the fountain's brink
 Doth thy royal pinion sink?
 Wherefore on the violet's bed
 Lay'st thou thus thy drooping head?
 Thou, that hold'st the blast in scorn,
 Thou, that wear'st the wings of morn!

Eagle! wilt thou not arise?
 Look upon thine own bright skies!
 Lift thy glance! the fiery sun
 There his pride of place hath won?
 And the mountain lark is there,
 And sweet sound hath fill'd the air;
 Hast thou left that realm on high?
 —Oh! it can be but to die!

Eagle, eagle! thou hast bow'd
 From thine empire o'er the cloud!
 Thou, that had'st ethereal birth,
 Thou hast stoop'd too near the earth,
 And the hunter's shaft hath found thee,
 And the toils of death hath bound thee!
 —Wherefore didst thou leave thy place,
 Creature of a kingly race?

Wert thou weary of thy throne?
 Was thy sky's dominion lone?
 Chill and lone it well might be,
 Yet that mighty wing was free!
 Now the chain is o'er it cast,
 From thy heart the blood flows fast,
 —Woe for gifted souls and high!
 Is not such *their* destiny?

SADNESS AND MIRTH.

"Nay, these wild fits of uncurb'd laughter
 Athwart the gloomy tenor of your mind,
 As it has lower'd of late, so keenly cast,
 Unsuit'd seem, and strange.

Oh! nothing strange,
 Did'st thou ne'er see the swallow's veering breast,
 Winging the air beneath some murky cloud,
 In the sunn'd glimpses of a troubled day,
 Shiver in silvery brightness?
 Or boatman's oar, as vivid lightning flash
 In the faint gleam, that, like a spirit's path,
 Tracks the still waters of some sullen lake?

O, gentle friend!
 Chide not *her* mirth, who yesterday was sad,
 And may be so to-morrow!"—*Joanna Baillie.*

YE met at the stately feasts of old,
 Where the bright wine foam'd over sculptured gold,
 Sadness and mirth! ye were mingled there
 With the sound of the lyre in the scented air;
 As the cloud and the lightning are blent on high,
 Ye mix'd in the gorgeous revelry.

For there hung o'er those banquets of yore a gloom,
 A thought and a shadow of the tomb;
 It gave to the flute-notes an under-tone,
 To the rose a coloring not its own,
 To the breath of the myrtle a mournful power—
 Sadness and mirth! ye had each your dower!

Ye met when the triumph swept proudly by,
 With the Roman eagles through the sky!
 I know that even then, in his hour of pride,
 The soul of the mighty within him died;
 That a void in his bosom lay darkly still,
 Which the music of victory might never fill!

Thou wert there, oh, mirth! swelling on the shout,
 Till the temples, like echo-caves, rang out;
 Thine were the garlands, the songs, the wine,
 All the rich voices in air were thine,
 The incense, the sunshine—but, sadness, *thy* part,
 Deepest of all, was the victor's heart!

Ye meet at the bridal with flower and tear ;
 Strangely and wildly ye meet by the bier !
 As the gleam from a sea-bird's white wing shed,
 Crosses the storm in its path of dread ;
 As a dirge meets the breeze of a summer sky—
 Sadness and mirth ! so ye come and fly !

Ye meet in the poet's haunted breast,
 Darkness and rainbow, alike its guest !
 When the breath of the violet is out in spring,
 When the woods with the wakening of music ring,
 O'er his dreamy spirit your currents pass,
 Like shadow and sunlight o'er mountain grass.

When will your parting be, sadness and mirth ?
 Bright stream and dark one !—oh ! never on earth !
 Never while triumphs and tombs are so near,
 While death and love walk the same dim sphere,
 While flowers unfold where the storm may sweep,
 While the heart of man is a soundless deep !

But there smiles a land, oh ! ye troubled pair !
 Where ye have no part in the summer air.
 Far from the breathings of changeful skies,
 Over the seas and the graves it lies ;
 Where the day of the lightning and cloud is done,
 And joy reigns alone, as the lonely sun !

THE NIGHTINGALE'S DEATH-SONG.

Willst du nach den Nachtigallen fragen
 Die mit seelenvollen melodie
 Dich entzückten in des Lenzes Tagen ?
 —Nur so lang sie liebten, waren sie.—*Schiller*

MOUNFULLY, sing mournfully,
 And die away, my heart !
 The rose, the glorious rose is gone,
 And I, too, will depart.

The skies have lost their splendor,
 The waters changed their tone,
 And wherefore, in the faded world,
 Should music linger on ?

Where is the golden sunshine,
 And where flower-cup's glow ?
 And where the joy of the dancing leaves,
 And the fountain's laughing flow ?

A voice, in every whisper
 Of the wave, the bough, the air,
 Comes asking for the beautiful,
 And moaning, " Where, oh ! where ?"

Tell of the brightness parted,
 Thou bee, thou lamb at play!
 Thou lark, in thy victorious mirth!
 —Are ye, too, pass'd away?
 Mournfully, sing mournfully!
 The royal rose is gone.
 Melt from the woods, my spirit, melt
 In one deep farewell tone!
 Not so, swell forth triumphantly,
 The full, rich, fervent strain!
 Hence with young love and life I go,
 In the summer's joyous train.
 With sunshine, with sweet odor,
 With every precious thing,
 Upon the last warm southern breeze
 My soul its flight shall wing.
 Alone I shall not linger,
 When the days of hope are past,
 To watch the fall of leaf by leaf,
 To wait the rushing blast.
 Triumphantly, triumphantly!
 Sing to the woods, I go!
 For me, perchance, in other lands,
 The glorious rose may blow.
 The sky's transparent azure,
 And the greensward's violet breath,
 And the dance of light leaves in the wind,
 May there know nought of death.
 No more, no more sing mournfully!
 Swell high, then break, my heart
 With love, the spirit of the woods,
 With summer I depart!

 THE DIVER.

'They learn in suffering what they teach in song.'—*Shelley*.

Thou hast been where the rocks of coral grow,
 Thou hast fought with eddying waves;—
 Thy cheek is pale, and thy heart beats low,
 Thou searcher of ocean's caves!
 Thou hast look'd on the gleaming wealth of old,
 And wrecks where the brave have striven:
 The deep is a strong and a fearful hold,
 But thou its bar hast riven!
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A wild and weary life is thine ;
A wasting task and lone,
Though treasure-grots for thee may shine
To all besides unknown !

A weary life ! but a swift decay
Soon, soon shall set thee free ;
Thou'rt passing fast from thy toils away,
Thou wrestler with the sea !

In thy dim eye, on thy hollow cheek,
Well are the death-signs read—
Go ! for the pearl in its cavern seek,
Ere hope and power be fled !

And bright in beauty's coronal
That glistening gem shall be ;
A star to all in the festive hall—
But who will think on *thee* ?

None !—as it gleams from the queen-like head,
Not one 'midst throngs will say,
“ A life hath been like a rain-drop shed,
For that pale quivering ray.”

Woe for the wealth thus dearly bought !
—And are not those like thee,
Who win for earth the gems of thought ?
O wrestler with the sea !

Down to the gulfs of the soul they go,
Where the passion-fountains burn,
Gathering the jewels far below
From many a buried urn :

Wringing from lava-veins the fire,
That o'er bright words is pour'd ;
Learning deep sounds, to make the lyre
A spirit in each chord.

But, oh ! the price of bitter tears,
Paid for the lonely power
That throws at last o'er desert years,
A darkly glorious dower !

Like flower-seeds, by the wild wind spread,
So radiant thoughts are strew'd ;
—The soul whence those high gifts are shed,
May faint in solitude !

And who will think, when the strain is sung
Till a thousand hearts are stirr'd,
What life-drops, from the minstrel wrung,
Have gush'd with every word ?

None, none !—his treasures live like thine,
He strives and dies like thee ;
—Thou, that hast been to the pearl's dark shrine,
O wrestler with the sea !

THE REQUIEM OF GENIUS.

"Les poètes dont l'imagination tient à la puissance d'aimer et de souffrir, ne sont ils pas les bannis d'une autre région?"

MADAME DE STAEL—*De L'Allemagne.*

No tears for thee!—though light be from us gone
With thy soul's radiance, bright, yet restless one!
No tears for thee!

They that have loved an exile, must not mourn
To see him parting for his native bourne
O'er the dark sea.

All the high music of thy spirit here,
Breathed but the language of another sphere,
Unecho'd round;
And strange, though sweet, as 'midst our weeping skies
Some half-remember'd strain of paradise
Might sadly sound.

Hast thou been answer'd? thou, that from the night
And from the voices of the tempest's might,
And from the past,
Wert seeking still some oracle's reply,
To pour the secrets of man's destiny
Forth on the blast!

Hast thou been answer'd?—thou, that through the gloom,
And shadow, and stern silence of the tomb,
A cry did'st send,
So passionate and deep? to pierce, to move,
To win back token of unburied love
From buried friend!

And hast thou found where living waters burst?
Thou that did'st pine amidst us in the thirst
Of fever-dreams!

Are the true fountains thine for evermore?
Oh! lured so long by shining mists, that wore
The light of streams!

Speak! is it well with thee?—We call, as *thou*,
With thy lit eye, deep voice, and kindled brow,
Wert wont to call

On the departed! Art thou bless'd and free?
—Alas! the lips earth covers, even to *thee*,
Were silent all!

Yet shall our hope rise fann'd by quenchless faith,
As a flame, foster'd by some warm wind's breath,
In light upsprings:

Freed soul of song; yes, thou hast found the sought;
Borne to thy home of beauty and of thought,
On morning's wings.

And we will dream it is *thy* joy we hear,
 When life's young music, ringing far and clear,
 O'erflows the sky :—
 No tears for *thee* ! the lingering gloom is ours—
 Thou art for converse with all glorious powers,
 Never to die !

TRIUMPHANT MUSIC.

"Tacet, tacet, O suoni trionfanti !
 Risvegliate in vane 'l cor che non può liberarsi."

WHEREFORE and whither bear'st thou up my spirit,
 On eagle wings, through every plume that thrill ?
 It hath no crown of victory to inherit—
 Be still, triumphant harmony ! be still !

Thine are no sounds for earth, thus proudly swelling
 Into rich floods of joy :—it is but pain
 To mount so high yet find on high no dwelling,
 To sink so fast, so heavily again !

No sounds for earth ?—Yes, to young chieftain dying
 On his own battle-field, at set of sun,
 With his freed country's banner o'er him flying,
 Well might'st thou speak of fame's high guerdon won.

No sounds for earth ?—Yes, for the martyr leading
 Unto victorious death serenely on,
 For patriot by his rescued altars bleeding,
 Thou hast a voice in each majestic tone.

But speak not thus to one whose heart is beating
 Against life's narrow bound, in conflict vain !
 For power, for joy, high hope, and rapturous greeting,
 Thou wakest lone thirst—be hush'd, exulting strain !

Be hush'd, or breathe of grief !—of exile yearnings
 Under the willows of the stranger-shore ;
 Breathe of the soul's untold and restless burnings,
 For looks, tones, footsteps, that return no more.

Breathe of deep love—a lonely vigil keeping
 Through the night-hours, o'er wasted wealth to pine ;
 Rich thoughts and sad, like faded rose-leaves heaping,
 In the shut heart, at once a tomb and shrine.

Or pass as if thy spirit-notes came sighing
 From worlds beneath some blue Elysian sky ;
 Breathe of repose, the pure, the bright, the undying—
 Of joy no more—bewildering harmony !

SECOND SIGHT.

"Ne'er err'd the prophet heart that grief inspired,
Though joy's illusions mock their votarist."—*Maturin.*

A MOURNFUL gift is mine, O friends!
A mournful gift is mine!
A murmur of the soul which blends
With the flow of song and wine.

An eye that through the triumph's hour
Beholds the coming woe,
And dwells upon the faded flower
'Midst the rich summer's glow.

Ye smile to view fair faces bloom
Where the father's board is spread;
I see the stillness and the gloom
Of a home whence all are fled.

I see the wither'd garlands lie
Forsaken on the earth,
While the lamps yet burn, and the dancers fly
Through the ringing hall of mirth.

I see the blood-red future stain
On the warrior's gorgeous crest;
And the bier amidst the bridal train
When they come with roses drest.

I hear the still small moan of time,
Through the ivy branches made,
Where the palace, in its glory's prime,
With the sunshine stands array'd.

The thunder of the seas I hear,
The shriek along the wave,
When the bark sweeps forth, and song and cheer
Salute the parting brave.

With every breeze a spirit sends
To me some warning sign:—
A mournful gift is mine, O friends!
A mournful gift is mine!

Oh! prophet heart! thy grief, thy power,
To all deep souls belong;
The shadow in the sunny hour,
The wail in the mirthful song.

Their sight is all too sadly clear—
For them a veil is riven:
Their piercing thoughts repose not here,
Their home is but in Heaven.

THE SEA-BIRD FLYING INLAND.

Thy path is not as mine ;—where thou art blest,
 My spirit would but wither ; mine own grief
 Is in mine eyes a richer, holier thing,
 Than all thy happiness.

HATH the summer's breath on the south-wind borne,
 Met the dark seas in their sweeping scorn ?
 Hath it lured thee, Bird ! from their sounding caves,
 To the river shores where the osier waves ?

Or art thou come on the hills to dwell,
 Where the sweet-voiced echoes have many a cell !
 Where the moss bears print of the wild deer's tread,
 And the heath like a royal robe is spread ?

Thou hast done well, O thou bright sea-bird !
 There is joy where the song of the lark is heard,
 With the dancing of waters through copse and dell,
 And the bee's low tune in the fox-glove's bell.

Thou hast done well :—Oh ! the seas are lone,
 And the voice they send up hath a mournful tone ;
 A mingling of dirges and wild farewells,
 Fitfully breathed through its anthem-swells.

—The proud bird rose as the words were said—
 The rush of his pinion swept o'er my head,
 And the glance of his eye, in its bright disdain,
 Spoke him a child of the haughty main.

He hath flown from the woods to the ocean's breast,
 To his throne of pride on the billow's crest

—Oh ! who shall say, to a spirit free,
 " *There* lies the pathway of bliss for thee ?"

THE SLEEPER.

"For sleep is awful."—*Byron.*

Oh ! lightly, lightly tread !
 A holy thing is sleep,
 On the worn spirit shed,
 And eyes that wake to weep.

A holy thing from Heaven,
 A gracious dewy cloud,
 A covering mantle given
 The weary to enshroud.

Oh ! lightly, lightly tread !
 Revere the pale still brow,
 The meekly-drooping head,
 The long-hair's willowy flow.

Ye know not what ye do,
That call the slumberer back,
From the world unseen by you
Unto life's dim faded track.

Her soul is far away,
In her childhood's land, perchance,
Where her young sisters play,
Where shines her mother's glance.

Some old sweet native sound
Her spirit haply weaves ;
A harmony profound
Of woods with all their leaves ;

A murmur of the sea,
A laughing tone of streams :—
Long may her sojourn be
In the music land of dreams !

Each voice of love is there,
Each gleam of beauty fled,
Each lost one still more fair—
Oh ! lightly, lightly tread !

THE MIRROR IN THE DESERTED HALL.

O, DIM, forsaken mirror !
How many a stately throng
Hath o'er thee gleam'd, in vanish'd hours
Of the wine-cup and the song !

The song hath left no echo ;
The bright wine hath been quaff'd ;
And hush'd is every silvery voice
That lightly here hath laugh'd.

Oh ! mirror, lonely mirror,
Thou of the silent hall !
Thou hast been flush'd with beauty's bloom—
Is this, too, vanish'd all ?

It is, with the scatter'd garlands
Of triumphs long ago ;
With the melodies of buried lyres ;
With the faded rainbow's glow.

And for all the gorgeous pageants,
For the glance of gem and plume,
For lamp, and harp, and rosy wreath,
And vase of rich perfume.

Now, dim, forsaken mirror,
Thou givest but faintly back
The quiet stars, and the sailing moon,
On her solitary track.

And thus with man's proud spirit
 Thou tellest me 'twill be,
 When the forms and hues of this world fade
 From his memory, as from thee :

And his heart's long-troubled waters
 At last in stillness lie,
 Reflecting but the images
 Of the solemn world on high.

TO THE DAUGHTER OF BERNARD BARTON,

THE QUAKER POET.

HAPPY thou art, the child of one
 Who in each lowly flower,
 Each leaf that glances to the sun,
 Or trembles with the shower ;

In each soft shadow of the sky,
 Or sparkle of the stream,
 Will guide thy kindling spirit's eye
 To trace the Love Supreme.

So shall deep quiet fill thy breast,
 A joy in wood and wild ;—
 And e'en for this I call thee blest,
 The gentle poet's child ?

THE STAR OF THE MINE.

FROM the deep chambers of a mine.
 With heavy gloom o'erspread,
 I saw a star at noontide shine,
 Serenely o'er my head.

I had not seen it 'midst the glow
 Of the rich upper day ;
 But in that shadowy world below
 How my heart bless'd its ray !

And still, the farther from my sight
 Torches and lamps were borne,
 The purer, lovelier, seem'd the light
 That wore its beams unshorn.

Oh ! what is like that heavenly spark ?
 —A friend's kind, steadfast eye ;
 Where, brightest when the world grows dark,
 Hope, cheer, and comfort lie !

WASHINGTON'S STATUE.

SENT FROM ENGLAND TO AMERICA.

YES! rear thy guardian hero's form
On thy proud soil, thou western world!
A watcher through each sign of storm,
O'er freedom's flag unfurl'd.

There, as before a shrine, to bow,
Bid thy true sons their children lead:
The language of that noble brow
For all things good shall plead.

The spirit rear'd in patriot fight,
The virtue born of home and hearth,
There calmly throned, a holy light
Shall pour o'er chainless earth.

And let that work of England's hand,
Sent through the blast and surge's roar,
So girt with tranquil glory stand,
For ages on thy shore!

Such, through all time, the greetings be,
That with the Atlantic billow sweep!
Telling the mighty and the free
Of brothers o'er the deep.

A THOUGHT OF HOME AT SEA.

WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.

'Tis lone on the waters
When eve's mournful bell
Sends forth to the sunset
A note of farewell;

When, borne with the shadows
And winds as they sweep,
There comes a fond memory
Of home o'er the deep;

When the wing of the sea-bird
Is turn'd to her nest,
And the thought of the sailor
To all he loves best!

'Tis lone on the waters—
That hour hath a spell—
To bring back sweet voices,
With words of farewell!

TO THE MEMORY OF A SISTER-IN-LAW.

WE miss thy voice while early flowers are blowing,
 And the first flush of blossom clothes each bough,
 And the Spring sunshine round our home is glowing
 Soft as thy smile. Thou should'st be with us now.

With *us*? we wrong thee by the earthly thought.
 Could our fond gaze but follow where thou art,
 Well might the glories of this world seem nought
 To the one promise given the pure in heart.

Yet wert thou blest e'en here—oh! ever blest
 In thine own sunny thoughts and tranquil faith!
 The silent joy that still o'erflow'd thy breast,
 Needed but guarding from all change, by death.

So is it seal'd to peace!—on thy clear brow
 Never was care one fleeting shade to cast;
 And thy calm days in brightness were to flow
 A holy stream, untroubled to the last.

Farewell! thy life hath left surviving love
 A wealth of records, and sweet "feelings given,"
 From sorrow's heart the faintness to remove,
 By whispers breathing "less of earth than heaven,"*

Thus rests thy spirit still on those with whom
 Thy step the paths of joyous duty trod,
 Bidding them make an altar of thy tomb,
 Where chasten'd thought may offer praise to God.
April 1826.

TO AN ORPHAN.

THOU hast been rear'd too tenderly,
 Beloved too well and long,
 Watch'd by too many a gentle eye—
 Now look on life—be strong!

Too quiet seem'd thy joys for change,
 Too holy and too deep;
 Bright clouds, through summer skies that range,
 Seem oftimes thus to sleep;

To sleep in silvery stillness bound,
 As things that ne'er may melt;
 Yet gaze again—no trace is found
 To show thee where they dwelt.

* Alluding to the lines she herself quoted but an hour before her death:—

"Some feelings are to mortals given,
 With less of earth in them than heaven."

This world hath no more love to give
 Like that which thou hast known ;
 Yet the heart breaks not—we survive
 Our treasures—and bear on.
 But oh ! too beautiful and blest
 Thy home of youth hath been !
 Where shall thy wing, poor bird, find rest,
 Shut out from that sweet scene ?
 Kind voices from departed years
 Must haunt thee many a day ;
 Looks that will smite the source of tears,
 Across thy soul must play.
 Friends—now the altered or the dead,
 And music that is gone—
 A gladness o'er thy dreams will shed,
 And thou shalt wake—alone.
 Alone ! it is in that deep word
 That all thy sorrow lies ;
 How is the heart to courage stirr'd
 By smiles from kindred eyes !
 And are these lost ?—and have I said
 To aught like *thee*—be strong ?
 —So bid the willow lift its head
 And brave the tempest's wrong !
 Thou reed ! o'er which the storm hath pass'd—
 Thou shaken with the wind !
 On one, *one* friend thy weakness cast—
 There is but One to bind !

HYMN BY THE SICKBED OF A MOTHER.

FATHER ! that in the olive shade
 When the dark hour came on,
 Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
 Strengthen thy son ;
 Oh ! by the anguish of that night,
 Send us down bless'd relief ;
 Or to the chasten'd, let thy might
 Hallow this grief !
 And Thou, that when the starry sky
 Saw the dread strife begun,
 Did teach adoring faith to cry,
 " Thy will be done ;"
 By thy meek spirit, Thou, of all
 That e'er have mourn'd the chief—
 Thou Saviour ! if the stroke *must* fall,
 Hallow this grief !

WHERE IS THE SEA?

SONG OF THE GREEK ISLANDER IN EXILE.

[A Greek Islander, being taken to the Vale of Tempe, and called upon to admire its beauty, only replied—"The sea—where is it?"]

WHERE is the sea?—I languish here—
 Where is my own blue sea?
 With all its barks in fleet career,
 And flags, and breezes free.
 I miss that voice of waves which first
 Awoke my childhood's glee;
 The measured chime—the thundering burst—
 Where is my own blue sea?
 Oh! rich your myrtle's breath may rise.
 Soft, soft your winds may be;
 Yet my sick heart within me dies—
 Where is my own blue sea?
 I hear the shepherd's mountain flute—
 I hear the whispering tree;—
 The echoes of my soul are mute:
 —Where is my own blue sea?

TO MY OWN PORTRAIT.*

How is it that before mine eyes,
 While gazing on thy mien,
 All my past years of life arise,
 As in a mirror seen?
 What spell within thee hath been shrined,
 To image back my own deep mind?
 Even as a song of other times
 Can trouble memory's springs;
 Even as a sound of vesper-chimes
 Can wake departed things;
 Even as a scent of vernal flowers
 Hath records fraught with vanish'd hours;—
 Such power is thine!—they come, the dead,
 From the grave's bondage free,
 And smiling back the changed are led,
 To look in love on thee;
 And voices that are music flown
 Speak to me in the heart's full tone:

* Painted by W. E. West, in 1837.

Till crowding thoughts my soul oppress—
 The thoughts of happier years,
 And a vain gush of tenderness
 O'erflows in child-like tears;
 A passion which I may not stay,
 A sudden fount that must have way,
 But thou, the while—oh! almost strange,
 Mine imaged self! it seems
 That on *thy* brow of peace no change
 Reflects my own swift dreams;
 Almost I marvel not to trace
 Those lights and shadows in *thy* face.
 To see *thee* calm, while powers thus deep
 Affection—Memory—Grief—
 Pass o'er my soul as winds that sweep
 O'er a frail aspen-leaf!
 O that the quiet of thine eye
 Might sink there when the storm goes by!
 Yet look thou still serenely on,
 And if sweet friends there be,
 That when my song and soul are gone
 Shall seek my form in thee,—
 Tell them of one for whom 'twas best
 To flee away and be at rest!

 NO MORE.

No more! a harp-string's deep and breaking tone,
 A last low summer breeze, a far-off swell,
 A dying echo of rich music gone,
 Breathe through those words—those murmurs of farewell
 No more!

To dwell in peace, with home affections bound,
 To know the sweetness of a mother's voice,
 To feel the spirit of her love around,
 And in the blessing of her eye rejoice—
 No more!

A dirge-like sound! to greet the early friend
 Unto the hearth, his place of many days;
 In the glad song with kindred lips to blend,
 Or join the household laughter by the blaze—
 No more!

Through woods that shadow'd our first years to rove
 With all our native music in the air;
 To watch the sunset with the eyes we love,
 And turn, and read our own hearts' answer *there*—
 No more!

Words of despair ! yet earth's, all earth's—the woe
 Their passion breathes—the desolately deep !
 That sound in Heaven—oh ! image then the flow
 Of gladness in its tones—to part, to weep—
 No more !

To watch, in dying hope, affection's wane,
 To see the beautiful from life depart,
 To wear impatiently a secret chain,
 To waste the untold riches of the heart—
 No more !

Through long, long years to seek, to strive, to yearn
 For human love*—and never quench the thirst,
 To pour the soul out, winning no return,
 O'er fragile idols, by delusion nursed—
 No more !

On things that fail us, reed by reed, to lean,
 To mourn the changed, the far away, the dead ;
 To send our troubled spirits through the unseen,
 Intensely questioning for treasures fled—
 No more !

Words of triumphant music—bear we on
 The weight of life, the chain, the ungenial air ;
 Their deathless meaning, when our tasks are done,
 To learn in joy ;—to struggle, to despair—
 No more !

THOUGHT FROM AN ITALIAN POET.

WHERE shall I find, in all this fleeting earth,
 This world of changes and farewells, a friend
 That will not fail me in his love and worth,
 Tender and firm, and faithful to the end ?

Far hath my spirit sought a place of rest—
 Long on vain idols its devotion shed ;
 Some have forsaken whom I love the best,
 And some deceived, and some are with the dead.

But *thou*, my Saviour ! thou, my hope and trust,
 Faithful art thou when friends and joys depart ;
 Teach me to lift these yearnings from the dust,
 And fix on thee, th' unchanging One, my heart !

PASSING AWAY.

"*Passing away*" is written on the world, and all the world contains.

It is written on the rose,
 In its glory's full array—

* "*Jamais, jamais, je ne serai aimé comme j'aime,*" was a mournful expression of Madame de Staël's.

Read what those buds disclose—

“Passing away.”

It is written on the skies

Of the soft blue summer day ;

It is traced in sunset's dyes—

“Passing away.”

It is written on the trees,

As their young leaves glistening play,

And on brighter things than these—

“Passing away.”

It is written on the brow

Where the spirit's ardent ray

Lives, burns, and triumphs now—

“Passing away.”

It is written on the *heart*—

Alas! that *there* Decay

Should claim from Love a part—

“Passing away.”

Friends, friends!—oh! shall we meet

In a land of purer day,

Where lovely things and sweet

Pass not away?

Shall we know each other's eyes,

And the thoughts that in them lay,

When we mingled sympathies—

“Passing away?”

Oh! if this may be so,

Speed, speed thou closing day!

How blest, from earth's vain show

To pass away!

THE ANGLER.*

“I in these flowery meads would be ;

These crystal streams should solace me ;

To whose harmonious bubbling noise

I with my angle would rejoice ;

* * * *

And angle on, and beg to have

A quiet passage to a welcome grave.”—*Isaac Walton.*

THOU that hast loved so long and well

The vale's deep quiet streams,

Where the pure water-lilies dwell,

Shedding forth tender gleams ;

* This, and the following poem, were originally written for a work entitled *Death's Doings*, edited by Mr. Alaric Watts.

And o'er the pool the May-fly's wing
 Glances in golden eyes of spring
 Oh! lone and lovely haunts are thine,
 Soft, soft the river flows,
 Wearing the shadow of thy line,
 The gloom of alder-boughs;
 And in the midst, a richer hue,
 One gliding vein of heaven's own blue.
 And there but low sweet sounds are heard—
 The whisper of the reed,
 The plashing trout, the rustling bird,
 The scythe upon the mead:
 Yet, through the murmuring osiers near,
 There steals a step which mortals fear.
 'Tis not the stag, that comes to lave,
 At noon, his panting breast;
 'Tis not the bittern, by the wave
 Seeking her sedgy nest;
 The air is fill'd with summer's breath,
 The young flowers laugh—yet look! 'tis death
 But if, where silvery currents rove,
 Thy heart, grown still and sage,
 Hath learn'd to read the words of love
 That shine o'er nature's page;
 If holy thoughts thy guests have been,
 Under the shade of willows green;
 Then, lover of the silent hour,
 By deep lone waters past,
 Thence hast thou drawn a faith, a power,
 To cheer thee through the last;
 And, wont on brighter worlds to dwell,
 May'st calmly bid thy streams farewell.

DEATH AND THE WARRIOR.

"Ax, warrior, arm! and wear thy plume
 On a proud and fearless brow!
 I am the lord of the lonely tomb,
 And a mightier one than thou!
 "Bid thy soul's love farewell, young chief—
 Bid her a long farewell!
 Like the morning's dew shall pass that grief—
 Thou comest with me to dwell!
 "Thy bark may rush through the foaming deep
 Thy steed o'er the breezy hill;
 But they bear thee on to a place of sleep,
 Narrow, and cold, and chill!"

" Was the voice I heard, *thy* voice, oh Death !
 And is thy day so near ?
 Then on the field shall my life's last breath
 Mingle with victory's cheer !
 " Banners shall float, with the trumpet's note,
 Above me as I die !
 And the palm-tree wave o'er my noble grave,
 Under the Syrian sky.
 " High hearts shall burn in the royal hall,
 When the minstrel names that spot ;
 And the eyes I love shall weep my fall,—
 Death, death ! I fear thee not !"
 " Warrior ! thou bear'st a haughty heart,
 But I can bend its pride !
 How should'st thou know that thy soul will part
 In the hour of victory's tide ?
 " It may be far from thy steel-clad bands,
 That I shall make thee mine ;
 It may be lone on the desert sands,
 Where men for fountains pine !
 " It may be deep amidst heavy chains,
 In some deep Paynim hold ;—
 I have slow dull steps and lingering pains,
 Wherewith to tame the bold !"
 " Death, Death ! I go to a doom unblest,
 If this indeed must be :
 But the Cross is bound upon my breast,
 And I may not shrink for thee !
 " Sound, clarion, sound !—for my vows are given
 To the cause of the holy shrine ;
 I bow my soul to the will of Heaven,
 Oh Death !—and not to thine !"

SONG FOR AIR BY HUMMEL.

OH ! if thou wilt not give thine heart,
 Give back my own to me ;
 For if in thine I have no part,
 Why should mine dwell with thee ?*
 Yet no ! this mournful love of mine,
 I will not from me cast ;
 Let me but dream 'twill win me thine,
 By its deep truth at last !

* The first verse of this song is a literal translation from the Ger-

Can aught so fond, so faithful, live
 Through years without reply ?
 —Oh ! if thy heart thou wilt not give,
 Give me a thought, a sigh !

TO THE
 MEMORY OF LORD CHARLES MURRAY,
 SON OF THE DUKE OF ATHOLL, WHO DIED IN THE CAUSE, AND LA-
 MENTED BY THE PEOPLE OF GREECE.

"Time cannot teach forgetfulness,
 When grief's full heart is fed by fame."—*Byron.*

THOU should'st have slept beneath the stately pines,
 And with the ancestral trophies of thy race ;
 Thou that hast found, where alien tombs and shrines
 Speak of the past, a lonely dwelling-place !
 Far from thy brethren hath thy couch been spread,
 Thou bright young stranger 'midst the mighty dead !

Yet to thy name a noble rite was given,
 Banner and dirge met proudly o'er thy grave,
 Under that old and glorious Grecian heaven,
 Which unto death so oft hath lit the grave :
 And thy dust blends with mould heroic there,
 With all that sanctifies the inspiring air.

Vain voice of fame ! sad sound for those that weep,
 For her, the mother, in whose bosom lone
 Thy childhood dwells—whose thoughts a record keep,
 Of smiles departed and sweet accents gone ;
 Of all thine early grace and gentle worth—
 A vernal promise, faded now from earth !

But a bright memory claims a proud regret—
 A lofty sorrow finds its own deep springs
 Of healing balm ; and she hath treasures yet,
 Whose soul can number with love's holy things,
 A name like thine ! Now, past all cloud or spot,
 A gem is hers, laid up where change is not.

THE BROKEN CHAIN.

I AM free !—I have burst through my galling chain,
 The life of young eagles is mine again ;
 I may cleave with my bark the glad sounding sea,
 I may rove where the wind roves—my path is free !

The streams dash in joy down the summer hill,
 The birds pierce the depths of the sky at will,

The arrow goes forth with the singing breeze,
And is not my spirit as one of these ?

Oh ! the green earth with its wealth of flowers,
And the voices that ring through its forest bowers,
And the laughing glance of the founts that shine,
Lighting the valleys—all, all are mine !

I may urge through the desert my foaming steed,
The wings of the morning shall lend him speed ;
I may meet the storm in its rushing glee—
Its blasts and its lightnings are not more free !

Captive ! and hast thou then rent thy chain ?
Art thou free in the wilderness, free on the main ?
Yes ! there thy spirit may proudly soar,
But must thou not mingle with throngs the more ?

The bird when he pineth, may hush his song,
Till the hour when his heart shall again be strong ;
But thou—canst thou turn in thy woe aside,
And weep, 'midst thy brethren ?—no, not for pride.

May the fiery word from thy lip find way,
When the thoughts burning in thee shall spring to day ?
May the care that sits in thy weary breast
Look forth from thine aspect, the revel's guest ?

No ! with the shaft in thy bosom borne,
Thou must hide the wound in thy fear of scorn ;
Thou must fold thy mantle that none may see,
And mask thee with laughter, and say thou art free !

No ! thou art chain'd till thy race is run,
By the power of all in the soul of one ;
On thy heart, on thy lip, must the fetter be—
Dreamer, fond dreamer ! oh ! who is free ?

THE SHADOW OF A FLOWER.

"La voila telle que la mort nous l'a faite."—Bossuet.

[Never was a philosophical imagination more beautiful than that exquisite one of Kircher, Digby, and others, who discovered in the ashes of plants their primitive forms, which were again raised up by the power of heat. The ashes of roses, say they, will again revive in roses, unsubstantial and unodoriferous ; they are not roses which grow on rose-trees, but their delicate apparitions, and, like apparitions, they are seen but for a moment.—*Curiosities of Literature.*]

'Twas a dream of olden days,
That Art, by some strange power,
The visionary form could raise
From the ashes of a flower,
That a shadow of the rose,
By its own meek beauty bow'd,

Might slowly, leaf by leaf, uncloze,
Like pictures in a cloud.

Or the hyacinth, to grace,
As a second rainbow, Spring :
Of Summer's path a dreary trace,
A fair, yet mournful thing !

For the glory of the bloom
That a flush around it shed,
And the soul within, the rich perfume,
Where were they ?—fled, all fled !

Nought but the dim faint line
To speak of vanish'd hours—
Memory ! what are joys of thine ?
—Shadows of buried flowers !

LINES TO A BUTTERFLY RESTING ON A SKULL.

CREATURE of air and light !
Emblem of that which will not fade or die !
Wilt thou not speed thy flight,
To chase the south wind through the glowing sky ?
What lures thee thus to stay
With silence and decay,
Fix'd on the wreck of cold mortality ?

The thoughts once chamber'd there,
Have gather'd up their treasure and are gone ;
Will the dust tell thee where
That which hath burst the prison-house is flown ?
Rise, nursling of the day !
If thou would'st trace its way—
Earth has no voice to make the secret known.

Who seeks the vanish'd bird
Near the deserted nest and broken shell ?
Far thence, by us unheard,
He sings, rejoicing in the woods to dwell :
Thou of the sunshine born,
Take the bright wings of morn !
Thy hope springs heavenward from yon ruin'd cell.

THE BELL AT SEA.

[The dangerous islet called the Bell Rock, on the coast of Fife, used formerly to be marked only by a bell, which was so placed as to be swung by the motion of the waves, when the tide rose above the rock. A lighthouse has since been erected there.]

WHEN the tide's billowy swell
Had reach'd its height,
Then toll'd the rock's lone bell,
Sternly by night.

Far over cliff and surge
Swept the deep sound,
Making each wild wind's drge
Still more profound.

Yet that funereal tone
The sailor bless'd
Steering through darkness on
With fearless breast.

E'en so may we, that float
On life's wide sea,
Welcome each warning note,
Stern though it be !

THE SUBTERRANEAN STREAM.

"Thou stream,
Whose source is inaccessibly profound,
Whither do thy mysterious waters tend ?
—Thou imagest my life."

DARKLY thou glidest onward,
Thou deep and hidden wave !
The laughing sunshine hath not look'd
Into thy secret cave.

Thy current makes no music—
A hollow sound we hear,
A muffled voice of mystery,
And know that thou art near.

No brighter line of verdure
Follows thy lonely way ;
No fairy moss, or lily's cup,
Is freshen'd by thy play.

The halcyon doth not seek thee,
Her glorious wings to lave !
Thou know'st no tint of the summer sky,
Thou dark and hidden wave !

Yet once will day behold thee,
When to the mighty sea,
Fresh bursting from their cavern'd veins,
Leap thy lone waters free.

There wilt thou greet the sunshine
For a moment, and be lost,
With all thy melancholy sounds,
In the ocean's billowy host.

Oh ! art thou not, dark river,
Like the fearful thoughts untold,
Which haply in the hush of night
O'er many a soul have roll'd ?

Those earth-born strange misgivings—
 Who hath not felt their power?
 Yet who hath breathed them to his friend,
 E'en in his fondest hour?

They hold no heart communion,
 They find no voice in song
 They dimly follow far from earth
 The grave's departed throng.

Wild is their course, and lonely,
 And fruitless in man's breast;
 They come and go, and leave no trace
 Of their mysterious guest.

Yet surely must their wanderings
 At length be like thy way;
 Their shadows, as thy waters, lost
 In one bright flood of day!

THE SILENT MULTITUDE.

"For we are many in our solitudes."—*Lament of Tasso.*

A MIGHTY and a mingled throng
 Were gather'd in one spot;
 The dwellers of a thousand homes—
 Yet 'midst them voice was not.

The soldier and his chief were there—
 The mother and her child:
 The friends, the sisters of one hearth—
 None spoke—none moved—none smiled
 There lovers met, between whose lives
 Years had swept darkly by;
 After that heart-sick hope deferr'd—
 They met—but silently.

You might have heard the rustling leaf,
 The breeze's faintest sound,
 The shiver of an insect's wing,
 On that thick-peopled ground.

Your voice to whispers would have died
 For the deep quiet's sake;
 Your tread the softest moss have sought,
 Such stillness not to break.

What held the countless multitude
 Bound in that spell of peace?
 How could the ever-sounding life
 Amid so many cease?

Was it some pageant of the air—
 Some glory high above,
 That link'd and hush'd those human souls
 In reverential love?

Or did some burdening passion's weight
 Hang on their indrawn breath?
 Awe—the pale awe that freezes words?
 Fear—the strong fear of death?
 A mightier thing—Death, Death himself
 Lay on each lonely heart!
 Kindred were there—yet hermits all—
 Thousands—but each apart.

 THE ANTIQUE SEPULCHRE.*

O EVER joyous band
 Of revellers amidst the southern vines!
 On the pale marble, by some gifted hand,
 Fixed in undying lines!
 Thou, with the sculptured bowl,
 And thou, that wearest the immortal wreath,
 And thou, from whose young lip and flute, the soul
 Of music seems to breathe;
 And ye, luxuriant flowers!
 Linking the dancers with your graceful ties,
 And cluster'd fruitage, born of sunny hours,
 Under Italian skies:
 Ye, that a thousand springs,
 And leafy summers with their odorous breath
 May yet outlast,—what do ye there, bright things!
 Mantling the place of death?
 Of sunlight and soft air,
 And Dorian reeds, and myrtles ever green,
 Unto the heart a glowing thought ye bear;—
 Why thus, where dust hath been?
 Is it to show how slight
 The bound that severs festivals and tombs
 Music and silence, roses and the blight,
 Crowns and sepulchral glooms?
 Or when the father laid
 Haply his child's pale ashes here to sleep,
 When the friend visited the cypress shade,
 Flowers o'er the dead to heap;
 Say if the mourners sought,
 In these rich images of summer mirth,
 These wine-cups and gay wreaths, to lose the thought
 Of our last hour on earth?

* "Les sarcophages même chez les anciens, ne rappellent que des idées guerrières ou riantes :—on voit des jeux, des danses, représentés en bas-relief sur les tombeaux."—*Corinne*.

Ye have no voice, no sound,
 Ye flutes and lyres, to tell me what I seek ;
 Silent ye are, light forms with vine-leaves crown'd
 Yet to my soul ye speak.

Alas ! for those that lay
 Down in the dust without their hope of old !
 Backward they look'd on life's rich banquet-day,
 But all beyond was cold.

Every sweet wood-note then,
 And through the plane-trees every sunbeam's glow
 And each glad murmur from the homes of men
 Made it more hard to go.

But we, when life grows dim,
 When its last melodies float o'er our way,
 Its changeful hues before us faintly swim,
 Its flitting lights decay ;—

E'en though we bid farewell
 Unto the spring's blue skies and budding trees,
 Yet may we lift our hearts, in hope to dwell
 'Midst brighter things than these,

And think of deathless flowers,
 And of bright streams to glorious valleys given,
 And know the while, how little dream of ours
 Can shadow forth of Heaven.

EVENING SONG OF THE TYROLESE PEASANTS.*

COME to the sunset tree !
 The day is past and gone ;
 The woodman's axe lies free,
 And the reaper's work is done.

The twilight star to heaven,
 And the summer dew to flowers,
 And rest to us, is given
 By the cool soft evening hours.

Sweet is the hour of rest !
 Pleasant the wind's low sigh,
 And the gleaming of the west,
 And the turf whereon we lie.

When the burden and the heat
 Of labor's task are o'er,
 And kindly voices greet
 The tired one at his door.

* "The loved hour of repose is striking. Let us come to the sunset tree." See Captain Sherer's interesting *Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany*.

Come to the sunset tree !
 The day is past and gone ;
 The woodman's axe lies free,
 And the reaper's work is done.
 Yes ; tuneful is the sound
 That dwells in whispering boughs ;
 Welcome the freshness round !
 And the gale that fans our brows.
 But rest more sweet and still
 Than ever nightfall gave,
 Our yearning hearts shall fill
 In the world beyond the grave.
 There shall no tempest blow,
 No scorching noontide heat ;
 There shall be no more snow,*
 To weary wandering feet.
 So we lift our trusting eyes
 From the hills our fathers trode,
 To the quiet of the skies,
 To the Sabbath of our God.
 Come to the sunset tree !
 The day is past and gone ;
 The woodman's axe lies free,
 And the reaper's work is done.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

FORGET them not :—though now their name
 Be but a mournful sound,
 Though by the hearth its utterance claim
 A stillness round.
 Though for their sake this earth no more
 As it hath been may be,
 And shadows, never mark'd before,
 Brood o'er each tree ;
 And though their image dim the sky,
 Yet, yet forget them not !
 Nor where their love and life went by,
 Forsake the spot !
 They have a breathing influence there,
 A charm, not elsewhere found ;
 Sad—yet it sanctifies the air,
 The stream—the ground.

* " Wohl ihm, er ist hingegangen
 Wo kein schnee mehr ist "

Schiller's Nadwessische Todtenklage

Then, though the wind an alter'd tone
 Through the young foliage bear,
 Though every flower, of something gone
 A tinge may wear;

Oh! fly it not!—no *fruitless* grief
 Thus in their presence felt,
 A record links to every leaf
 There where they dwelt.

Still trace the path which knew their tread
 Still tend their garden-bower,
 Still commune with the holy dead
 In each lone hour!

The *holy* dead!—oh! bless'd we are,
 That we may call them so,
 And to their image look afar,
 Through all our woe!

Bless'd, that the things they loved on earth,
 As relics we may hold,
 That wake sweet thoughts of parted worth,
 By springs untold!

Bless'd, that a deep and chastening power
 Thus o'er our souls is given,
 If but to bird, or song, or flower,
 Yet all for Heaven!

HE WALK'D WITH GOD.*

(*Genesis* v. 24.)

He walk'd with God, in holy joy,
 While yet his days were few;
 The deep glad spirit of the boy
 To love and reverence grew.
 Whether, each nightly star to count,
 The ancient hills he trode,
 Or sought the flowers by stream and fount—
 Alike he walk'd with God.

The graver noon of manhood came,
 The full of cares and fears;
 One voice was in his heart—the same
 It heard through childhood's years.

* "These two little pieces," ('He walked with God,' and 'The Rod of Aaron,') says the author in one of her letters, "are part of a collection I think of forming, to be called Sacred Lyrics. They are all to be on Scriptural subjects, and to go through the most striking events of the Old Testament, to those far more deeply affecting ones of the New." The two following are subjoined, as having been (probably) intended to form a part of the same series.

Amidst fair tents, and flocks, and swains,
O'er his green pasture-sod,
A shepherd king on eastern plains—
The patriarch walk'd with God.

And calmly, brightly, that pure life
Melted from earth away ;
No cloud it knew, no parting strife,
No sorrowful decay ;
He bow'd him not, like all beside,
Unto the spoiler's rod,
But join'd at once the glorified,
Where angels walk with God !

So let *us* walk !—the night must come
To us that comes to all ;
We through the darkness must go home,
Hearing the trumpet's call.
Closed is the path for evermore,
Which without death he trod ;
Not so that way, wherein of yore
His footsteps walk'd with God !

THE ROD OF AARON.

(*Numbers* xvii. 8.)

WAS it the sigh of the southern gale
That flush'd the almond bough ?
Brightest and first the young Spring to hail,
Still its red blossoms glow.

Was it the sunshine that woke its flowers
With a kindling look of love ?
Oh, far and deep, and through hidden bowers,
That smile of heaven can rove !

No ! from the breeze and the living light
Shut was the sapless rod ;
But it felt in the stillness a secret might,
And thrill'd to the breath of God.

E'en so may that breath, like the vernal air,
O'er our glad spirits move ;
And all such things as are good and fair,
Be the blossoms, its track that prove !

THE VOICE OF GOD.

"I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid." — *Gen.* iii. 10.

AMIDST the thrilling leaves, thy voice
At evening's fall drew near ;

Father! and did not man rejoice
 That blessed sound to hear?
 Did not his heart within him burn,
 Touch'd by the solemn tone?
 Not so!—for, never to return,
 Its purity was gone.
 Therefore, 'midst holy stream and bower
 His spirit shook with dread,
 And call'd the cedars, in that hour,
 To veil his conscious head.
 Oh! in each wind, each fountain flow,
 Each whisper of the shade,
 Grant me, my God, thy voice to know,
 And not to be afraid!

THE FOUNTAIN OF MARAH.

"And when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter.

"And the people murmured against Moses, saying, What shall we drink?

"And he cried unto the Lord, and the Lord showed him a tree, which, when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet."—*Exodus*, xv. 23—25.

WHERE is the tree the prophet threw
 Into the bitter wave?
 Left it no scion where it grew,
 The thirsting soul to save?
 Hath nature lost the hidden power
 Its precious foliage shed?
 Is there no distant eastern bower
 With such sweet leaves o'erspread?
 Nay, wherefore ask?—since gifts are ours
 Which yet may well imbue
 Earth's many troubled founts with showers
 Of heaven's own balmy dew.
 Oh! mingled with the cup of grief
 Let faith's deep spirit be!
 And every prayer shall win a leaf
 From that bless'd healing tree!

THE PENITENT'S OFFERING.

(*St. Luke*, vii. 37, 38.)

THOU that with pallid cheek,
 And eyes in sadness meek,

And faded locks that humbly swept the ground,
 From thy long wanderings won,
 Before the all-healing Son,
 Did'st bow thee to the earth, oh, lost and found !

When thou would'st bathe his feet
 With odors richly sweet,
 And many a shower of woman's burning tear,
 And dry them with that hair,
 Brought low the dust to wear,
 From the crown'd beauty of its festal year.

Did he reject thee then,
 While the sharp scorn of men
 On thy once bright and stately head was cast ?
 No, from the Saviour's mien,
 A solemn light serene,
 Bore to thy soul the peace of God at last.

For thee, their smiles no more
 Familiar faces wore ;
 Voices, once kind, had learn'd the stranger's tone ;
 Who raised thee up, and bound
 Thy silent spirit's wound ?—
 He, from all guilt the stainless, He alone !

But which oh, erring child !
 From home so long beguiled,
 Which of thine offerings won those words of Heaven,
 That o'er the bruised reed,
 Condemn'd of earth to bleed,
 In music pass'd, " Thy sins are all forgiven ?"

Was it that perfume fraught
 With balm and incense brought,
 From the sweet woods of Araby the bless'd ?
 Or that fast flowing rain,
 Of tears, which, not in vain
 To Him who scorn'd not tears, thy woes confess'd ?

No, not by these restored
 Unto thy Father's board,
 Thy peace, that kindled joy in Heaven, was made ;
 But costlier in his eyes,
 By that bless'd sacrifice,
 Thy heart, thy full-deep heart, before Him laid.

THE SCULPTURED CHILDREN,

ON CHANTRY'S MONUMENT IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

THE monument by Chantrey in Lichfield Cathedral, to the memory of the two children of Mrs. Robinson, is one of the most affecting works of art ever executed. He has given a pathos to marble

which one who trusts to his natural feelings, and admires, and is touched only at their bidding, might have thought from any previous experience that it was out of the power of statuary to attain. The monument is executed with all his beautiful simplicity and truth. The two children, two little girls, are represented as lying in each other's arms, and, at first glance, appear to be sleeping :

" But something lies,
Too deep and still on those soft sealed eyes."

It is while lying in the helplessness of innocent sleep, that infancy and childhood are viewed with the most touching interest ; and this and the loveliness of the children, the uncertainty of the expression at first view, the dim shadowing forth of that sleep from which they cannot be awakened, their hovering, as it were, upon the confines of life, as if they might still be recalled, all conspire to render the last feeling, that death is indeed before us, most deeply affecting. They were the only children of their mother, and she was a widow. A tablet commemorative of their father hangs over the monument. This stands at the end of one of the side aisles of the choir, where there is nothing to distract the attention from it, or weaken its effect. It may be contemplated in silence and alone. The inscription, in that subdued tone of strong feeling which seeks no relief in words, harmonizes with the character of the whole. It is as follows :—

Sacred to the Memory of
ELLEN JANE and MARIANNE, only children
Of the late Rev. WILLIAM ROBINSON, and ELLEN JANE, his wife,
Their affectionate Mother,
In fond remembrance of their heaven-loved innocence,
Consigns their resemblance to this sanctuary,
In humble gratitude for the glorious assurance,
That " of such is the Kingdom of God." *

A. N

FAIR images of sleep,
Hallow'd, and soft, and deep,
On whose calm lids the dreamy quiet lies,
Like moonlight on shut bells
Of flowers, in mossy dells,
Fill'd with the hush of night and summer skies !

How many hearts have felt
Your silent beauty melt
Their strength to gushing tenderness away !
How many sudden tears,
From depths of buried years
All freshly bursting, have confess'd your sway !

How many eyes will shed
Still, o'er your marble bed,
Such drops from memory's troubled fountains wrung—
While hope hath blights to bear,
While love breathes mortal air,
While roses perish ere to glory sprung !

Yet from a voiceless home,
If some sad mother come,

* From the *Offering*, an American annual.

Fondly to linger o'er your lovely rest,
 As o'er the cheek's warm glow,
 And the sweet breathings low,
 Of babes that grew and faded on her breast ;
 If then the dove-like tone
 Of those faint murmurs gone,
 O'er her sick sense too piercingly return ;
 If for the soft bright hair,
 And brow and bosom fair,
 And life, now dust, her soul too deeply yearn ;
 O gentle forms, entwined
 Like tendrils, which the wind
 May wave, so clasp'd, but never can unlink !
 Send from your calm profound
 A still small voice—a sound
 Of hope, forbidding that lone heart to sink !
 By all the pure meek mind
 In your pale beauty shrined,
 By childhood's love—too bright a bloom to die !
 O'er her worn spirit shed,
 O fairest, holiest dead !
 The faith, trust, joy, of immortality !

WOMAN AND FAME.

THOU hast a charmed cup, O Fame !
 A draught that mantles high,
 And seems to lift this earthly frame
 Above mortality.
 Away ! to me—a woman—bring
 Sweet waters from affection's spring.
 Thou hast green laurel leaves, that twine
 Into so proud a wreath ;
 For that resplendent gift of thine,
 Heroes have smiled in death :
 Give *me* from some kind hand a flower,
 The record of one happy hour !
 Thou hast a voice, whose thrilling tone
 Can bid each life-pulse beat
 As when a trumpet's note hath blown,
 Calling the brave to meet :
 But mine, let mine—a woman's breast,
 By words of home-born love be bless'd
 A hollow sound is in thy song,
 A mockery in thine eye,
 To the sick heart that doth but long
 For aid, for sympathy—

For kindly looks to cheer it on,
For tender accents that are gone.

Fame, Fame! thou canst not be the stav
Unto the drooping reed,
The cool fresh fountain in the day
Of the soul's feverish need:
Where must the lone one turn or flee?—
Not unto thee—oh! not to thee!

A THOUGHT OF THE FUTURE.

DREAMER! and would'st thou know
If love goes with us to the viewless bourne?
Would'st thou bear hence th' unfathom'd source of woe
In thy heart's lonely urn?

What hath it been to thee,
That power, the dweller of thy secret breast?
A dove sent forth across a stormy sea,
Finding no place of rest:

A precious odor cast
On a wild stream, that recklessly swept by:
A voice of music utter'd to the blast,
And winning no reply.

Even were such answer thine—
Would'st thou be bless'd?—too sleepless, too profound,
Are the soul's hidden springs; there is no line
Their depth of love to sound.

Do not words faint and fail
When thou would'st fill them with that ocean's power?
As thine own cheek, before high thoughts grows pale
In some o'erwhelming hour.

Doth not thy frail form sink
Beneath the chain that binds thee to one spot,
When thy heart strives, held down by many a link
Where thy beloved are not?

Is not thy very soul
Oft in the gush of powerless blessing shed,
Till a vain tenderness, beyond control,
Bows down thy weary head?

And would'st thou bear all *this*—
The burden and the shadow of thy life—
To trouble the blue skies of cloudless bliss
With earthly feelings' strife?

Not thus, not thus—oh, no!
Not veil'd and mantled with dim clouds of care,

That spirit of my soul should with me go
To breathe celestial air.

But as the skylark springs
To its own sphere, where night afar is driven,
As to its place the flower-seed findeth wings,
So must love mount to heaven !

Vainly it shall not strive
There on weak words to pour a stream of fire ;
Thought unto thought shall kindling impulse give,
As light might wake a lyre.

And oh ! its blessings *there*
Shower'd like rich balsam forth on some dear head,
Powerless no more, a gift shall surely bear,
A joy of sunlight shed.

Let me, then—let me dream
That love goes with us to the shore unknown ;
So o'er its burning tears a heavenly gleam
In mercy shall be thrown !

THE VOICE OF MUSIC.

“Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.”

Childe Harold

WHENCE is the might of thy master-spell ?
Speak to me, voice of sweet sound, and tell !
How canst thou wake by one gentle breath,
Passionate visions of love and death !

How call'st thou back, with a note, a sigh,
Words and low tones from the days gone by—
A sunny glance, or a fond farewell ?—
Speak to me, voice of sweet sound, and tell !

What is thy power, from the soul's deep spring
In sudden gushes the tears to bring ?
Even 'midst the swells of thy festal glee,
Fountains of sorrow are stirr'd by thee !

Vain are those tears !—vain and fruitless all—
Showers that refresh not, yet still must fall ;
For a purer bliss while the full heart burns,
For a brighter home while the spirit yearns !

Something of mystery there surely dwells,
Waiting thy touch, in our bosom-cells ;
Something that finds not its answer here—
A chain to be clasp'd in another sphere.

Therefore a current of sadness deep,
Through the stream of thy triumphs is heard to sweep
Like a moan of the breeze through a summer sky—
Like a name of the dead when the wine foams high !

Yet speak to me still, though thy tones be fraught
 With vain remembrance and troubled thought;
 Speak: for thou tellest my soul that its birth
 Links it with regions more bright than earth.

THE ANGEL'S GREETING.

"Hark!—they whisper!—Angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away."—*Pope*.

COME to the land of peace.
 Come where the tempest hath no longer sway,
 The shadow passes from the soul away—
 The sounds of weeping cease.

Fear hath no dwelling there!
 Come to the mingling of repose and love,
 Breathed by the silent spirit of the dove
 Through the celestial air.

Come to the bright and blest,
 And crown'd for ever! 'midst that shining band,
 Gather'd to Heaven's own wreath from every land,
 Thy spirit shall find rest!

Thou hast been long alone:
 Come to thy mother!—on the Sabbath shore,
 The heart that rock'd thy childhood, back once more
 Shall take its wearied one.

In silence wert thou left:
 Come to thy sisters!—joyously again
 All the home-voices, blent in one sweet strain,
 Shall greet their long bereft.

Over thine orphan head
 The storm hath swept, as o'er a willow's bough:
 Come to thy Father!—it is finish'd now;
 Thy tears have all been shed.

In thy divine abode,
 Change finds no pathway, memory no dark trace,
 And, oh! bright victory—death by love no place:
 Come, spirit, to thy God!

A FAREWELL TO WALES.

FOR THE MELODY CALLED "THE ASH GROVE," ON LEAVING THAT
 COUNTRY WITH MY CHILDREN.

THE sound of thy streams in my spirit I bear—
 Farewell! and a blessing be with thee green land!
 On thy hearths, on thy halls, on thy pure mountain air,
 On the chords of the harp, and the minstrel's free hand!

From the love of my soul with my tears it is shed,
As I leave thee, green land of my home and my dead!

I bless thee!—yet not for the beauty which dwells
In the heart of thy hills, on the rocks of thy shore;
And not for the memory set deep in thy dells,
Of the bard and the hero, the mighty of yore;
And not for thy songs of those proud ages fled,
—Green land, poet land of my home and my dead!

I bless thee for all the true bosoms that beat,
Where'er a low hamlet smiles up to thy skies;
For the cottage hearths burning the stranger to greet,
For the soul that shines forth from thy children's kind eyes!
May the blessing, like sunshine, about thee be spread,
Green land of my childhood, my home, and my dead!

IMPROMPTU LINES,

ADDRESSED TO MISS F. A. L., ON RECEIVING FROM HER SOME FLOW-
ERS WHEN CONFINED BY ILLNESS.

YE tell me not of birds and bees,
Not of the Summer's murmuring trees,
Not of the streams and woodland bowers:—
A sweeter tale is yours fair flowers!

Glad tidings to my couch ye bring,
Of one still bright, still flowing spring—
A fount of kindness ever new,
In a friend's heart, the good and true.

A PARTING SONG.

"Oh! mes Amis, rappelez vous quelquefois mes vers; mon ame y
est empreinte."—*Corinne*.

WHEN will ye think of me my friends?

When will ye think of me!—

When the last red light, the farewell of day,
From the rock and the river is passing away—
When the air with a deep'ning hush is fraught,
And the heart grows burden'd with tender thought—
Then let it be!

When will ye think of me kind friends?

When will ye think of me?

When the rose of the rich midsummer time
Is filled with the hues of its glorious prime—
When ye gather its bloom, as in bright hours fled,
From the walks where my footsteps no more may tread—
Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, sweet friends?
 When will ye think of me?
 When the sudden tears o'erflow your eye
 At the sound of some olden melody—
 When ye hear the voice of a mountain stream,
 When ye feel the charm of a poet's dream—
 Then let it be!

Thus let my memory be with you, friends!
 Thus ever think of me!
 Kindly and gently, but as of one
 For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone—
 As of a bird from a chain unbound,
 As of a wanderer whose home is found—
 So let it be.

WE RETURN NO MORE!*

"When I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
 And saw around me the wide field revive
 With fruits and fertile promise; and the Spring
 Come forth, her work of gladness to contrive,
 With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
 I turn'd from all she brought to all she could not bring."
Childe Harold

"We return!—we return!—we return no more!"
 So comes the song to the mountain-shore.
 From those that are leaving their highland home,
 For a world far over the blue sea's foam:
 "We return no more!" and through cave and dell
 Mournfully wanders that wild farewell.

"We return!—we return!—we return no more!"
 So breathe sad voices our spirits o'er;
 Murmuring up from the depths of the heart,
 Where lovely things with their light depart:
 And the inborn sound hath a prophet's tone,
 And we feel that a joy is for ever gone.

"We return!—we return!—we return no more!"
 Is it heard when the days of flowers are o'er?
 When the passionate soul of the night-bird's lay
 Hath died from the summer woods away?
 When the glory from sunset's robe hath pass'd,
 Or the leaves are borne on the rushing blast?

No!—it is not the rose that returns no more;
 A breath of spring shall its bloom restore;
 And it is not the voice that o'erflows the bowers,
 With a stream of love through the starry hours;

* *Ha til!—ha til!—ha til mi'tulide!*—"we return!—we return!—
 we return no more!"—the burden of the Highland song of emigration





Nor is it the crimson of sunset hues,
 Nor the frail flush'd leaves which the wild wind strews.
 "We return!—we return!—we return no more!"
 Doth a bird sing thus from a brighter shore?
 Those wings that follow the southern breeze,
 Float they not homeward o'er vernal seas?
 Yes! from the lands of the vine and palm
 They come, with the sunshine, when waves grow calm.
 "But we!—we return!—we return no more!"
 The heart's young dreams, when their spring is o'er;
 The love it hath pour'd so freely forth—
 The boundless trust in ideal worth;
 The faith in affection—deep, fond, yet vain—
These are the lost that return not again!

TO A WANDERING FEMALE SINGER.

Thou hast loved and thou hast suffer'd!
 Unto feeling deep and strong,
 Thou hast trembled like a harp's frail string—
 I know it by thy song!
 Thou hast loved—it may be vainly—
 But well—oh! but too well—
 Thou hast suffer'd all that woman's breast
 May bear—but must not tell.
 Thou hast wept and thou hast parted,
 Thou hast been forsaken long,
 Thou hast watch'd for steps that came not back—
 I know it by thy song!
 By the low clear silvery gushing
 Of its music from thy breast,
 By the quivering of its flute-like swell—
 A sound of the heart's unrest.
 By its fond and plaintive lingering,
 On each word of grief so long,
 Oh! thou hast loved and suffer'd much—
 I know it by thy song!

THE PALMER.

"The faded palm branch in his hand,
 Show'd pilgrim from the Holy Land."—*Scott.*

ART thou come from the far-off land at last?
 Thou that hast wander'd long!
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Thou art come to a home whence the smile hath pass'd
With the merry voice of song.

For the sunny glance and the bounding heart

Thou wilt seek—but all are gone ;

They are parted e'en as waters part,

To meet in the deep alone !

And thou—from thy lip is fled the glow,

From thine eye the light of morn ;

And the shades of thought o'erhang thy brow,

And thy cheek with life is worn.

Say what hast thou brought from the distant shore

For thy wasted youth to pay ?

Hast thou treasure to win thee joys once more ?

Hast thou vassals to smooth thy way ?

" I have brought but the palm-branch in my hand,

Yet I call not my bright youth lost !

I have won but high thought in the Holy Land,

Yet I count not too dear the cost !

" I look on the leaves of the deathless tree—

These records of my track ;

And better than youth in its flush of glee,

Are the memories they give me back !

" They speak of toil, and of high emprise,

As in words of solemn cheer,

They speak of lonely victories

O'er pain, and doubt, and fear.

" They speak of scenes which have now become

Bright pictures in my breast ;

Where my spirit finds a glorious home,

And the love of my heart can rest.

" The colors pass not from *these* away,

Like tints of shower or sun ;

Oh ! beyond all treasures that know decay,

Is the wealth my soul hath won !

" A rich light thence o'er my life's decline,

An inborn light is cast ;

For the sake of the palm from the holy shrine,

I bewail not my bright days past !

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

" Oh ! call my brother back to me !

I cannot play alone ;

The Summer comes with flower and bee—

Where is my brother gone ?

"The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track ;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh ! call my brother back !

"The flowers run wild—the flowers we sow'd
Around our garden tree ;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh ! call him back to me !"

"He would not hear thy voice, fair child,
He may not come to thee ;
The face that once like Spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see.

"A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given ;
Go—thou must play alone, my boy !
Thy brother is in heaven."

"And has he left his birds and flowers ;
And must I call in vain ?
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again ?

"And by the brook and in the glade
Are all our wanderings o'er ?
Oh ! while my brother with me play'd,
Would I had loved him more !"

TO THE NEW-BORN.*

A BLESSING on thy head, thou child of many hopes and fears !
A rainbow-welcome thine hath been, of mingled smiles and
tears.

Thy father greets thee unto life, with a full and chasten'd
heart, [art !
For a solemn gift from God thou com'st, all precious as thou

I see thee not asleep, fair boy, upon thy mother's breast,
Yet well I know how guarded there shall be thy rosy rest ;
And how her soul with love, and prayer, and gladness, will
o'erflow, [know !
While bending o'er thy soft-seal'd eyes, thou dear one, well I

A blessing on thy gentle head ! and bless'd thou *art* in truth,
For a home where God is felt, awaits thy childhood and thy
youth : [air,
Around thee pure and holy thoughts shall dwell as light and
And steal unto thine heart, and wake the germs now folded
there.

* Addressed to the child of her eldest brother.

Far from thy light to dwell ;
 Thou shalt not find my place below,
 Dim in that world—bright sun of Greece, farewell !

“ The laurel and the glorious rose
 Thy glad beam yet may see,
 But where no purple summer glows,
 O'er the dark wave I haste from them and thee.

“ Yet doth my spirit faint to part ?
 —I mourn thee not, O sun !
 Joy, solemn joy, o'erflows my heart,
 Sing me triumphal songs !—my crown is won !

“ Let not a voice of weeping rise—
 My heart is girt with power !
 Let the green earth and festal skies
 Laugh, as to grace a conqueror's closing hour !

“ For thee, for *thee*, my bosom's lord !
 Thee, my soul's loved ! I die ;
 Thine is the torch of life restored,
 Mine, mine the rapture, mine the victory !

“ Now may the boundless love, that lay
 Unfathom'd still before,
 In one consuming burst find way,
 In one bright flood all, all its riches pour !

“ Thou know'st, thou know'st what love is *now* .
 Its glory and its might—
 Are they not written on my brow ?
 And will that image ever quit thy sight ?

“ No ! deathless in thy faithful breast,
 There shall my memory keep
 Its own bright altar-place of rest,
 While o'er my grave the cypress branches weep.

“ Oh, the glad light !—the light is fair,
 The soft breeze warm and free ;
 And rich notes fill the scented air,
 And all are gifts—*my* love's last gifts to thee !

“ Take me to thy warm heart once more !
 Night falls—my pulse beats low :
 Seek not to quicken, to restore—
 Joy is in every pang—I go, I go !

“ I feel thy tears, I feel thy breath,
 I meet thy fond look still ;
 Keen is the strife of love and death ;
 Faint and yet fainter grows my bosom's thrill.

“ Yet swells the tide of rapture strong,
 Though mists o'er shade mine eye !
 —Sing, Pæan ! sing a conqueror's song !
 For thee, for *thee*, my spirit's lord, I die !”

THE HOME OF LOVE.

THOU mov'st in visions, love !—Around thy way,
E'en through this world's rough path and changeful day,
Forever floats a gleam,
Not from the realms of moonlight or the morn,
But thine own soul's illumined chambers born—
The coloring of a dream !

Love, shall I read thy dream ?—oh ! is it not
All of some sheltering, wood-embosom'd spot—
A bower for thee and thine ?
Yes ! lone and lowly is that home ; yet there
Something of heaven in the transparent air
Makes every flower divine.

Something that mellows and that glorifies,
Breathes o'er it ever from the tender skies,
As o'er some blessed isle ;
E'en like the soft and spiritual glow,
Kindling rich woods, whereon the ethereal bow
Sleeps lovingly awhile.

The very whispers of the wind have there
A flute-like harmony, that seems to bear
Greeting from some bright shore,
Where none have said *farewell* !—where no decay
Lends the faint crimson to the dying day ;
Where the storm's might is o'er.

And there thou dreamest of Elysian rest,
In the deep sanctuary of one true breast
Hidden from earthly ill :
There would'st thou watch the homeward step, whose sound
Wakening all nature to sweet echoes round,
Thine inmost soul can thrill.

There by the hearth should many a glorious page,
From mind to mind the immortal heritage,
For thee its treasures pour ;
Or music's voice at vesper hours be heard,
Or dearer interchange of playful word,
Affection's household lore.

And the rich unison of mingled prayer,
The melody of hearts in heavenly air,
Thence duly should arise ;
Lifting th' eternal hope, th' adoring breath,
Of spirits, not to be disjoin'd by death,
Up to the starry skies.

There, dost thou well believe, no storm should come
To mar the stillness of that angel-home ;
There should thy slumbers be





Weigh'd down with honey-dew, serenely bless'd,
Like theirs who first in Eden's grove took rest
Under some balmy tree.

Love, Love! thou passionate in joy and woe!
And canst *thou* hope for cloudless peace below—
Here, where bright things must die?
O thou! that wildly worshipping, dost shed
On the frail altar of a mortal head
Gifts of infinity!

Thou must be still a trembler, fearful Love!
Danger seems gathering from beneath, above,
Still round thy precious things;
Thy stately pine-tree, or thy gracious rose,
In their sweet shade can yield thee no repose,
Here, where the blight hath wings.

And as a flower, with some fine sense imbued,
To shrink before the wind's vicissitude,
So in thy prescient breast
Are lyre-strings quivering with prophetic thrill
To the low footstep of each coming ill;
—Oh! canst *thou* dream of rest?

Bear up thy dream! thou mighty and thou weak!
Heart, strong as death, yet as a reed to break—
As a flame, tempest-sway'd!
He that sits calm on high is yet the source
Whence thy soul's current hath its troubled course,
He that great deep hath made!

Will he not pity?—He whose searching eye
Reads all the secrets of thine agony?—
Oh! pray to be forgiven
Thy fond idolatry, thy blind excess,
And seek with *Him* that bower of blessedness—
Love! *thy* sole home is heaven!

BOOKS AND FLOWERS.

"La vue d'une fleur caresse mon imagination, et flatte mes sens à un point inexprimable. Sous le tranquille abri du toit paternel j'étais nourrie des l'enfance avec des fleurs et des livres;—dans l'étroite enciente d'une prison, au milieu des fers imposés par la tyrannie, j'oublie l'injustice des hommes, leurs sottises et mes maux avec des livres et des fleurs."—*Madame Roland.*

COME, let me make a sunny realm around thee,
Of thought and beauty! Here are books and flowers,
With speils to loose the fetter which hath bound thee—
The ravel'd coil of this world's feverish hours.

The soul of song is in these deathless pages,
Even as the odor in the flower enshrined;

Here the crown'd spirits of departed ages
Have left the silent melodies of mind.

Their thoughts, that strove with time, and change, and anguish
For some high place where faith her wing might rest,
Are burning here—a flame that may not languish—
Still pointing upward to that bright hill's crest !

Their grief, the veil'd infinity exploring
For treasures lost, is here ;—their boundless love
Its mighty streams of gentleness outpouring
On all things round, and clasping all above.

And the bright beings, their own heart's creations,
Bright, yet all human, here are breathing still ;
Conflicts, and agonies, and exultations
Are here, and victories of prevailing will !

Listen, oh, listen ! let their high words cheer thee !
Their swan-like music ringing through all woes ;
Let my voice bring their holy influence near thee—
The Elysian air of their divine repose !

Or would'st thou turn to earth ? *Not* earth all furrow'd
By the old traces of man's toil and care,
But the green peaceful world that never sorrow'd,
The world of leaves, and dews, and summer air !

Look on these flowers ! As o'er an altar shedding,
O'er Milton's page, soft light from color'd urns !
They are the links, man's heart to nature wedding,
When to her breast the prodigal returns.

They are from lone wild places, forest dingles,
Fresh banks of many a low-voiced hidden stream,
Where the sweet star of eve looks down and mingles
Faint lustre with the water-lily's gleam.

They are from where the soft winds play in gladness,
Covering the turf with flowery blossom-showers ;
—Too richly dower'd, O friend ! are *we* for sadness—
Look on an empire—mind and nature—ours !

FOR A PICTURE OF ST. CECILIA ATTENDED BY ANGELS.

“ How rich that forehead's calm expanse !
How bright that heaven-directed glance ?
—Waft her to glory, winged powers,
Ere sorrow be renew'd,
And intercourse with mortal hours
Bring back a humbler mood ! ” — *Wordsworth.*

How can that eye, with inspiration beaming,
Wear yet so deep a calm ?—Oh, child of song !
Is not the music-land a world of dreaming,
Where forms of sad, bewildering beauty throng ?

Hath it not sounds from voices long departed?
 Echoes of tones that rung in childhood's ear?
 Low haunting whispers, which the weary-hearted,
 Stealing 'midst crowds away, have wept to hear?
 No, not to thee!—*thy* spirit, meek, yet queenly,
 On its own starry height, beyond all this,
 Floating triumphantly and yet serenely,
 Breathes no faint under-tone through songs of bliss.
 Say by what strain, through cloudless ether swelling,
 Thou hast drawn down those wanderers from the skies?
 Bright guests! even such as left of yore their dwelling,
 For the deep cedar shades of Paradise!
 What strain?—oh! not the nightingale's when showering
 Her own heart's life drops on the burning lay,
 She stirs the young woods in the days of flowering,
 And pours her strength, but not her grief away:
 And not the exile's—when, 'midst lonely billows,
 He wakes the alpine notes his mother sung,
 Or blends them with the sigh of alien willows,
 Where, murmuring to the wind, his harp is hung:
 And not the pilgrim's—though his thoughts be holy,
 And sweet his *ave* song, when day grows dim;
 Yet, as he journeys, pensively and slowly,
 Something of sadness floats through that low hymn.
 But thou!—the spirit which at eve is filling
 All the hush'd air and reverential sky,
 Founts, leaves, and flowers, with solemn rapture thrilling,
 This is the soul of *thy* rich harmony.
 This bears up high those breathings of devotion
 Wherein the currents of thy heart gush free;
 Therefore no world of sad and vain emotion
 Is the dream-haunted music-land for *thee*.

THE BRIGAND LEADER AND HIS WIFE.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF EASTLAKE'S.

DARK chieftain of the heath and height!
 Wild feaster on the hills by night!
 See'st thou the stormy sunset's glow
 Flung back by glancing spears below?
 Now for one strife of stern despair!
 The foe hath track'd thee to thy lair.

Thou, against whom the voice of blood
 Hath risen from rock and lonely wood;
 And in whose dreams a moan should be,
 Not of the water, nor the tree;

Haply thine own last hour is nigh,—
Yet shait thou not forsaken die.

There's one that pale oeside thee stands,
More true than all thy mountain bands!
She will not shrink in doubt and dread,
When the balls whistle round thy head:
Nor leave thee, though thy closing eye
No longer may to her's reply.

Oh! many a soft and quiet grace
Hath faded from her form and face;
And many a thought, the fitting guest
Of woman's meek religious breast,
Hath perish'd in her wanderings wide,
Through the deep forests by thy side.

Yet, mournfully surviving all,
A flower upon a ruin's wall,
A friendless thing, whose lot is cast
Of lovely ones to be the last;
Sad, but unchanged through good and ill,
Thine is her lone devotion still.

And oh! not wholly lost the heart
Where that undying love hath part;
Not worthless all, though far and long
From home estranged, and guided wrong;
Yet may its depths by Heaven be stirr'd,
Its prayer for thee be pour'd and heard!

THE CHILD'S RETURN FROM THE WOODLANDS.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S.

"All good and guiltless as thou art,
Some transient griefs will touch thy heart—
Griefs that along thy alter'd face
Will breathe a more subduing grace,
Than even those looks of joy that lie
On the soft cheek of infancy."—*Wilson*

HAST thou been in the woods with the honey-bee?
Hast thou been with the lamb in the pastures free?
With the hare through the copses and dingles wild?
With the butterfly over the heath, fair child?
Yes: the light fall of thy bounding feet
Hath not startled the wren from her mossy seat:
Yet hast thou ranged the green forest-dells
And brought back a treasure of buds and bells.
Thou know'st not the sweetness, by antique song
Breathed o'er the names of that flowery throng;
The woodbine, the primrose, the violet dim,
The lily that gleams by the fountain's brim:
These are old words that have made each grove
A dreaming haunt for romance and love—

Each sunny bank, where faint odors lie,
A place for the gushings of poesy.

Thou know'st not the light wherewith fairy lore
Sprinkles the turf and the daisies o'er ;
Enough for thee are the dews that sleep,
Like hidden gems, in the flower-urns deep ;
Enough the rich crimson spots that dwell
'Midst the gold of the cowslip's perfumed cell ;
And the scent by the blossoming sweetbriers shed,
And the beauty that bows the wood-hyacinth's head.

Oh ! happy child, in thy fawn-like glee,
What is remembrance or thought to thee ?
Fill thy bright locks with those gifts of spring,
O'er thy green pathway their colors fling ;
Bind them in chaplet and wild festoon—
What if to droop and to perish soon ?
Nature hath mines of such wealth—and thou
Never wilt prize its delight as now !

For a day is coming to quell the tone
That rings in thy laughter, thou joyous one !
And to dim thy brow with a touch of care,
Under the gloss of its clustering hair ;
And to tame the flash of thy cloudless eyes
Into the stillness of autumn skies ;
And to teach thee that grief hath her needful part,
'Midst the hidden things of each human heart.

Yet shall we mourn, gentle child ! for this ?
Life hath enough of yet holier bliss !
Such be thy portion !—the bliss to look,
With a reverent spirit, through nature's book ;
By fount, by forest, by river's line,
To track the paths of a love divine ;
To read its deep meanings—to see and hear
God in earth's garden—and not to fear !

THE FAITH OF LOVE.

THOU hast watch'd beside the bed of death.
Oh, fearless human Love !

Thy lip received the last faint breath,
Ere the spirit fled above,

Thy prayer was heard by the parting bier,
In a low and farewell tone.

Thou hast given the grave both flower and tear—
—Oh, Love ! thy task is done.

Then turn thee from each pleasant spot
Where thou wert wont to rove,
For there the friend of thy soul is not,
Nor the joy of thy youth, oh, Love !

Thou wilt meet but mournful memory there,
 Her dreams in the grove she weaves,
 With echoes filling the summer air,
 With sighs the trembling leaves.

Then turn thee to the world again,
 From those dim haunted bowers,
 And shut thine ear to the wild sweet strain
 That tells of vanish'd hours.

And wear not on thine aching heart
 The image of the dead,
 For the tie is rent that gave thee part
 In the gladness its beauty shed.

And gaze on the pictured smile no more
 That thus can life outlast :
 All between parted souls is o'er ;—
 —Love ! Love ! forget the past !

“ Voice of vain boding ! away, be still !
 Strive not against the faith
 That yet my bosom with light can fill,
 Unquench'd, and undimm'd by death :

“ From the pictured smile I will not turn,
 Though sadly now it shine ;
 Nor quit the shades that in whispers mourn
 For the step once link'd with mine :

“ Nor shut mine ear to the song of old
 Though its notes the pang renew,
 Such memories deep in my heart I hold,
 To keep it pure and true,

“ By the holy instinct of my heart,
 By the hope that bears me on,
 I have still my own undying part
 In the deep affection gone.

“ By the presence that about me seems
 Through night and day to dwell,
 Voice of vain bodings and fearful dreams ;
 —I have breathed no *last* farewell !”

THE SISTER'S DREAM.

[Suggested by a picture, in which a young girl is represented as sleeping, and visited during her slumbers by the spirits of her departed sisters.]

SHE sleeps !—but not the free and sunny sleep
 That lightly on the brow of childhood lies :
 Though happy be her rest, and soft, and deep,
 Yet, ere it sunk upon her shadow'd eyes,
 Thoughts of past scenes and kindred graves o'erswept
 Her soul's meek stillness—she had pray'd and wept.

And now in visions to her couch they come,
 The early lost—the beautiful—the dead—
 That unto her bequeathed a mournful home,
 Whence with their voices all sweet laughter fled.
 They rise—the sisters of her youth arise,
 As from the world where no frail blossom dies.

And well the sleeper knows them not of earth—
 Not as they were when binding up the flowers,
 Telling wild legends round the winter-hearth,
 Braiding their long fair hair for festal hours;
 These things are past—a spiritual gleam,
 A solemn glory, robes them in that dream.

Yet, if the glee of life's fresh budding years
 In those pure aspects may no more be read,
 Thence, too, hath sorrow melted—and the tears
 Which o'er their mother's holy dust they shed,
 Are all effaced! there earth hath left no sign
 Save its deep love, still touching every line.

But, oh! more soft, more tender, breathing more
 A thought of pity, than in vanish'd days;
 While, hovering silently and brightly o'er
 The lone one's head, they meet her spirit's gaze
 With their immortal eyes, that seem to say,
 "Yet, sister, yet we love thee—come away!"

"Twill fade, the radiant dream! and will she not
 Wake with more painful yearning at her heart?
 Will not her home seem yet a lonelier spot,
 Her task more sad, when those bright shadows part?
 And the green summer after them look dim,
 And sorrow's tone be in the bird's wild hymn?"

But let her hope be strong, and let the dead
 Visit her soul in heaven's calm beauty still,
 Be their names utter'd, be their memory spread
 Yet round the place they never more may fill!
 All is not over with earth's broken tie—
 Where, where should sisters love, if not on high?

A FAREWELL TO ABBOTSFORD.

[These lines were given to Sir Walter Scott, at the gate of Abbotsford, in the summer of 1829. He was then apparently in the vigor of an existence whose energies promised long continuance; and the glance of his quick, smiling eye, and the very sound of his kindly voice, seemed to kindle the gladness of his own sunny and benignant spirit in all who had the happiness of approaching him.]

HOME of the gifted! fare thee well,
 And a blessing on thee rest;
 While the heather waves its purple bell
 O'er moor and mountain crest;

While stream to stream around thee calls,
 And braes with broom are drest,
 Glad be the harping in thy halls—
 A blessing on thee rest!

While the high voice from thee sent forth
 Bids rock and cairn reply,
 Wakening the spirits of the North,
 Like a chieftain's gathering cry;
 While its deep master-tones hold sway
 As a king's o'er every breast,
 Home of the Legend and the Lay!
 A blessing on thee rest!

Joy to thy hearth, and board, and bower!
 Long honors to thy line!
 And hearts of proof, and hands of power,
 And bright names worthy thine!
 By the merry step of childhood, still
 May thy free sward be prest!
 —While one proud pulse in the land can thrill,
 A blessing on thee rest!

O'CONNOR'S CHILD.

[This piece was suggested by a picture in the possession of Mrs. Lawrence of Wavertree Hall.—It represents the "Hero's Child" of Campbell's Poem, seated beside a solitary tomb of rock, marked with a cross, in a wild and desert place. A tempest seems gathering in the angry skies above her, but the attitude of the drooping figure expresses the utter carelessness of desolation, and the countenance speaks of entire abstraction from all external objects.—A bow and quiver lie beside her, amongst the weeds and wild-flowers of the desert.]

"I fled the home of grief
 At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall,
 I found the helmet of my chief,
 His bow still hanging on our wall;
 And took it down, and vow'd to rove
 This desert place a huntress bold:
 Nor would I change my buried love
 For any heart of living mould," *Campbell.*

THE sleep of storms is dark upon the skies,
 The weight of omens heavy in the cloud:—
 Bid the lorn huntress of the desert rise,
 And gird the form whose beauty grief hath bow'd,
 And leave the tomb, as tombs are left—alone,
 To the star's vigil, and the wind's wild moan.
 Tell her of revelries in bower and hall,
 Where gems are glittering, and bright wine is pour'd;
 Where to glad measures chiming footsteps fall,
 And soul seems gushing from the harp's full chord;

And richer flowers amid fair tresses wave,
 Than the sad "*Love lies bleeding*" of the grave.
 Oh ! little know'st thou of the o'ermastering spell,
 Wherewith love binds the spirit strong in pain,
 To the spot hallow'd by a wild farewell,
 A parting agony,—intense, yet vain,
 A look—and darkness when its gleam hath flown,
 A voice—and silence when its words are gone !
 She hears thee not ; her full, deep, fervent heart
 Is set in her dark eyes ;—and *they* are bound
 Unto that cross, that shrine, that world apart,
 Where faithful blood hath sanctified the ground ;
 And love with death striven long by tear and prayer
 And anguish frozen into still despair.
 Yet on her spirit hath arisen at last
 A light, a joy, of its own wanderings born ;
 Around her path a vision's glow is cast,
 Back, back her lost one comes in hues of morn !*
 For her the gulf is fill'd—the dark night fled,
 Whose mystery parts the living and the dead.
 And she can pour forth in such converse high,
 All her soul's tide of love, the deep, the strong,
 Oh ! lonelier far, perchance, *thy* destiny,
 And more forlorn, amidst the world's *gay* throng,
 Than hers—the queen of that majestic gloom,
 The tempest, and the desert, and the tomb !

 THE PRAYER FOR LIFE.

O SUNSHINE and fair earth !
 Sweet is your kindly mirth,
 Angel of death ! yet, yet awhile delay !
 Too sad it is to part,
 Thus in my spring of heart,
 With all the light and laughter of the day.
 For me the falling leaf
 Touches no chord of grief,
 No dark void in the rose's bosom lies :
 Not one triumphal tone,
 One hue of hope, is gone
 From song or bloom beneath the summer skies.
 Death, Death ! ere yet decay,
 Call me not hence away,
 Over the golden hours no shade is thrown ;

* " A son of light, a lovely form,
 He comes and makes her glad."—*Campbell*.

The poesy that dwells
 Deep in the green woods and dells,
 Still to my spirit speaks of joy alone.

Yet not for this, O Death !
 Not for the vernal breath
 Of winds that shake forth music from the trees ;
 Not for the splendor given
 To night's dark regal heaven,
 Spoiler ! I ask thee not reprieve for these.

But for the happy love
 Whose light, where'er I rove,
 Kindles all nature to a sudden smile,
 Shedding on branch and flower
 A rainbow-tinted shower
 Of richer life—spare, spare me yet awhile.

Too soon, too fast thou'rt come !
 Too beautiful is home,
 A home of gentle voices and kind eyes !
 And I the loved of all,
 On whom fond blessings fall
 From every lip—oh ! wilt thou rend such ties ?

Sweet sisters ! weave a chain
 My spirit to detain ;
 Hold me to earth with strong affection back :
 Bind me with mighty love
 Unto the stream, the grove,
 Our daily paths—our life's familiar track.

Stay with me ! gird me round !
 Your voices bear a sound
 Of hope—a light comes with you and departs ;
 Hush, my soul's boding swell,
 That murmurs of farewell ;
 How can I leave this ring of kindest hearts ?

Death ! grave !—and are there those
 That woo your dark repose
 'Midst the rich beauty of the glowing earth.
 Surely about them lies
 No world of loving eyes—
 Leave me, oh ! leave me unto home and hearth !

THE WELCOME TO DEATH.

Thou art welcome, O thou warning voice !
 My soul hath pined for thee ;
 Thou art welcome as sweet sounds from shore
 To wanderer on the sea.

I hear thee in the rustling woods,
 In the sighing vernal airs ;
 Thou call'st me from the lonely earth,
 With a deeper tone than theirs.
 The lonely earth ! Since kindred steps
 From its green paths are fled,
 A dimness and a hush have lain
 O'er all its beauty spread.
 The silence of the unanswering soul
 Is on me and around ;
 My heart hath echoes but for *thee*,
 Thou still, small, warning sound !
 Voice after voice hath died away,
 Once in my dwelling heard ;
 Sweet household-name by name hath changed
 To grief's forbidden word !
 From dreams of night on each I call,
 Each of the far removed ;
 And waken to my own wild cry—
 " Where are ye, my beloved ?"
 Ye left me ! and earth's flowers were dim
 With records of the past :
 And stars pour'd down another light
 Than o'er my youth they cast :
 Birds will not sing as once they sung,
 When ye were at my side,
 And mournful tones are in the wind,
 Which I heard not till ye died !
 Thou art welcome, O thou summoner !
 Why should the last remain ?
 What eye can reach my heart of hearts,
 Bearing in light again ?
 E'en could this be, too much of fear
 O'er love would now be thrown—
 Away, away ! from time, from change,
 Once more to meet my own !

 THE VICTOR.

De tout ce qui t'aimoit n'est-il plus rein qui t'aime ?"—*Lamartine*

MIGHTY ones, Love and Death !
 Ye are the strong in this world of ours,
 Ye meet at the banquets, ye dwell 'midst the flowers,
 —Which hath the conqueror's wreath ?
 Thou art the victor, Love !
 Thou art the fearless, the crown'd, the free,
 The strength of the battle is given to thee,
 The spirit from above !

Thou hast look'd on Death, and smiled !
 Thou hast borne up the reed-like and fragile form,
 Thro' the waves of the fight, thro' the rush of the storm,
 On field, and flood, and wild !

No !—*Thou* art the victor, Death !
 Thou comest, and where is that which spoke,
 From the depths of the eye, when the spirit woke ?
 —Gone with the fleeting breath !

Thou comest—and what is left
 Of all that loved us, to say if aught
Yet loves—yet answers the burning thought
 Of the spirit lone and reft ?

Silence is where thou art !
 Silently there must kindred meet,
 No smile to cheer, and no voice to greet,
 No bounding of heart to heart !

Boast not thy victory, Death !
 It is but as the cloud's o'er the sunbeam's power,
 It is but as the winter's o'er leaf and flower,
 That slumber, the snow beneath.

It is but as a tyrant's reign
 O'er the voice and the lip which he bids be still :
 But the fiery thought and the lofty will,
 Are not for him to chain !

They shall soar his might above !
 And thus with the root whence affection springs,
 Though buried, it is not of mortal things—
Thou art the victor, Love !

LINES WRITTEN FOR THE ALBUM AT ROSANNA.*

Oh ! lightly tread through these deep chestnut-bowers
 Where a sweet spirit once in beauty moved !
 And touch with reverent hand these leaves and flowers,
 Fair things, which well a gentle heart hath loved !
 A gentle heart, of love and grief th' abode,
 Whence the bright stream of song in tear-drops flow'd.

And bid its memory sanctify the scene !
 And let th' ideal presence of the dead
 Float round, and touch the woods with softer green,
 And o'er the stream a charm, like moonlight, shed ;
 Through the soul's depths in holy silence felt—
 A spell to raise, to chasten, and to melt.

* A beautiful place in the county of Wicklow, formerly the abode of the authoress of "*Psyche*."

THE VOICE OF THE WAVES

WRITTEN NEAR THE SCENE OF A RECENT SHIPWRECK.

"How perfect was the calm ! It seem'd no sleep,
 No mood, which season takes away or brings ;
 I could have fancied that the mighty deep
 Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

* * * * *

But welcome fortitude and patient cheer,
 And frequent sights of what is to be borne."

Wordsworth.

ANSWER, ye chiming waves

That now in sunshine sweep ;
 Speak to me from thy hidden caves,
 Voice of the solemn deep !

Hath man's lone spirit here
 With storms in battle striven ?
 Where all is now so calmly clear,
 Hath anguish cried to heaven ?

—Then the sea's voice arose,
 Like an earthquake's under-tone :
 "Mortal, the strife of human woes
 Where hath *not* nature known ?

"Here to the quivering mast
 Despair hath wildly clung,
 The shriek upon the wind hath pass'd,
 The midnight sky hath rung.

"And the youthful and the brave,
 With their beauty and renown,
 To the hollow chambers of the wave
 In darkness have gone down.

"They are vanish'd from their place—
 Let their homes and hearths make moar !
 But the rolling waters keep no trace
 Of pang or conflict gone."

—Alas ! thou haughty deep !
 The strong, the sounding far !
 My heart before thee dies,—I weep
 To think on what we are !

To think that so we pass,
 High hope, and thought, and mind,
 Even as the breath-stain from the glass,
 Leaving no sign behind !

Saw'st thou nought else, thou main ?
 Thou and the midnight sky ?
 Nought save the struggle, brief and vain,
 The parting agony !

—And the sea's voice replied,
 "Here nobler things have been!
 Power with the valiant when they died,
 To sanctify the scene:

"Courage, in fragile form,
 Faith trusting to the last,
 Prayer, breathing heavenward through the storm,
 But all alike have pass'd."

Sound on, thou haughty sea!
These have not pass'd in vain;
 My soul awakes, my hope springs free
 On victor wings again.

Thou, from thine empire driven,
 May'st vanish with thy powers;
 But, by the hearts that here have striven,
 A loftier doom is ours!

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

"I seem like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but me departed."—*Moora*.

SEE'ST thou yon grey gleaming hall,
 Where the deep elm-shadows fall?
 Voices that have left the earth
 Long ago,
 Still are murmuring round its hearth,
 Soft and low:

Ever there;—yet one alone
 Hath the gift to hear their tone.
 Guests come thither, and depart,
 Free of step and light of heart;
 Children, with sweet visions bless'd,
 In the haunted chambers rest;
 One alone unslumbering lies
 When the night hath seal'd all eyes,
 One quick heart and watchful ear,
 Listening for those whispers clear.

See'st thou where the woodbine flowers
 O'er yon low porch hang in showers?
 Startling faces of the dead,
 Pale, yet sweet.
 One lone woman's entering tread
 There still meet!

Some with young smooth foreheads fair,
 Faintly shining through bright hair ;
 Some with reverend locks of snow—
 All, all buried long ago !
 All, from under deep sea-waves,
 Or the flowers of foreign graves,
 Or the old and banner'd aisle,
 Where their high tombs gleam the while ;
 Rising, wandering, floating by,
 Suddenly and silently,
 Through their earthly home and place,
 But amidst another race.

Wherefore, unto one alone,
 Are those sounds and visions known ?
 Wherefore hath that spell of power

Dark and dread,
 On *her* soul, a baleful dower,
 Thus been shed ?

Oh ! in those deep-seeing eyes,
 No strange gift of mystery lies !
 She is lone where once she moved,
 Fair, and happy, and beloved !
 Sunny smiles were glancing round her,
 Tendrils of kind hearts had bound her.
 Now those silver chords are broken,
 Those bright looks have left no token ;
 Not one trace on all the earth,
 Save her memory of their mirth.
 She is lone and lingering now,
 Dreams have gather'd o'er her brow,
 'Midst gay songs and children's play,
 She is dwelling far away
 Seeing what none else may see—
 Haunted still her place must be !

THE SHEPHERD-POET OF THE ALPS.

" God gave him reverence of laws,
 Yet stirring blood in freedom's cause—
 A spirit to his rocks akin,
 The eye of the hawk, and the fire therein !"

Coleridge.

SINGING of the free blue sky
 And the wild-flower glens that lie
 Far amidst the ancient hills,
 Which the fountain music fills ;
 Singing of the snow-peaks bright,
 And the royal eagle's flight,
 And the courage and the grace
 Foster'd by the chamois-chase ;

In his fetters, day by day,
 So the Shepherd-poet lay,
 Wherefore, from a dungeon-cell
 Did those notes of freedom swell,
 Breathing sadness not their own,
 Forth with every Alpine tone?
 Wherefore!—can a tyrant's ear
 Brook the mountain-winds to hear,
 When each blast goes pealing by
 With a song of liberty?

Darkly hung th' oppressor's hand
 O'er the Shepherd-poet's land;
 Sounding there the waters gush'd,
 While the lip of man was hush'd;
 There the falcon pierced the cloud,
 While the fiery heart was bow'd:
 But this might not long endure,
 Where the mountain-homes were pure;
 And a valiant voice arose,
 Thrilling all the silent snows;
His—now singing far and lone,
 Where the young breeze ne'er was known
 Singing of the glad blue sky,
 Wildly—and how mournfully!

Are none but the Wind and the Lammer-Geyer
 To be free where the hills unto heaven aspire?
 Is the soul of song from the deep glens past,
 Now that their poet is chain'd at last?
 Think of the mountains, and deem not so!
 Soon shall each blast like a clarion blow!
 Yes! though forbidden be every word
 Wherewith that spirit the Alps hath stirr'd,
 Yet even as a buried stream through earth
 Rolls on to another and brighter birth,
 So shall the voice that hath seem'd to die,
 Burst forth with the anthem of liberty!

And another power is moving
 In a bosom fondly loving:—
 Oh! a sister's heart is deep,
 And her spirit strong to keep
 Each light link of early hours,
 All sweet scents of childhood's flowers!
 Thus each lay by Erni sung,
 Rocks and crystal caves among,
 Or beneath the linden-leaves,
 Or the cabin's vine-hung eaves,
 Rapid though as bird-notes gushing,
 Transient as a wan-cheek's flushing,
 Each in young Teresa's breast
 Left its fiery words impress'd;

Treasured there lay every line,
As a rich book on a hidden shrine.
Fair was that lone girl, and meek,
With a pale transparent cheek,
And a deep-fringed violet eye
Seeking in sweet shade to lie,
Or, if raised to glance above,
Dim with its own dews of love ;
And a pure, Madonna brow,
And a silvery voice, and low,
Like the echo of a flute,
Even the last, ere all be mute.
But a loftier soul was seen
In the orphan sister's mien,
From that hour when chains defiled
Him, the high Alps' noble child.
Tones in her quivering voice awoke,
As if a harp of battle spoke ;
Light, that seem'd born of an eagle's nest,
Flash'd from her soft eyes unpress'd ;
And her form, like a spreading water-flower,
When its frail cup swells with a sudden shower,
Seem'd all dilated with love and pride,
And grief for that brother, her young heart's guide.
Well might they love !—those two had grown
Orphans together and alone :
The silence of the Alpine sky
Had hush'd their hearts to piety ;
The turf, o'er their dead mother laid,
Had been their altar when they pray'd ;
There, more in tenderness than woe,
The stars had seen their young tears flow ;
The clouds, in spirit-like descent,
Their deep thoughts by one touch had blent,
And the wild storms link'd them to each other—
How dear can peril make a brother !
Now is their hearth a forsaken spot
The vine waves unpruned o'er their mountain-cot
Away, in that holy affection's might,
The maiden is gone, like a breeze of the night ;
She is gone forth alone, but her lighted face,
Filling with soul every secret place,
Hath a dower from Heaven, and a gift of sway,
To arouse brave hearts in its hidden way,
Like the sudden flinging forth on high,
Of a banner that startleth silently !
She hath wander'd through many a hamlet-vale,
Telling its children her brother's tale ;
And the strains, by his spirit pour'd away,
Freely as fountains might shower their spray,
From her fervent lip a new life have caught,
And a power to kindle yet bolder thought ;

While sometimes a melody, all her own,
Like a gush of tears in its plaintive tone,
May be heard 'midst the lonely rocks to flow,
Clear through the water-chimes—clear, yet low.

“Thou’rt not where wild-flowers wave
O’er crag and sparry cave ;
Thou’rt not where pines are sounding,
Or joyous torrents bounding—

Alas, my brother !

“Thou’rt not where green, on high,
The brighter pastures lie ;
Ev’n those, thine own wild places,
Bear of our chain dark traces :

Alas, my brother !

“Far hath the sunbeam spread,
Nor found thy lonely bed ;
Long hath the fresh wind sought thee,
Nor one sweet whisper brought thee—

Alas, my brother !

“Thou, that for joy wert born,
Free as the wings of morn !
Will aught thy young life cherish,
Where the Alpine rose would perish ?

Alas, my brother !

“Canst thou be singing still,
As once on every hill ?

Is not thy soul forsaken,

And the bright gift from thee taken ?—

Alas, alas, my brother !”

And *was* the bright gift from the captive fled ?
Like the fire on his hearth, was his spirit dead ?
Not so !—but as rooted in stillness deep,
The pure stream-lily its place will keep,
Though its tearful urns to the blast may quiver,
While the red waves rush down the foaming river
So freedom’s faith in his bosom lay,
Trembling, yet not to be borne away !
He thought of the Alps and their breezy air,
And felt that his country no chains might bear ;
He thought of the hunter’s haughty life,
And knew there must yet be noble strife ;
But, oh ! when he thought of that orphan maid,
His high heart melted—he wept and pray’d !
For he saw her not as she moved e’en then,
A waker of heroes in every glen,
With a glance inspired which no grief could tame,
Bearing on Hope like a torch’s flame,
While the strengthening voice of mighty wrongs
Gave echoes back to her thrilling songs ;
But his dreams were fill’d by a haunting tone,
Sad as a sleeping infant’s moan ;

And his soul was pierced by a mournful eye
Which look'd on it—oh! how beseechingly!
And there floated past him a fragile form,
With a willowy droop, as beneath the storm;
Till wakening in anguish his faint heart strove
In vain with its burden of helpless love!
—Thus woke the dreamer one weary night—
There flash'd through his dungeon a swift strong light;
He sprang up—he climb'd to the grating-bars,
—It was not the rising of moon or stars,
But a signal flame from a peak of snow,
Rock'd through the dark skies, to and fro!
There shot forth another—another still—
A hundred answers of hill to hill!
Tossing like pines in the tempest's way,
Joyously, wildly, the bright spires play,
And each is hail'd with a pealing shout,
For the high Alps waving their banners out!
Erni, young Erni! the land hath risen!
—Alas! to be lone in thy narrow prison!
Those free streamers glancing, and thou not there!
—Is the moment of rapture, or fierce despair?
Hark! there's a tumult that shakes his cell,
At the gates of the mountain citadel!
Hark! a clear voice through the rude sounds ringing!
Doth he know the strain, and the wild, sweet singing?

“There may not long be fetters,
Where the cloud is earth's array,
And the bright floods leap from cave and steep,
Like a hunter on the prey!

“There may not long be fetters,
Where the white Alps have their towers;
Unto eagle-homes, if the arrow comes,
The chain is not for ours!”

It is she!—She is come like a dayspring beam,
She that so mournfully shadow'd his dream!
With her shining eyes and her buoyant form,
She is come! her tears on his cheek are warm;
And O! the thrill in that weeping voice!
“My brother, my brother! come forth, rejoice!”

—Poet! the land of thy love is free,
—Sister! thy brother is won by thee!

TO THE MOUNTAIN WINDS.

—“How divine
The liberty, for frail for mortal man,
To roam at large among unpeopled glens,
And mountainous retirements, only trod
By devious footsteps!—Regions consecrate
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To oldest time !—And reckless of the storm
That keeps the raven quiet in his nest,
Be as a presence or a motion—One
Among the many there.”—*Wordsworth.*

MOUNTAIN winds ! oh ! whither do ye call me ?
Vainly, vainly would my steps pursue !
Chains of care to lower earth enthrall me,
Wherefore thus my weary spirit woo ?

Oh ! the strife of this divided being !
Is there peace where ye are borne on high ?
Could we soar to your proud eyries fleeing,
In our hearts would haunting memories die ?

Those wild places are not as a dwelling
Whence the footsteps of the loved are gone !
Never from those rocky halls came swelling
Voice of kindness in familiar tone !

Surely music of oblivion sweepeth
In the pathway of your wanderings free ;
And the torrent, wildly as it leapeth,
Sings of no lost home amidst its glee.

There the rushing of the falcon’s pinion
Is not from some hidden pang to fly ;
All things breathe of power and stern dominion—
Not of hearts that in vain yearnings die.

Mountain winds ! oh ! is it, is it only
Where man’s trace hath been that so we pine ?
Bear me up, to grow in thought less lonely,
Even at nature’s deepest, loneliest shrine !

Wild, and mighty, and mysterious singers !
At whose tone my heart within me burns ;
Bear me where the last red sunbeam lingers,
Where the waters have their secret urns !

There to commune with a loftier spirit
Than the troubling shadows of regret ;
There the wings of freedom to inherit,
Where the enduring and the wing’d are met.

Hush, proud voices ! gentle be your falling !
Woman’s lot thus chainless may not be ;
Hush ! the heart your trumpet sounds are calling,
Darkly still may grow—but never free !

THE PROCESSION.

“ ‘The peace which passeth all understanding,’ disclosed itself in
her looks and movements. It lay on her countenance like a steady
unshadowed moonlight.”—*Coleridge.*

THERE were trampling sounds of many feet,
And music rush’d through the crowded street ;

Proud music, such as tells the sky
Of a chief return'd from victory.

There were banners to the winds unroll'd,
With naughty words on each blazon'd fold ;
High battle-names, which had rung of yore,
When lances clash'd on the Syrian shore.

Borne from their dwellings, green and lone,
There were flowers of the woods on the pathway strown,
And wheels that crush'd as they swept along—
Oh ! what doth the violet amidst the throng ?

I saw where a bright procession pass'd
The gates of a minster old and vast ;
And a king to his crowning place was led,
Through a sculptured line of the warrior dead.

I saw, far gleaming, the long array
Of trophies, on those high tombs that lay,
And the color'd light, that wrapp'd them all,
Rich, deep, and sad, as a royal pall.

But a lowlier grave soon won mine eye
Away from th' ancestral pageantry :
A grave by the lordly minster's gate,
Unhonor'd, and yet not desolate.

It was but a dewy greensward bed,
Meet for the rest of a peasant head ;
But Love—oh ! lovelier than all beside !—
That lone place guarded and glorified.

For a gentle form stood watching there,
Young—but how sorrowfully fair !
Keeping the flowers of the holy spot,
That reckless feet might profane them not.

Clear, pale and clear, was the tender cheek,
And her eye, though tearful, serenely meek ;
And I deem'd, by its lifted gaze of love,
That her sad heart's treasure was all above.

For alone she seem'd 'midst the throng to be,
Like a bird of the waves far away at sea ;
Alone, in a mourner's vest array'd,
And with folded hands, e'en as if she pray'd.

It faded before me, that masque of pride,
The haughty swell of the music died ;
Banner, and armor, and tossing plume,
All melted away in the twilight's gloom.

But that orphan form, with its willowy grace,
And the speaking prayer in that pale, calm face
Still, still o'er my thoughts in the night-hour glide—
—Oh ! Love is lovelier than all beside.

THE BROKEN LUTE.

"When the lamp is shatter'd,
 The light in the dust lies dead ;
 When the cloud is scatter'd,
 The rainbow's glory is shed.
 When the lute is broken,
 Sweet sounds are remember'd not ;
 When the words are spoken,
 Loved accents are soon forgot,
 As music and splendor
 Survive not the lamp and lute,
 The heart's echoes render
 No song when the spirit is mute."—*Shelley*.

SHE dwelt in proud Venetian halls,
 'Midst forms that breathed from the pictured walls ;
 But a glow of beauty like her own,
 There had no dream of the painter thrown.
 Lit from within was her noble brow,
 As an urn, whence rays from a lamp may flow ;
 Her young, clear cheek, had a changeful hue,
 As if ye might see how the soul wrought through
 And every flash from her fervent eye
 Seem'd the bright wakening of Poesy

Even thus it was !—from her childhood's years—
 A being of sudden smiles and tears—
 Passionate visions, quick light and shade,
 Such was that high-born Italian maid !
 And the spirit of song in her bosom-cell,
 Dwelt, as the odors in violet's dwell,
 Or as the sounds in Eolian strings—
 Or in aspen-leaves the quiverings ;
 There, ever there, with the life enshrined,
 Waiting the call of the faintest wind.

Oft, on the wave of the Adrian sea,
 In the city's hour of moonlight glee,
 Oft would that gift of the southern sky
 O'erflow from her lips in melody ;
 Oft amid festal halls it came,
 Like the springing forth of a sudden flame—
 Till the dance was hush'd, and the silvery tone
 Of her inspiration was heard alone.
 And fame went with her, the bright, the crown'd,
 And music floated her steps around ;
 And every lay of her soul was borne
 Through the sunny land, as on wings of morn.

And was the daughter of Venice blest
 With a power so deep in her youthful breast
 Could she be happy, o'er whose dark eye
 So many changes and dreams went by ?
 And in whose cheek the swift crimson wrought
 As if but born from the rush of thought ?
 Yes ! in the brightness of joy awhile

She moved as a bark in the sunbeam's smile :
 For her spirit, as over her lyre's full chord,
 All, all on a happy love was pour'd !
 How loves a heart, whence the stream of song
 Flows, like life-blood, quick, bright, and strong ?
 How loves a heart, which hath never proved
 One breath of the world ?—Even so she loved !
 Bless'd, though the lord of her soul afar,
 Was charging the foremost in Moslem war—
 Bearing the flag of St. Mark's on high,
 As a ruling star in the Grecian sky.
 Proud music breathed in her song, when fame
 Gave a tone more thrilling to his name ;
 And her trust in his love was a woman's faith—
 Perfect, and fearing no change but death.

But the fields are won from the Othman host,
 In the land that quell'd the Persian's boast,
 And a thousand hearts in Venice burn,
 For the day of triumph and return !
 —The day is come ! the flashing deep
 Foams where the galleys of victory sweep ;
 And the sceptred city of the wave,
 With her festal splendor greets the brave ;
 Cymbal and clarion, and voice, around,
 Make the air one stream of exulting sound,
 While the beautiful, with their sunny smiles,
 Look from each hall of the hundred isles.

But happiest and brightest that day of all,
 Robed for her warrior's festival,
 Moving a queen 'midst the radiant throng,
 Was she, th' inspired one, the maid of song !
 The lute he loved on her arm she bore,
 And she rush'd in her joy to the crowded shore ;
 With the hue on her cheek like the damask glow
 By the sunset given unto mountain snow,
 And her eye all fill'd with the spirit's play,
 Like the flash of a gem to the changeful day,
 And her long hair waving in ringlets bright !
 So came that being of hope and light !
 —One moment, Erminia ! one moment more,
 And life, all the beauty of life, is o'er !
 The bark of her lover hath touch'd the strand—
 Whom leads he forth with a gentle hand ?
 —A young fair form, whose nymph-like grace
 Accorded well with the Grecian face,
 And the eye, in its clear soft darkness meek,
 And the lashes that droop'd o'er a pale rose cheek ;
 And he look'd on that beauty with tender pride—
 The warrior hath brought back an Eastern bride !

But how stood she, the forsaken, there,
 Struck by the lightning of swift despair ?

Still, as amazed with grief she stood,
 And her cheek to her heart sent back the blood,
 And there came from her quivering lip no word,
 Only the fall of her lute was heard,
 As it dropp'd from her hand at her rival's feet,
 Into fragments, whose dying thrill was sweet!

What more remaineth! her day was done;
 Her fate and the Broken Lute's were one!
 The light, the vision, the gift of power,
 Pass'd from her soul in that mortal hour,
 Like the rich sound from the shatter'd string,
 Whence the gush of sweetness no more might spring
 As an eagle struck in his upward flight,
 So was her hope from her radiant height
 And her song went with it for evermore,
 A gladness taken from sea and shore!
 She had moved to the echoing sound of fame—
 Silently, silently died her name!
 Silently melted her life away,
 As ye have seen a young flower decay,
 Or a lamp that hath swiftly burn'd, expire
 Or a bright stream shrink from the summer's fire,
 Leaving its channel all dry and mute—
 Woe for the Broken Heart and Lute!

THE BURIAL IN THE DESERT.

"How weeps yon gallant band
 O'er him their valor could not save!
 For the bayonet is red with gore,
 And he, the beautiful and brave,
 Now sleeps in Egypt's sand."—*Wilson.*

In the shadow of the pyramid
 Our brother's grave we made,
 When the battle-day was done,
 And the desert's parting sun
 A field of death survey'd.
 The blood-red sky above us
 Was darkening into night,
 And the Arab watching silently
 Our sad and hurried rite.
 The voice of Egypt's river
 Came hollow and profound,
 And one lone palm-tree, where we stood,
 Rock'd with a shivery sound:
 While the shadow of the Pyramid
 Hung o'er the grave we made,
 When the battle-day was done,
 And the desert's parting sun
 A field of death survey'd,

The fathers of our brother
 Were borne to knightly tombs,
 With torch-light and with anthem-note,
 And many waving plumes:
 But he, the last and noblest
 Of that high Norman race,
 With a few brief words of soldier-love
 Was gather'd to his place;
 In the shadow of the Pyramid,
 Where his youthful form we laid,
 When the battle day was done,
 And the desert's parting sun
 A field of death survey'd.
 But let him, let him slumber
 By the old Egyptian wave!
 It is well with those who bear their fame
 Unsullied to the grave!
 When brightest names are breathed on,
 When loftiest fall so fast,
 We would not call our brother back
 On dark days to be cast,—
 From the shadow of the Pyramid,
 Where his noble heart we laid,
 When the battle-day was done,
 And the desert's parting sun
 A field of death survey'd.

TO A PICTURE OF THE MADONNA.

"Ave Maria! May our spirits dare
 Look up to thine, and to thy Son's above?"—*Byron.*

FAIR vision! thou 'rt from sunny skies,
 Born where the rose hath richest dyes;
 To thee a southern heart hath given
 That glow of love, that calm of heaven,
 And round thee cast th' ideal gleam.
 The light that is but of a dream.

Far hence, where wandering music fills
 The haunted air of Roman hills,
 Or where Venetian waves of yore
 Heard melodies, they hear no more,
 Some proud old minster's gorgeous aisle
 Hath known the sweetness of thy smile.

Or haply, from a lone, dim shrine,
 'Mid forests of the Apennine,
 Whose breezy sounds of cave and dell
 Pass like a floating anthem-swell,
 Thy soft eyes o'er the pilgrim's way
 Shed blessings with their gentle ray.

Or gleaming through a chestnut wood,
 Perchance thine island-chapel stood,
 Where from the blue Sicilian sea,
 The sailor's hymn hath risen to thee,
 And bless'd thy power to guide, to save,
 Madonna! watcher of the wave!

Oh! might a voice, a whisper low,
 Forth from those lips of beauty flow.
 Could'st thou but speak of all the tears,
 The conflicts, and the pangs of years,
 Which, at thy secret shrine reveal'd,
 Have gush'd from human hearts unseal'd

Surely to thee hath woman come,
 As a tired wanderer back to home!
 Unveiling many a timid guest,
 And treasured sorrow of her breast,
 A buried love—a wasting care—
 Oh! did those griefs win peace from prayer?

And did the poet's fervid soul
 To thee lay bare its inmost scroll?
 Those thoughts, which pour'd their quenchless fire
 And passion o'er th' Italian lyre,
 Did they to still submission die,
 Beneath thy calm, religious eye?

And hath the crested helmet bow'd
 Before thee, 'midst the incense-cloud?
 Hath the crown'd-leader's bosom lone,
 To thee its haughty griefs made known?
 Did thy glance break their frozen sleep,
 And win the unconquer'd one to weep?

Hush'd is the anthem—closed the vow—
 The votive garland wither'd now;
 Yet holy still to me thou art,
 Thou that hast sooth'd so many a heart!
 And still must blessed influence flow
 From the meek glory of thy brow.

Still speak to suffering woman's love,
 Of rest for gentle hearts above;
 Of hope, that hath its treasure there,
 Of home, that knows no changeful air!
 Bright form, lit up with thoughts divine,
 Ave! such power be ever thine!

A THOUGHT OF THE ROSE.

How much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom,
 Rose! ever wearing beauty for thy dower!

The bridal-day—the festival—the tomb—
 Thou hast thy part in each, thou stateliest flower!
 Therefore with thy soft breath come floating by
 A thousand images of love or grief,
 Dreams, fill'd with tokens of mortality,
 Deep thoughts of all things beautiful and brief.
 Not such thy spells o'er those that hail'd thee first,
 In the clear light of Eden's golden day!
 There thy rich leaves to crimson glory burst,
 Link'd with no dim remembrance of decay.
 Rose! for the banquet gather'd, and the bier;
 Rose! color'd now by human hope and pain;
 Surely where death is not—nor change, nor fear,
 Yet may we meet thee, joy's own flower again!

DREAMS OF HEAVEN.

"We color Heaven with our own human thoughts
 Our vain aspirings, fond remembrances,
 Our passionate love, that seems unto itself
 An Immortality."

DREAM'ST *thou* of Heaven?—what dreams are *thine*?
 Fair child, fair gladsome child?
 With eyes that like the dewdrop shine,
 And bounding footsteps wild!
 Tell me what hues the immortal shore
 Can wear, my bird! to thee?
 Ere yet one shadow hath pass'd o'er
 Thy glance and spirit free?
 "Oh! beautiful is Heaven, and bright,
 With long, long summer days;
 I see its lilies gleam in light,
 Where many a fountain plays.
 "And there uncheck'd, methinks, I rove,
 And seek where young flowers lie,
 In vale and golden-fruited grove—
 Flowers that are not to die!"
 Thou poet of the lonely thought,
 Sad heir of gifts divine!
 Say with what solemn glory fraught,
 Is heaven in dreams of *thine*?
 "Oh! where the living waters flow
 Along that radiant shore,
 My soul, a wanderer here, shall know
 The exile thirst no more.

"The burden of the stranger's heart
Which here alone I bear,
Like the night-shadow shall depart,
With my first wakening *there*."

"And borne on eagle wings afar,
Free thought shall claim its dower.
From every realm, from every star,
Of glory and of power."

O woman! with the soft sad eye,
Of spiritual gleam,
Tell me of those bright worlds on high
How doth *thy* fond heart dream?

By thy sweet mournful voice I know,
On thy pale brow I see,
That thou hast loved, in fear, and woe—
Say what is Heaven to thee?

"Oh! Heaven is where no secret dread
May haunt love's meeting hour,
Where from the past no gloom is shed
O'er the heart's chosen bower:

"Where every sever'd wreath is bound—
Where none have heard the knell
That smites the heart with that deep sound—
Farewell—beloved, farewell!"

THE WISH.

COME to me, when my soul
Hath but a few dim hours to linger here;
When earthly chains are as a shrivell'd scroll,
Oh! let me feel thy presence! be but near!

That I may look once more
Into thine eyes, which never changed for me;
That I may speak to thee of that bright shore,
Where, with our treasure, we have longed to be.

Thou friend of many days!
Of sadness and of joy, of home and hearth
Will not thy spirit aid me then to raise
The trembling pinions of my hope from earth?

By every solemn thought
Which on our hearts hath sunk in days gone by,
From the deep voices of the mountains caught,
Or all th' adoring silence of the sky;

By every lofty theme
Whereon, in low-toned reverence we have spoken,
By our communion in each fervent dream
That sought from realms beyond the grave a token;

And by our tears for those
Whose loss hath touch'd our world with hues of death ;
And by the hopes that with their dust repose,
As flowers await the south-wind's vernal breath :

Come to me in that day—
The one—the sever'd from all days—O friend !
Even then, if human thought may then have sway,
My soul with thine shall yet rejoice to blend.

Nor then, nor *there* alone :
I ask my heart if all indeed must die ;
All that of holiest feelings it hath known ?
And my heart's voice replies—Eternity !

CRITICAL ANNOTATIONS

ON

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

"THE collection of Mrs. Hemans's Miscellaneous Poems opens with verses in honor of the *Pilgrim Fathers*. She has celebrated with solemnity and truth the circumstances which gave sublimity to the glorious scene of their landing, and their descendants cannot be but pleased to see the devotedness displayed by them introduced into poetry, and incorporated among the bright examples held up by the inventive as well as the historic muse for the admiration of mankind.

"Freedom, not licentiousness, religious freedom not the absence of religious rites, was the object for which the fathers came. An air of earnestness was thus originally imparted to the character of the country, and succeeding ages have not worn it away. Though it may suit the humor of moralizers to declaim against the degeneracy of the times, we believe that the country has of late years made advances in moral worth. We infer this from the more general diffusion of intelligence and the higher standard of learning: from the spirit of healthy action pervading all classes: from the diminished number of crimes; from the general security of property; from the rapid multiplication of Sabbath schools, than which no discovery of our age has been more important for the moral education of the people; from the philanthropy which seeks for the sources of vice, and restrains it by removing its causes; from the active and compassionate benevolence, which does not allow itself to consider any class so vicious or degraded as to have forfeited its claim to humane attention, which seeks and relieves misery wherever it is concealed, and, embracing every continent in its regard, has its messengers in the remotest regions of the world. Religious freedom is the last right, which even in our days the inhabitants of this country would surrender. It would be easier to drive them from their houses and their lands, than to take from them the liberty of worshipping God according to the dictates of conscience. There is no general assertion of this right, and no energetic display of zeal in maintaining it, solely because it is menaced by no alarming danger.

"In a state of society like ours, there may be little room for the exercise of those arts, of which it is the chief aim to amuse and de-

light; and yet attention is by no means confined to those objects which are directly connected with the advancement of personal or public wealth. For the costly luxuries of life, and even for its elegant pleasures, there may as yet be little room; and still the morality of the nation be far from forming itself on the new system of morals devised by our political economists. There has been no age, we assert it with confidence, there has been no people, where the efforts of mind, directly connected with the preservation of elevated feeling and religious earnestness, are more valued than they are by the better part of our own community. We cannot support, or we hold it not best to support, an expensive religious establishment; but every where the voice of religious homage and instruction is heard; we cannot set apart large estates to give splendor to literary distinction; but you will hardly find a retired nook, where only a few families seek their shelter near each other, so destitute, that the elements of knowledge are not freely taught; we cannot establish galleries for the various works of the arts of design; but the eye that can see the beauties of nature is common with us, and the recital of deeds of high worth meets with ready listeners. The luxuries, which are for display, are exceedingly little known; but the highest value is set on every effort of mind connected with the investigation of truth, or the nurture of generous and elevated sentiments.

"Where the public mind had been thus formed, the poetry of Mrs. Hemans was sure to find admirers. The exercise of genius, if connected with no respect for virtue, might have remained unnoticed; the theory, which treats of beauty, as of something independent of moral effect, is still without advocates among us. It has thus far been an undisputed axiom, that if a production is indecent or immoral, it for that very reason cannot claim to be considered beautiful.

"We do not go so far as to assert, that there can be no merit in works of which the general tendency is immoral; but the merit, if there is any, does not lie in the immoral part, in the charm that is thrown round vice, but rather in an occasional gleam of better principles, in nature occasionally making her voice heard above the din of the dissolute, in the pictures of loveliness and moral truth that shine out through the darkness. Amidst all the horrors and depravity of superstition, the strange and the abominable vagaries of the human imagination, exercised on religion in heathenish ignorance, the observing mind may yet recognise the spirit that connects man with a better world. And so it is with poetry: amidst all the confusion which is manifest where the heavenly gift is under the control of a corrupt judgment, something of its native lustre will still appear. When we see the poet of transcendent genius delineating any thing but the higher part of our nature: when we observe how, after borrowing fiendish colors, he describes states of mind with which devils only should have sympathy, rails at human nature in a style which spiteful misanthropy alone can approve, or gives descriptions of sensuality fit only for the revels of Comus; when we see him 'hurried down the adulterate age, adding pollutions of his own,' we can have little to say or to excuse or justify an admiration of poetic talent, till we are reconciled to human nature; and the muse by the pure lustre of better guided minds.

"In what view of the subject can it be held a proper design of poetry to render man hateful to himself? How can it delight or instruct us to see our fellow-men ranged under the two classes of designing villains and weak dupes? Or what sources of poetic inspiration are left, if all the relations of social life are held up to derision, and every generous impulse scorned as the result of deluded confidence?

'To demand that what is called *poetical justice* should be found

In every performance may be unreasonable, since the events of life do not warrant us in expecting it; but we may demand what is of much more importance, *moral justice*—a consistency of character, a conformity of the mind to its career of action. It may not be inconsistent with reality, though it is with probability, that an unprincipled miscreant, governing himself in his gratifications by the narrowest selfishness, should be successful in his pursuits, but it is unnatural and false to give to such a nature any of the attributes of goodness. Vice is essentially mean and low; it has no dignity, no courage, no beauty; and while the poet can never impart to a production, tending to promote vice, the power and interest which belongs to the worthy delineation of honorable actions, he can never invest a false heart with the noble qualities of a generous one. Observe in this respect the manner of the dramatic poet, who is acknowledged to have delineated the passions with the greatest fidelity. Shakspeare describes the mind as gradually sinking under the influence of the master-passion. It stamps itself on the whole soul, and obliterates all the finer traces in which humanity had written a witness of gentler qualities. Macbeth is a moral character of terrific sublimity, and an illustration of that *moral justice*, which we contend should never be wanting. The one strong passion moulds the character, and blasts every tender sentiment. When once Othello is jealous, his judgment is gone; the selfishness of Richard leads to wanton cruelty. In one of Shakspeare's tragedies, not a crime, but a fault is the foundation of the moral interest. Here too he is consistent; and the irresolution of Hamlet leaves his mind without energy, and his contending passions without terror. We might explain our views by examples from the comedies of the great dramatist, but Macbeth and Richard furnish the clearest illustration of them. And it is in such exhibitions of the power of vice to degrade, that 'gorgeous tragedy' performs her severest office, lifting up the pall which hides the ghastliness of unprincipled depravity, and showing us, where vice gains control, the features, that before may have been resplendent with loveliness, marred and despoiled of all their sweet expression.

"There can, then, be no more hideous fault in a literary work than profligacy. Levity is next in order. The disposition to trifle with topics of the highest moment, to apply the levelling principle to the emotions of the human mind, to hold up to ridicule the exalted thoughts and kindling aspirations of which human nature is capable, can at the best charm those only, who have failed to enter the true avenues to happiness. Such works may be popular, because the character of the public mind may for a season be corrupt. A literature, consisting of such works, is the greatest evil with which a nation can be cursed. National poverty is nothing in comparison, for poverty is remedied by prudent enterprise; but such works poison the life-blood of the people, the moral vigor, which alone can strive for liberty and honor. The apologists for this class of compositions, in which Voltaire and La Fontaine are the greatest masters, defend it on the ground, that it is well adapted to give pleasure to minds which have been accustomed to it, and that foreigners need only a different moral education to be able to enjoy it. Now, without wasting a word on the enormity of defending what is intrinsically sensual, we reply merely on the score of effect. He who adapts his inventions to a particular state of society, can please no further. He depends on circumstances for his popularity; he does not appeal to man, but to accidental habits, a fleeting state of the public mind; he is the poet, not of nature, but of a transient fashion. The attraction which comes from the strangeness or novelty of the manner, is of very little value. On the most brilliant night a

meteor would be followed by all eyes for a while; and why? Because it is as evanescent as bright; we must gaze at once, or it will be too late. Yet the mind soon returns to the contemplation of the eternal stars which light up the heavens with enduring lustre. Any popularity, obtained by gratifying a perverse taste, is essentially transitory, while all that is benevolent and social, and that favors truth and goodness, is of universal and perpetual interest.

"These are but plain inferences from facts in the history of literature. The plays of Dryden were written to please an audience of a vicious taste; they may have been received with boisterous applause, but nobody likes them now, though in their form not unsuited to the stage; and as for the grossest scenes, any merit in the invention is never spoken of, as compensating for their abominable coarseness. On the other hand, Milton's *Comus*, though in its form entirely antiquated, has the beautiful freshness of everlasting youth, delights the ardent admirer of good poetry, and is always showing new attractions to the careful critic. And where lies this immense difference in the lasting effect of these two writers? Dryden, it is true, fell far short of Milton in poetic genius; but the true cause lies in this; virtue, which is the soul of song, is wanting in the plays of Dryden, while the poetry of Milton bears the impress of his own magnanimity.

"We are contending for no sickly morality; we would shut out the poet from the haunts of libertinism, not from the haunts of men; we would have him associate with his fellows, hold intercourse with the great minds that light up the gloom of ages, and share in the best impulses of human nature; and not, under the influence of a too delicate sensibility, treat only of the harmless flowers, and the innocent birds, and the exhilarating charm of agreeable scenery; and still less, in the spirit of a sullen misanthropy, delight in obscure abstractions, find comfort only in solitude, and rejoice, or pretend to rejoice, chiefly in the mountains, and the ocean, and the low places of the earth. Their pursuit of moral beauty does not lead to an affected admiration, or an improper idolatry of the visible creation. The genius of the poet can impart a portion of its eloquence to the external world, and elevate creation by connecting it with moral associations. But descriptions, except of scenes where moral beings are to move, possess little interest. If landscape-painting is an inferior branch of that art, though the splendid works of Claude demand praise without measure, landscape poetry is a kind of affectation, an unnatural result of excessive refinement. Description is important, but subordinate. The external world, with all its gorgeousness and varied forms of beauty; the cataract, 'with its glory of reflected light;' the forests, as they wave in the brilliancy of early summer; the flowers, that are crowded in gardens, or waste their sweetness on the desert air; 'the noise of the hidden brook, that all night long in the leafy months sings its quiet tune to the sleeping woods;' the ocean, whether reposing in tranquil majesty, or tossed by the tempest; night, when the heavens are glittering with the splendor of the constellations; morning, when one perfect splendor beams in the sky, and is reflected in a thousand colors from the glittering earth, these are not the sublimest themes, that awaken the energies of the muse. It is mind, and mind only, which can exhibit the highest beauty. The hymn of martyrdom, the strength by which the patriot girds himself to die, 'God's breath in the soul of man,' the unconquerable power of generous passion, the hopes and sorrows of humanity, love, devotion, and all the deep and bright springs of affection, these are higher themes, of permanent interest and exalted character.

"Here, too, we find an analogy between poetic and religious feel

ing. The image of God is to be sought for, not so much in the outward world, as in the mind. No combination of inanimate matter can equal the sublimity and wonderful power of life. To impart organic life with the power of reproduction, is a brighter display of Omnipotence than any arrangement of the inanimate, material world. A swarm of flies, as through their short existence they buzz and wheel in the summer's sun, offer as clear, and, to some minds, a clearer demonstration of Omnipotence, than the everlasting, but silent, courses of the planets. But moral life is the highest creation of divine power. We, at least, know and can conceive of none higher. We are, therefore, not to look for God among the rivers and the forests, nor yet among the planets and the stars, but in the hearts of men; he is not the God of the dead, but of the living.

"Those who accord with the general views which we have here maintained, will be prepared to express unqualified approbation of the literary career of Mrs. Hemans. Had her writings been merely harmless, we should not have entered into an analysis of them; but the moral charm which is spread over them, is so peculiar, so full of nature, and truth, and deep feeling, that her productions claim at once the praise of exquisite purity and poetic excellence. She adds the dignity of her sex to a high sense of the duties of a poet; she writes with buoyancy, yet with earnestness; her poems bear the impress of a character worthy of admiration. In the pursuit of literary renown, she never forgets what is due to feminine reserve. We perceive a mind endowed with powers to aspire; and are still further pleased to find no unsatisfied cravings, no passionate pursuit of remote objects, but high endowments, graced by contentment. There is plainly the consciousness of the various sorrow to which life is exposed, and with it the spirit of resignation. She sets before herself a clear and exalted idea of what a female writer should be, and is on the way to realize her own idea of excellence. Living in domestic retirement, in a beautiful part of Wales, it is her own feelings and her own experience which she communicates to us. We cannot illustrate our meaning better, than by introducing our readers at once to Mrs. Hemans herself, as she describes to us the occupations of a day.

AN HOUR OF ROMANCE.

'There were thick leaves above me and around,
And low sweet sighs, like those of childhood's sleep,
Amidst their dimness, and a fitful sound
As of soft showers on water,' &c. &c.

"The poetry is here as beautiful as the scene described is quiet and pleasing. It forms an amiable picture of the occupations of a contemplative mind. The language, versification, and imagery, are of great merit, the beauties of nature described by a careful observer; the English scene is placed in happy contrast with the Eastern, and the dream of romance pleasantly disturbed by the cheerfulness of life. But we make but sorry work at commenting on what the reader must feel."

* * * * *

"It has been said that religion can never be made a subject of interest in poetry. The position is a false one, refuted by the close alliance between poetic inspiration and sacred enthusiasm. Irreligion has certainly no place in poetry. There may have been Atheist philosophers; an Atheist poet is an impossibility. The poet may doubt and reason like Hamlet; but the moment he acquiesces in unbelief, there is an end to the magic of poetry. Imagination can no longer throw lively hues over the creation; the forests cease to be haunted, the sea, and the air, and the heavens, to teem with life. The high

est interest, we think, attaches to Mrs. Hemans's writings, from the spirit of Christianity which pervades them.

"The poetry of our author is tranquillizing in its character, calm and serene. We beg pardon of the lovers of excitement, but we are seriously led to take notice of this quality as of a high merit. A great deal has been said of the sublimity of directing the passions; we hold it a much more difficult and a much more elevated task, to restrain them; it may be sublime to ride on the whirlwind, and direct the storm; but it seems to us still more sublime to appease the storm, and still the whirlwind. Virgil, no mean authority, was of this opinion. The French are reported to be particularly fond of effect and display; but we remember to have read, that even in the splendid days of Napoleon, the simplicity of vocal music surpassed in effect the magnificence of a numerous band. It was when Napoleon was crowned Emperor in the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame. The Parisians wishing to distinguish the occasion by some novel exhibition, and to produce a great effect, filled the orchestra with eighty harps, which were all struck together with unequalled skill. The fashionable world was in raptures. Presently the Pope entered, and some thirty of his singers, who came with him from Rome, received him with the powerful *Tu es Petrus* of the old-fashioned Scarlatti; and the simple majesty of the air, assisted by no instruments, annihilated in a moment the whole effect of the preceding fanfaronade. And in literature the public taste seems to us already weary of those productions which aim at astonishing and producing a great effect, and there is now an opportunity of pleasing by the serenity of contemplative excellence.

"It is the high praise of Mrs. Hemans's poetry that it is feminine. The sex may well be pleased with her productions, for they could hardly have a better representative in the career of letters. All her works seem to come from the heart, to be natural and true. The poet can give us nothing but the form under which the objects he describes present themselves to his own mind. That form must be noble, or it is not worthy of our consideration; it must be consistent, or it will fail to be true. Now, in the writings of Mrs. Hemans, we are shown how life and its concerns appear to woman, and hear a mother entrusting to verse her experience and observation. So, in *The Hebrew Mother*, 'the spring-tide of nature' swells high as she parts from her son, on devoting him to the service of the temple:—

"Alas, my boy, thy gentle grasp is on me,
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes;
And now fond thoughts arise,
And silver cords again to earth have won me;
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—
How shall I hence depart?

"And oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted,
Will it not seem as if the sunny day
Turn'd from its door away?
While through its chambers wandering, weary-hearted,
I languish for thy voice, which past me still
Went like a singing rill?

"I give thee to thy God—the God that gave thee,
A wellspring of deep gladness to my heart!
And precious as thou art,
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!
And thou shalt be His child.

"Therefore, farewell!—I go, my soul may fail me,
As the hart panteth for the water brooks,
Yearning for thy sweet looks—
But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor bewail me,
Thou in the shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,
The Rock of Strength—Farewell!"

"The same high feeling of maternal duty and love inspires the little poem, 'The Wreck,' which every one has read. 'The Lady of the Castle,' 'The Grave of Korner,' 'The Graves of a Household' are all on domestic subjects. But why do we allude to poems which are in every one's hands? The mother's voice breaks out again in the piece entitled 'Elysium.' Children, according to the heathen mythology, were banished to the infernal regions, and religious faith had no consolation for a mourning parent.

" 'Calm on its leaf-strewn bier
Unlike a gift of nature to decay,
Too roselike still, too beautiful, too dear,
The child at rest before its mother lay;
E'en so to pass away,
With its bright smile!--Elysium! what wert thou,
To her who wept o'er that young slumberer's brow?

" 'Thou hadst no home, green land!
For the fair creature from her bosom gone,
With life's first flowers just opening in her hand,
And all the lovely thoughts and dreams unknown,
Which in its clear eye shone
Like the Spring's awakening! But that light was past--
--Where went the dewdrop, swept before the blast?

" 'Not where thy soft winds play'd,
Not where thy waters lay in glassy sleep!--
Fade, with thy bowers, thou land of visions, fade!
From thee no voice came o'er the gloomy deep,
And bade man cease to weep!
Fade, with the amaranth plain, the myrtle grove,
Which could not yield one hope to sorrowing love!

" 'For the most loved are they
Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion voice
In regal halls--the shades o'erhang their way,
The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice,
And gentle hearts rejoice
Around their steps! till silently they die,
As a stream shrinks from summer's burning eye.

" 'And the world knows not then--
Not then, nor ever, what pure thoughts are fled!
Yet these are they, that on the souls of men
Come back when night, her folding veil hath spread,
The long remember'd dead!
But not with thee might aught save glory dwell--
Fade, fade away, thou shore of Asphodel!"

And the same feelings of a woman and a mother dictated 'The Evening Prayer at a Girls' School,' a poem which merits to be considered in connexion with Gray's 'Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.'

" 'Oh! joyous creatures that will sink to rest,
Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,
As birds with slumber's honey-dew oppress'd,
'Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun--
Lift up your hearts!--though yet no sorrow lies
Dark in the summer heaven of those clear eyes."

"Of other spirited, and lively, and pathetic short poems of Mrs. Hemans, which form some of the brightest ornaments of the lyric poetry of the language, we take no particular notice--for in what part of the United States are they not known? So general has been the attention to those of her pieces adapted to the purposes of a newspaper, we hardly fear to assert, that throughout a great part of this country there is not a family of the middling class in which some of them have not been read. The praise which was not sparingly bestowed upon her, when her shorter productions first became generally known among us, has been often repeated on a careful examination of her works; and could we hope that our remarks might one day fall under her eye, we should hope she would not be indifferent to the good wishes which are offered her from America,

but feel herself cheered and encouraged in her efforts, by the prospect of an enlarged and almost unlimited field of useful influence, opened to her among the descendants of her country in an independent land. The ocean divides us from the fashions as well as the commotions of Europe. The voice of America, deciding on the literature of England, resembles the voice of posterity more nearly than any thing else, that is contemporaneous, can do. We believe that the general attention which has been given to Mrs. Hemans's works among us, may be regarded as a pledge that they will not be received with indifference by posterity."—PROFESSOR NORTON, in *North American Review*.

In a preceding page we gave the opinions of our most celebrated Cisatlantic critics regarding the poetry of Mrs. Hemans, and we think it but right in this to show the general estimate in which her genius is held in America, as evidenced by the *North American Review*, the best-known and most widely-circulated of the Transatlantic periodicals.

Judging from the state of feeling in America—from the ideas of practical philosophy entertained there—and from the pervading utilitarian bias of its prose literature, we must confess that, had we been asked to name any votary of the British muse more likely than another to be appreciated in that country, we should have had very little hesitation in fixing upon Crabbe. And why? Because his poetry is characterised by a stern adherence to the realities of life, as contradistinguished from romance, and because his characters and situations are taken from existing aspects of society, appreciable by all. In this theory it appears we are wrong; and Professor Norton has here done his best to account for it. We are most given to admire what is least attainable; and so therefore it is that the spiritual glow which Mrs. Hemans has blent with human sentiment—the imaginative beauty with which she has clothed "the shows of earth and heaven,"—and the tone of romance which she has mingled up with the communications of daily life, have, as *lucus a non lucendo*, been the elements of, and not the impediments to, her American popularity.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING A TOMB,

NEAR WOODSTOCK, IN THE COUNTY OF KILKENNY.*

"Yes! hide beneath the mouldering heap,
The undelighting, slighted thing;
There in the cold earth, buried deep,
In silence let it wait the spring."

Mrs. TIGHE's *Poem on the Lily*.

I stoop where the lip of song lay low,
Where the dust had gather'd on Beauty's brow;
Where stillness hung on the heart of Love,
And a marble weeper kept watch above.

I stood in the silence of lonely thought,
Of deep affections that inly wrought,

* See the "Grave of a Poetess," in the "Records of Woman," on the same subject, and written several years previously to visiting the scene.

Troubled, and dreamy, and dim with fear—
They knew themselves exiled spirits here!

Then didst *thou* pass me in radiance by,
Child of the sunbeam, bright butterfly!
Thou that dost bear, on thy fairy wings,
No burden of mortal sufferings.

Thou wert flitting past that solemn tomb,
Over a bright world of joy and bloom;
And strangely I felt, as I saw thee shine,
The all that sever'd *thy* life and *mine*.

Mine, with its inborn mysterious things
Of love and grief, its unfathom'd springs;
And quick thoughts wandering o'er earth and sky,
With voices to question eternity!

Thine, in its reckless and joyous way,
Like an embodied breeze at play!
Child of the sunlight—thou wing'd and free!
One moment, *one* moment, I envied thee!

Thou art not lonely, though born to roam,
Thou hast no longings that pine for home;
Thou seek'st not the haunts of the bee and bird,
To fly from the sickness of hope deferr'd:

In thy brief being no strife of mind,
No boundless passion, is deeply shrined;
While I, as I gazed on thy swift flight by,
One hour of my soul seem'd infinity!

And she, that voiceless below me slept,
Flow'd not her song from a heart that wept?
—O Love and Song! though of Heaven your powers,
Dark is your fate in this world of ours.

Yet, ere I turn'd from that silent place,
Or ceased from watching thy sunny race,
Thou ever thou, on those glancing wings,
Didst waft me visions of brighter things!

Thou that dost image the freed soul's birth,
And its flight away o'er the mists of earth,
Oh! fitly thy path is through flowers that rise
Round the dark chamber where Genius lies!

EPITAPH.

FAREWELL, beloved and mourn'd! we miss awhile
Thy tender gentleness of voice and smile,
And that bless'd gift of Heaven, to cheer us lent—
That thrilling touch, divinely eloquent,
Which breathed the soul of prayer, deep, fervent high,
Through thy rich strains of sacred harmony;

Yet from those very memories there is born
 A soft light, pointing to celestial morn.
 Oh! bid it guide us where *thy* footsteps trode,
 To meet at last "the pure in heart" with God!

PROLOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF FIESCO,

AS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER, BY COLONEL
 D'AGUILAR, AND PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL,
 DUBLIN, DECEMBER, 1832.

Too long apart, a bright but sever'd band,
 The mighty minstrels of the Rhine's fair land,
 Majestic strains, but not for us, had sung,—
 Moulding to melody a stranger tongue.
 Brave hearts leap'd proudly to their words of power,
 As a true sword bounds forth in battle's hour;
 Fair eyes rain'd homage o'er the impassion'd lays,
 In loving tears, more eloquent than praise;
 While we, far distant, knew not, dream'd not aught
 Of the high marvels by that magic wrought.

But let the barriers of the sea give way,
 When mind sweeps onward with a conqueror's sway!
 And let the Rhine divide high souls no more
 From mingling on its old heroic shore,
 Which, e'en like ours, brave deeds through many an age
 Have made the Poet's own free heritage!
 To us, though faintly may a wandering tone
 Of the far minstrelsy at last be known;
 Sounds which the thrilling pulse, the burning tear,
 Have sprung to greet, must not be strangers here.
 And if by one, more used on march and heath
 To the shrill bugle than the muse's breath,
 With a warm heart the offering hath been brought,
 And in a trusting loyalty of thought
 So let it be received!—a soldier's hand
 Bears to the breast of no ungenerous land
 A seed of foreign shores. O'er this fair clime,
 Since Tara heard the harp of ancient time,
 Hath song held empire; then, if not with *fame*,
 Let the green isle with kindness bless his aim,
 The joy, the power, of kindred song to spread,
 Where once that harp "the soul of music shed!"

TO GIULIO REGONDI.

THE BOY GUITARIST.

BLESSING and love be round thee still, fair boy!
 Never may suffering wake a deeper tone,

Than genius now, in its first fearless joy,
 Calls forth exulting from the chords which own
 Thy fairy touch! Oh! may'st thou ne'er be taught
 The power whose fountain is in troubled thought!

For in the light of those confiding eyes,
 And on the ingenuous calm of that clear brow,
 A dower, more precious e'en than genius lies,
 A pure mind's worth, a warm heart's vernal glow!
 God, who hath graced thee thus, oh, gentle child,
 Keep 'midst the world thy brightness undefiled!

O YE HOURS.

O YE hours! ye sunny hours!
 Floating lightly by,
 Are ye come with birds and flowers,
 Odors and blue sky?

"Yes, we come, again we come,
 Through the woodpaths free;
 Bringing many a wanderer home,
 With the bird and bee."

O ye hours! ye sunny hours!
 Are ye wafting song?
 Doth wild music stream in showers.
 All the groves among?

"Yes, the nightingale is there
 While the starlight reigns,
 Making young leaves and sweet air
 Tremble with her strains."

O ye hours! ye sunny hours!
 In your silent flow,
 Ye are mighty, mighty powers!
 Bring ye bliss or woe?

"Ask not this—oh! seek not this!
 Yield your hearts awhile
 To the soft wind's balmy kiss,
 And the heavens' bright smile,"

"Throw not shades of anxious thought
 O'er the glowing flowers!
 We are come with sunshine fraught,
 Question not the hours!"

THE FREED BIRD.

RETURN, return, my bird!
 I have dress'd thy cage with flowers,

'Tis lovely as a violet bank
In the heart of forest bowers.

"I am free, I am free—I return no more!
The weary time of the cage is o'er;
Through the rolling clouds I can soar on high.
The sky is around me—the blue bright sky!

"The hills lie beneath me, spread far and clear,
With their glowing heath-flowers and bounding deer
I see the waves flash on the sunny shore—
I am free, I am free—I return no more!"

Alas, alas! my bird!

Why seek'st thou to be free?

Wert thou not bless'd in thy little bower,
When thy song breathed nought but glee?

"Did my song of the summer breathe nought but glee?
Did the voice of the captive seem sweet to thee?
—Oh! hadst thou known its deep meaning well,
It had tales of a burning heart to tell!

"From a dream of the forest that music sprang,
Through its notes the peal of a torrent rang;
And its dying fall, when it sooth'd thee best,
Sigh'd for wild-flowers and a leafy nest."

Was it with thee thus, my bird?

Yet thine eye flash'd clear and bright;
I have seen the glance of sudden joy
In its quick and dewy light.

"It flash'd with the fire of a tameless race,
With the soul of the wild wood, my native place!
With the spirit that panted through heaven to soar—
Woo me not back—I return no more!

"My home is high, amidst rocking trees,
My kindred things are the star and the breeze,
And the fount unchecked in its lonely play,
And the odors that wander afar away!"

Farewell—farewell, then, bird!

I have call'd on spirits gone,
And it may be they joy'd, like *thee*, to part—
Like *thee*, that wert all my own!

"If they were captives, and pined like me,
Though love may guard them, they joy'd to be free;
They sprang from the earth with a burst of power,
To the strength of their wings, to their triumph's hour!

"Call them not back when the chain is riven,
When the way of the pinion is all through heaven!
Farewell!—with my song through the clouds I soar,
I pierce the blue skies—I am earth's no more!"

MARGUERITE OF FRANCE.*

"Thou falcon-hearted dove."—*Coleridge.*

THE Moslem spears were gleaming
 Round Damietta's towers,
 Though a Christian banner from her wall
 Waved free its lily-flowers.
 Aye, proudly did the banner wave,
 As queen of earth and air ;
 But faint hearts throb'd beneath its folds,
 In anguish and despair.

Deep, deep in Paynim dungeon
 Their kingly chieftain lay,
 And low on many an Eastern field
 Their knighthood's best array.
 'Twas mournful, when at feasts they met,
 The wine-cup round to send,
 For each that touch'd it silently,
 Then miss'd a gallant friend !

And mournful was their vigil
 On the beleaguer'd wall,
 And dark their slumber, dark with dreams
 Of slow defeat and fall.
 Yet a few hearts of chivalry
 Rose high to breast the storm,
 And one—of all the loftiest there—
 Thrill'd in a woman's form.

A woman, meekly bending
 O'er the slumber of her child,
 With her soft sad eyes of weeping love,
 As the Virgin Mother's mild.
 Oh ! roughly cradled was thy babe,
 'Midst the clash of spear and lance,
 And a strange, wild bower was thine, young queen .
 Fair Marguerite of France !

A dark and vaulted chamber,
 Like a scene for wizard-spell,
 Deep in the Saracenic gloom
 Of the warrior citadel ;
 And there 'midst arms the couch was spread,
 And with banners curtain'd o'er,

* Queen of St. Louis. Whilst besieged by the Turks in Damietta, during the captivity of the king her husband, she there gave birth to a son, whom she named Tristan, in commemoration of her misfortunes. Information being conveyed to her that the knights intrusted with the defence of the city had resolved on capitulation, she had them summoned to her apartment, and, by her heroic words, so wrought upon their spirits, that they vowed to defend her and the Cross to the last extremity.

For the daughter of the minstrel-land,
The gay Provençal shore !

For the bright queen of St. Louis,
The star of court and hall :—
But the deep strength of the gentle heart,
Wakes to the tempest's call !
Her lord was in the Paynim's hold,
His soul with grief oppress'd,
Yet calmly lay the desolate,
With her young babe on her breast !

There were voices in the city,
Voices of wrath and fear—
" The walls grow weak, the strife is vain,
We will not perish here !
Yield ! yield ! and let the crescent gleam
O'er tower and bastion high !
Our distant homes are beautiful—
We stay not here to die !"

They bore those fearful tidings
To the sad queen where she lay—
They told a tale of wavering hearts,
Of treason and dismay :
The blood rush'd through her pearly cheek,
The sparkle to her eye—
" Now call me hither those recreant knights
From the bands of Italy !"*

Then through the vaulted chambers
Stern iron footsteps rang ;
And heavily the sounding floor
Gave back the sabre's clang.
They stood around her—steel-clad men,
Moulded for storm and fight,
But they quail'd before the loftier soul
In that pale aspect bright.

Yes—as before the falcon shrinks
The bird of meaner wing,
So shrank they from th' imperial glance
Of her—that fragile thing !
And her flute-like voice rose clear and high,
Through the din of arms around,
Sweet, and yet stirring to the soul,
As a silver clarion's sound.

" The honor of the Lily
Is in your hands to keep,
And the banner of the Cross, for Him
Who died on Calvary's steep :

* The proposal to capitulate is attributed by the French historians to the Knights of Pisa,

And the city which for Christian prayer
 Hath heard the holy bell—
 And is it *these* your hearts would yield
 To the godless infidel?

“Then bring me here a breastplate
 And a helm, before ye fly,
 And I will gird my woman’s form,
 And on the ramparts die!
 And the boy whom I have borne for woe,
 But never for disgrace,
 Shall go within mine arms to death
 Meet for his royal race.

“Look on him as he slumbers
 In the shadow of the lance!
Then go, and with the Cross forsake
 The princely babe of France!
 But tell your homes ye left *one* heart
 To perish undefiled;
 A woman and a queen, to guard
 Her honor and her child!”

Before her words they thrill’d, like leaves
 When winds are in the wood;
 And a deepening murmur told of men
 Roused to a loftier mood.
 And her babe awoke to flashing swords,
 Unsheath’d in many a hand,
 As they gather’d round the helpless One
 Again a noble band!

“We are thy warriors, lady!
 True to the Cross and thee!
 The spirit of thy kindling words
 On every sword shall be!
 Rest, with thy fair child on thy breast,
 Rest—we will guard thee well!
 St. Dennis for the Lily-flower,
 And the Christian citadel!”

 TO CAROLINE.

WHEN thy bounding step I hear,
 And thy soft voice, low and clear
 When thy glancing eyes I meet,
 In their sudden laughter sweet—
Thou, I dream, wert surely born
 For a path by care unworn!
 Thou must be a shelter’d flower,
 With but sunshine for thy dower.

Ah! fair child, not e'en for thee
 May this lot of brightness be;
 Yet, if grief must add a tone
 To thine accents now unknown;
 If within that cloudless eye
 Sadder thought must one day lie,
 Still, I trust the signs which tell
 On thy life a light shall dwell,
 Light—thy gentle spirit's own,
 From *within* around thee thrown.

THE WANDERER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHMIDT VON LUBECK

"Ich komme vom Gebirge, herr," &c.

I COME down from the hills alone,
 Mist wraps the vale, the billows moan!
 I wander on in thoughtful care,
 For ever asking, sighing—*where?*

The sunshine round seems dim and cold,
 And flowers are pale, and life is old,
 And words fall soulless on my ear—
 —Oh! I am still a stranger here.

Where art thou, land, sweet land, mine own?
 Still sought for, long'd for, never known?
 The land, the land of hope, of light,
 Where glow my roses freshly bright,

And where my friends, the green paths tread,
 And where in beauty rise my dead;
 The land that speaks my native speech,
 The blessed land I may not reach!

I wander on in thoughtful care,
 For ever asking, sighing—*Where?*
 And spirit-sounds come answering this
 —"*There, where thou art not, there is bliss!*"

THE FLOWER OF THE DESERT.

"Who does not recollect the exultation of Vaillant over a flower in the torrid wastes of Africa? The affecting mention of the influence of a flower upon the mind, by Mungo Park, in a time of suffering and despondency, in the heart of the same savage country, is familiar to every one."—HOWITT'S *Book of the Seasons*.

WHY art thou thus in thy beauty cast,
 O lonely, loneliest flower:
 Where the sound of song hath never pass'd
 From human hearth or bower?

I pity thee, for thy heart of love,
For that glowing heart, that fain
Would breathe out joy with each wind to rove—
In vain, lost thing! in vain!

I pity thee, for thy wasted bloom,
For thy glory's fleeting hour,
For the desert place, thy living tomb—
O lonely, loneliest flower!

I said—but a low voice made reply,
“ Lament not for the flower!
Though its blossoms all unmark'd must die
They have had a glorious dower.

“ Though it bloom afar from the minstrel's way,
And the paths where lovers tread;
Yet strength and hope, like an inborn day,
By its odors hath been shed.

“ Yes! dews more sweet than ever fell
O'er island of the blest,
Where shaken forth, from its purple bell,
On a suffering human breast.

“ A wanderer came, as a stricken deer,
O'er the waste of burning sand,
He bore the wound of an Arab spear,
He fled from a ruthless band.

“ And dreams of home a troubled tide
Swept o'er his darkening eye,
As he lay down by the fountain side,
In his mute despair to die.

“ But his glance was caught by the desert's flower,
The precious boon of Heaven;
And sudden hope, like a vernal shower,
To his fainting heart was given.

“ For the bright flower spoke of one above;
Of the presence felt to brood,
With a spirit of pervading love,
O'er the wildest solitude.

“ Oh! the seed was thrown those wastes among
In a bless'd and gracious hour,
For the lorn one rose in heart made strong
By the lonely, loneliest flower!”

TROUBADOUR SONG.

THEY rear'd no trophy o'er his grave,
They bade no requiem flow;
What left they there to tell the brave
That a warrior sleeps below?

A shiver'd spear, a cloven shield,
 A helm with its white plume torn,
 And a blood-stain'd turf on the fatal field,
 Where a chief to his rest was borne.

He lies not where his fathers sleep,
 But who hath a tomb more proud?
 For the Syrian wilds his record keep
 And a banner is his shroud.

SCENES AND PASSAGES FROM THE "TASSO" OF
 GOETHE.*

THE dramatic poem of "Tasso," though presenting no changeful pageants of many-colored life—no combination of stirring incidents, nor conflict of tempestuous passions—is yet rich in interest for those who find—

"The still small music of humanity
 of ample power
 To chasten and subdue."

It is a picture of the struggle between elements which never can assimilate—powers whose dominion is over spheres essentially adverse; between the spirit of poetry and the spirit of the world.—Why is it that this collision is almost invariably fatal to the gentler and the holier nature? Some master-minds have, indeed, winged their way through the tumults of crowded life, like the sea-bird cleaving the storm from which its pinions come forth unstained; but there needs a celestial panoply, with which few indeed are gifted, to bear the heirs of genius not only unwounded, but unsoiled, through the battle; and too frequently the result of the poet's lingering afar from his better home has been mental degradation and untimely death. Let us not be understood as requiring for his well-being an absolute seclusion from the world and its interests. *His* nature, if the abiding-place of the true light be indeed within him, is endowed above all others with the tenderest and most widely-embracing sympathies. Not alone from "the things of the everlasting hills," from the storms or the silence of midnight skies, will he seek the grandeur and the beauty which have their central residence in a far more majestic temple. Mountains and rivers, and mighty woods, the cathedrals of nature—these will have their part in his pictures; but their coloring and shadows will not be wholly the gift of rising or departing suns, nor of the night with all her stars; it will be a varying suffusion from the life within, from the glowing clouds of thought and feeling, which mantle with their changeful drapery all external creation.

"We receive but what we give,
 And in our life alone does nature live."

Let the poet bear into the recesses of woods and shadowy hills a heart full-fraught with the sympathies which will have been fostered by intercourse with his kind—a memory covered with the secret inscriptions which joy and sorrow fail not indelibly to write—then will the voice of every stream respond to him in tones of gladness or melancholy, accordant with those of his own soul; and he himself, by the might of feelings intensely human, may breathe the living spirit

* The first of a series of papers, to be entitled "German Studies," which the Author had proposed to herself to write. The unfinished fragment by which this is followed, was the commencement of a paper in continuation of the same series.

of the oracle into the resounding cavern or the whispering oak. We thus admit it essential to his high office, that the chambers of imagery in the heart of the poet must be filled with materials moulded from the sorrows, the affections, the fiery trials, and immortal longings of the human soul. Where love, and faith, and anguish meet and contend; where the tones of prayer are wrung from the suffering spirit—*there* lie his veins of treasure; there are the sweet waters ready to flow from the stricken rock. But he will not seek them through the gaudy and hurrying masque of artificial life; he will not be the fettered Samson to make sport for the sons and daughters of fashion. Whilst he shuns no brotherly communion with his kind, he will ever reserve to his nature the power of *self-communion*, silent hours for—

"The harvest of the quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart."

and inviolate retreats in the depths of his being—fountains lone and still, upon which only the eye of Heaven shines down in its hallowed serenity. So have those who make us "heirs of truth and freedom by immortal lays," ever preserved the calm intellectual ether in which they live and move from the taint of worldly infection; and it appears the object of Goethe, in the work before us, to make the gifted spirit sadder and wiser by the contemplation of one, which having sold its birthright, and stooped from its "privacy of glorious light," is forced into perpetual contact with things essentially of the earth earthy. Dante has spoken of what the Italian poets must have learned but too feelingly under their protecting princes—the bitter taste of another's bread, the weary steps by which the stairs of another's house are ascended; but it is suffering of a more spiritual nature which is here portrayed. Would that the courtly patronage, at the shrine of which the Italian muse has so often waved her censor, had imposed no severer tasks upon its votaries than the fashioning of the snow statue which it required from the genius of Michael Angelo! The story of Tasso is fraught with yet deeper meaning though it is not from the period of his most agonizing trials that the materials of Goethe's work are drawn. The poet is here introduced to us as a youth at the court of Ferrara; visionary, enthusiastic, keenly alive to the splendor of the gorgeous world around him, throwing himself passionately upon the current of every newly-excited feeling; a creature of sudden lights and shadows, of restless strivings after ideal perfection, of exultations and of agonies. Why is it that the being thus exhibited as endowed with all these trembling capacities for joy and pain—with noble aspirations and fervid eloquence, fails to excite a more reverential interest, a more tender admiration? He is wanting in dignity, in the sustaining consciousness of his own high mission; he has no city of refuge within him self, and thus—

"Every little living nerve,
That from bitter words doth swerve,"

has the power to shake his whole soul from its pride of place. He is thus borne down by the cold triumphant worldliness of the courtier Antonio, from the collision with whom, and the mistaken endeavor of Tasso's friends to reconcile natures dissimilar as the sylph and gnome of fanciful creations, the conflicting elements of the piece are chiefly derived. There are impressive lessons to be drawn from the contemplation of these scenes, though, perhaps, it is not quite thus that we could have wished *him* delineated who "poured his spirit over Palestine;" and it is occasionally almost too painful to behold the high-minded Tasso, recognised by his country as *superior with the sword and the pen to all men*, struggling in so ignoble an arena and finally overpowered by so unworthy an antagonist. This world

is indeed "too much with us," and but too powerful is often its withering breath upon the ethereal natures of love, devotion, and enthusiasm, which, in other regions—

"May bear bright golden flowers, but not in this soil."

Yet who has not known victorious moments, in which the lightly-armed geni of ridicule have quailed!—the conventional forms of life have shrunk as a shrivelled scroll before the Ithuriel touch of some generous feeling, some high and overshadowing passion suddenly aroused from the inmost recesses of the folded soul, and striking the electric chain which mysteriously connects all humanity? We could have wished that some such thrilling moment had been here introduced by the mighty master of Germany; something to relieve the too continuous impression of inherent weakness in the cause of the vanquished; something of a transmuting power in the soul of Tasso, to glorify the clouds which accumulate around it—to turn them into "contingencies of pomp" by the interpenetration of its own celestial light. Yet we approach with reverence the work of a noble hand; and, whilst entering upon our task of translation, we acknowledge, in humility, the feebleness of all endeavor to pour into the vase of another language the exquisitely subtle spirit of Goethe's poetry—to transplant and naturalize the delicate felicities of thought and expression by which this piece is so eminently distinguished.

The visionary rapture which takes possession of Tasso upon being crowned with laurel by the Princess Leonora d'Este, the object of an affection which the youthful poet has scarcely yet acknowledged to himself, is thus portrayed in one of the earlier scenes:—

"Let me then bear the burden of my bliss
To some deep grove, that oft hath veil'd my grief;
There let me roam in solitude: no eye
Shall then recall the triumph undeserved.
And if some shining fountain suddenly
On its clear mirror to my sight should give
The form of one who, strangely, brightly crown'd,
Seems musing in the blue reflected heaven
As it streams down through rocks and parted trees,
Then will I dream that on the enchanted wave
I see Elysium pictured! I will ask,
Who is the bless'd departed one?—the youth
From long-past ages with his glorious wreath?
Who shall reveal his name?—who speak his worth?
Oh! that another and another there
Might press, with him to hold bright communing!
Might I but see the minstrels and the chiefs
Of the old time on that pure fountain-side
For evermore inseparably link'd
As they were link'd in life! Not steel to steel
Is bound more closely by the magnet's power
Than the same striving after lofty things
Doth bind the bard and warrior. Homer's life
Was self-forgetfulness: he pour'd it forth,
One rich libation to another's fame;
And Alexander through th' Elysian grove
To seek Achilles and his poet flies.
Might I behold their meeting!"

But he is a reed shaken with the wind. Antonio reaches the Court of Ferrara at this crisis, in all the importance of a successful negotiation with the Vatican. He strikes down the wing of the poet's delicate imagination with the arrows of a careless irony; and Tasso is for a time completely dazzled and overpowered by the worldly science of the skilful diplomatist. The deeper wisdom of his own simplicity is yet veiled from his eyes. Life seems to pass before him, as portrayed by the discourse of Antonio, like a mighty triumphal procession, in the exulting movements and clarion sounds of which he alone has no share; and, at last, the forms of beauty peopling his own spiritual world, seem to dissolve into clouds, even into faint shadows of clouds, before the strong glare of the external world, leaving his imagination as a desolate house, whence light and music have departed. He thus pours forth, when alone with the Princess Leonora, the impressions produced upon him by Antonio's descriptions:—

"They still disturb my heart—
Still do they crowd my soul tumultously—
The troubling images of that vast world,
Which—living, restless, fearful as it is—
Yet at the bidding of one master-mind,
E'en as commanded by a demi-god,
Seems to fulfil its course. With eagerness,
Yea, with a strange delight, my soul drank in
The strong words of the experienced; but, alas!
The more I listen'd still the more I sank
In mine own eyes; I seem'd to die away
As into some faint echo of the rocks—
A shadowy sound—a nothing!"

There is something of a very touching beauty in the character of the Princess Leonora d'Este. She does not, indeed, resemble some of the lovely beings delineated by Shakspeare—the females, "graceful without design, and unforeseeing," in whom, even under the pressure of heaviest calamity, it is easy to discern the existence of the sunny and glad some nature which would spring up with fawn-like buoyancy, were but the crushing weight withdrawn. The spirit of Leonora has been at once elevated and subdued by early trial; high thoughts, like messengers from heaven, have been its visitants in the solitude of the sick-chamber; and looking upon life and creation, as it were, through the softening veil of remembered suffering, it has settled into such majestic loveliness as the Italian painters delight to shadow forth on the calm brow of their Madonna. Its very tenderness is self-resignation; its inner existence serene yet sad—"a being breathing thoughtful breath." She is worshipped by the poet as his tutelary angel, and her secret affection for him might almost become that character. It has all the deep devotedness of a woman's heart, with the still purity of a seraphic guardian, taking no part in the passionate dreams of earthly happiness. She feels his genius with a reverential appreciation; she watches over it with a religious tenderness, for ever interposing to screen its unfolding powers from every ruder breath. She rejoices in his presence as a flower filling its cup with gladness from the morning light; yet, preferring *his* wellbeing to all earthly things, she would meekly offer up, for the knowledge of his distant happiness, even the fullness of that only and unutterable joy. A deep feeling of woman's lot on earth—the lot of endurance and of sacrifice—seems ever present to her soul, and

speaks characteristically in these lines, with which she replies to a wish of Tasso's for the return of the golden age :—

“ When earth has men to reverence female *hearts*,
 To know the treasure of rich truth and love,
 Set deep within a high-soul'd woman's breast ;
 When the remembrance of our summer prime
 Keeps brightly in man's heart a holy place ;
 When the keen glance that pierces through so much
 Looks also tenderly through that dim veil
 By time or sickness hung round drooping forms ;
 When the possession, stilling every wish,
 Draws not desire away to other wealth—
 A brighter dayspring then for *us* may dawn,
 Then may *we* solemnize our golden age.”

A character thus meditative, affectionate, and self-secluding, would naturally be peculiarly sensitive to the secret intimations of coming sorrow : forbodings of evil arise in her mind from the antipathy so apparent between Tasso and Antonio ; and after learning that the cold keen irony of the latter has irritated the poet almost to frenzy, she thus, to her friend Leonora de Sanvitale, reproaches herself for not having listened to the monitory whispers of her soul :—

“ Alas ! that we so slowly learn to heed
 The secret signs and omens of the breast !
 An oracle speaks low within our hearts,
 Low, still, yet clear, its prophet voice forewarns
 What to pursue, what shun.

* * * * *

Yes, my whole soul misgave me silently
 When he and Tasso met.”

She admits to her friend the necessity for his departure from Ferrara ; but thus reverts, with fondly clinging remembrance, to the time when he first became known to her :—

“ Oh ! mark'd and singled was the hour when first
 He met mine eye !—Sickness and grief just then
 Had pass'd away ; from long, long suffering freed,
 I lifted up my brow, and silently
 Gazed upon life again.—The sunny day,
 The sweet looks of my kindred, made a light
 Of gladness round me, and my freshen'd heart
 Drank the rich healing balm of hope once more.
 Then onward, through the glowing world I dared
 To send my glance, and many a kind bright shape
 There beckon'd from afar. Then first the youth,
 Led by a sister's hand, before me stood,
 And my soul clung to him e'en then, O friend !
 To cling for evermore.

Leo.

Lament it not,
 My princess !—to have known heaven's gifted ones
 Is to have gather'd into the full soul
 Inalienable wealth !

Prin. Oh! precious things—
The richly graced, the exquisite, are things
To fear, to love with trembling!—beautiful
Is the pure flame when on thy hearth it shines,
When in the friendly torch it gives thee light,
How gracious and how calm!—but, once uncham'd,
Lo! ruin sweeps along its fatal path!"

She then announces her determination to make the sacrifice of his society, in which alone her being seems to find its full completion

"Alas! dear friend, my soul indeed is fixed—
Let him depart!—yet cannot I but feel
Even now the sadness of long days to come;
The cold void left me by a lost delight!
No more shall sunrise from my opening eye
Chase his bright image glorified in dreams:
Glad hope to see him shall no longer stir
With joyous flutterings my scarce-waken'd soul;
And vainly, vainly, through yon garden bowers,
Amidst the dewy shadows, my first look
Shall seek his form! How blissful was the thought
With him to share each golden evening's peace!
How grew the longing, hour by hour, to read
His spirit yet more deeply! Day by day
How my own being, tuned to happiness,
Gave forth a voice of finer harmony!—
Now is the twilight gloom around me fallen:
The festal day, the sun's magnificence,
All riches of this many-color'd world,
What are they now?—dim, soulless, desolate!
Veil'd in the cloud that sinks upon my heart.—
Once was each day a life!—each care was mute,
Even the low boding hush'd within the soul,
And the smooth waters of a gliding stream,
Without the rudder's aid, bore lightly on
Our fairy bark of joy!"

Her companion endeavors, but in vain to console her.

Leo. If the kind words of friendship cannot sooth,
The still sweet influences of this fair world
Shall win thee back unconsciously to peace.

Prin. Yes, beautiful it is! the glowing world!
So many a joy keeps flitting to and fro,
In all its paths, and ever, ever seems
One step, but one—removed—till our fond thirst
For the still fading fountain, step by step,
Lures to the grave!—so seldom do we find
What seem'd by Nature moulded for our love,
And for our bliss endow'd—or, if we find,
So seldom to our yearning hearts can hold!
That which once freely made itself our own
Bursts from us!—that which eagerly we press'd

We coldly loose! A treasure may be ours,
Only we know it not, or know, perchance,
Unconscious of its worth!"

But the dark clouds are gathering within the spirit of Tasso itself, and the devotedness of affection would in vain avert their lightnings by the sacrifice of all its own pure enjoyments. In the solitary confinement to which the Duke has sentenced him, as a punishment for his duel with Antonio, his jealous imagination, like that of the self-torturing Rousseau, pictures the whole world as arrayed in one conspiracy against him, and he doubts even of *her* truth and gentleness whose watching thoughts are all for his welfare. The following passages affectingly mark the progress of the dark despondency which finally overwhelms him, though the concluding lines of the last are brightened by a ray of those immortal hopes, the light of which we could have desired to recognise more frequently in this deeply thoughtful work:—

PESENTIMENT OF HIS RUIN.

"Alas! too well I feel, too true a voice
Within me whispers, that the Mighty Power
Which, on sustaining wings of strength and joy,
Bears up the healthful spirit, will but cast
Mine to the earth—will rend me utterly!—
I must away!"

ON A FRIEND'S DECLARING HERSELF UNABLE TO RECOGNISE HIM

"Rightly thou speak'st—I am myself no more;
And yet in worth not less than I have been.
Seems this a dark, strange riddle? Yet, 'tis none!
The gentle moon that gladdens thee by night,
Thine eye, thy spirit irresistibly
Winning with beams of love—mark! how it floats
Through the day's glare, a pale and powerless cloud!
I am o'ercome by the full blaze of noon;
Ye know me, and I know myself no more!"

ON BEING ADVISED TO REFRAIN FROM COMPOSITION

"Vainly, too vainly, 'gainst the power I strive,
Which, night and day, comes rushing through my soul;
Withou that pouring forth of thought and song
My life is life no more!
Wilt thou forbid the silkworm to spin on,
When hourly, with the labor'd line, he draws
Nearer to death?—in vain!—the costly web
Must from his inmost being still be wrought,
Till he lies wrapp'd in his consummate shroud.
Oh! that a gracious God to us may give
The lot of that bless'd worm!—to spread free wings
And burst exultingly on brighter life,
In a new realm of sunshine!"

He is at last released, and admitted into the presence of the Princess Leonora, to take his leave of her before commencing a distant journey. Notwithstanding his previous doubts of her interest in him, he is overcome by the pitying tenderness of her manner, and breaks into a strain of passionate gratitude and enthusiasm:—

"Thou art the same pure angel, as when first
 Thy radiance cross'd my path. Forgive, forgive,
 If for a moment, in his blind despair,
 The mortal's troubled glance hath read thee wrong!
 Once more he knows thee! His expanding soul
 Flows forth to worship thee for evermore,
 And his full heart dissolves in tenderness:

* * * *

Is it false light which draws me on to thee?
 Is it delirium?—Is it thought inspired,
 And grasping first high truth divinely clear?
 Yes! 'tis even so—the feeling which alone
 Can make me bless'd on earth!"

The wildness of his ecstasy at last terrifies his gentle protectress from him; he is forsaken by all as a being lost in hopeless delusion, and, being left alone to the insulting pity of Antonio, his strength of heart is utterly subdued; he passionately bewails his weakness, and even casts down his spirit almost in wondering admiration before the calm self-collectedness of his enemy, who himself seems at last almost melted by the extremity of the poet's desolation, as thus poured forth:—

"Can I then image no high-hearted man
 Whose pangs and conflicts have surpass'd mine own,
 That my vex'd soul might win sustaining power
 From thoughts of *him*?—I cannot!—all is lost!
 One thing alone remains—one mournful boon—
 Nature on us, her suffering children, showers
 The gift of tears—the impassion'd cry of grief,
 When man can bear no more;—and with *my* woe,
 With mine above all others, hath been link'd
 Sad music, piercing eloquence, to pour
 All, all its fulness forth! To me a God
 Hath given strong utterance for mine agony,
 When others, in their deep despair, are mute!

* * * *

Thou standest calm and still, thou noble man!
 I seem before thee as the troubled wave:
 But oh! be thoughtful!—in thy lofty strength
 Exult thou not! By nature's might alike
 That rock was fix'd, that quivering wave was made
 The sensitive of storm! She sends her blasts,—
 The living water flies—it quakes and swells,
 And bows down tremblingly with breaking foam;
 Yet once that mirror gave the bright sun back
 In calm transparence—once the gentle stars
 Lay still upon its undulating breast!
 Now the sweet peace is gone—the glory now
 Departed from the wave! I know myself
 No more in these dark perils, and no more
 I blush to lose that knowledge. From the bark
 Is wrench'd the rudder, and through all its frame
 The quivering vessel groans. Beneath my feet

The rocking earth gives way—to thee I cling—
 I grasp thee with mine arms. In wild despair
 So doth the struggling sailor clasp the rock
 Whereon he perishes!”

And thus painfully ends this celebrated drama, the catastrophe being that of the spiritual wreck within, unmingled with the terrors drawn from outward circumstances and change. The majestic lines in which Byron has embodied the thoughts of the captive Tasso, will form a fine contrast and relief to the music of despair with which Goethe's work is closed:—

“ All this hath somewhat worn me, and may wear
 But must be borne. I stoop not to despair,
 For I have battled with mine agony,
 And made me wings wherewith to overfly
 The narrow circus of my dungeon wall;
 And freed the holy sepulchre from thrall;
 And revell'd among men and things divine,
 And pour'd my spirit over Palestine,
 In honor of the sacred war for Him,
 The God who was on earth and is in heaven;
 For He hath strengthened me in heart and limb.
 That through this sufferance I might be forgiven,
 I have employ'd my penance to record
 How Salem's shrine was won, and how adored.”

ON THE “IPHIGENIA” OF GOETHE.

AN UNFINISHED FRAGMENT.

THERE is a charm of antique grace, of the majestic repose, resulting from a faultless symmetry, about the whole of this composition, which inclines us to rank it as among the most consummate works of art ever achieved by the master-mind of its author. The perfection of its design and finish is analogous to that of a Grecian temple, seen as the crown of some old classic height, with all its pure outlines—all the delicate proportions of its airy pillars—brought into bold relief by the golden sunshine, and against the unclouded blue of its native heavens. Complete within itself, the harmonious edifice is thus also to the mind and eye of the beholder; they are filled, and desire no more—they even feel that more would be but incumbrance upon the fine adjustment of the well-ordered parts constituting the graceful whole. It sends no vague dreams to wander through infinity, such as are excited by a Gothic minster, where the slight pinnacles striving upward, like the free but still baffled thought of the architect—the clustering pillars and high arches imitating the bold combinations of mysterious forests—the many-branching cells, and long visionary aisles, of which waving torchlight or uncertain glimpses of the moon seem the fittest illumination—ever suggest ideas of some conception in the originally moulding mind, far more vast than the means allotted to human accomplishment—of struggling endeavor, and painfully submitted will. Akin to the spirit of such creations is that of the awful but irregular Faust, and other works of Goethe, in which the restless questionings, the lofty aspirations, and dark misgivings of the human soul, are perpetually called up to “come like sh3

dows, so depart," across the stormy splendors of the scene ; and the mind is engaged in ceaseless conflict with the interminable mysteries of life. It is otherwise with the work before us : overshadowed, as it were, by the dark wings of the inflexible destiny which hovers above the children of Tantalus, the spirit of the imaginary personages, as well as of the reader, here moves acquiescently *within* the prescribed circle of events, and is seldom tempted beyond, to plunge into the abyss of general speculations upon the lot of humanity

* * * * *

FRAGMENTS FROM THE IPHIGENIA.

I.

JOY OF PYLADES ON HEARING HIS NATIVE LANGUAGE.

Oh, sweetest voice ! Oh, bless'd familiar sound
Of mother-words heard in the stranger's land !
I see the blue hills of my native shore,
The far blue hills again ! those cordial tones
Before the captive bid them freshly rise
For ever welcome ! Oh, by this deep joy,
Know the true son of Greece !

II.

EXCLAMATIONS OF IPHIGENIA ON SEEING HER BROTHER.

Oh hear me, look upon me ! how my heart,
After long desolation now unfolds
Unto this new delight, to kiss thy head,
Thou dearest, dearest one of all on earth !
To clasp thee with my arms, which were but thrown
On the void winds before ! Oh give me way,
Give my soul's rapture way ! The eternal fount
Leaps not more brightly forth from cliff to cliff
Of high Parnassus down the golden vale
Than the strong joy bursts gushing from my heart,
And swells around me to a flood of bliss—
Orestes !—oh, my brother !

III.

LOT OF MAN AND WOMAN COMPARED BY IPHIGENIA.

Man by the battle's hour immortalized
May fall yet leave his name to living song ;
But of forsaken woman's countless tears,
What reck's the after-world ? the poet's voice
Tells nought of all the slow, sad, weary days,
And long, long nights, through which the lonely soul
Pour'd itself forth, consumed itself away,
In passionate adjurings, vain desires,
And ceaseless weepings for the early lost,
The loved and vanished !

IV.

LONGING OF ORESTES FOR REPOSE.

One draught from Lethe's flood ! reach me one draught,
One last cool goblet fill'd with dewy peace !

Soon will the spasm of life departing leave
 My bosom free ! Soon shall my spirit flow
 Along the deep waves of forgetfulness,
 Calmly and silently ! away to you,
 Ye dead ! Ye dwellers of the eternal cloud,
 Take home the son of earth, and let him steep
 His o'erworn senses in your dim repose
 For evermore.

V.

CONTINUATION OF ORESTES' SOLILOQUY.

Hark ! in the trembling leaves
 Mysterious whispers : hark a rushing sound
 Sweeps through yon twilight depth ! e'en now they come,
 They throng to greet their guest ! and who are they
 Rejoicing each with each in stately joy,
 As a king's children gather'd for the hour
 Of some high festival ! Exultingly,
 And kindred-like, and godlike, on they pass,
 The glorious wandering shapes ! aged and young
 Proud men and royal women ! Lo my race,
 My sire's ancestral race !

THE HUGUENOT'S FAREWELL.

I STAND upon the threshold stone
 Of mine ancestral hall ;
 I hear my native river moan ;
 I see the night o'er my old forests fall.
 I look round on the dark'ning vale
 That saw my childhood's plays :
 The low wind in its rising wail
 Hath a strange tone, a sound of other days.
 But I must rule my swelling breast :
 A sign is in the sky ;
 Bright o'er yon grey rock's eagle nest
 Shines forth a warning star—it bids me fly.
 My father's sword is in my hand,
 His deep voice haunts mine ear ;
 He tells me of the noble band
 Whose lives have left a brooding glory here.
 He bids their offspring guard from stain
 Their pure and lofty faith ;
 And yield up all things, to maintain
 The cause for which they girt themselves to death.
 And I obey.—I leave their towers
 Unto the stranger's tread ;
 Unto the creeping grass and flowers ;
 Unto the fading pictures of the dead.

I leave their shields to slow decay,
 Their banners to the dust ;
 I go, and only bear away
 Their old majestic name—a solemn trust !
 I go up to the ancient hills,
 Where chains may never be,
 Where leap in joy the torrent rills,
 Where man may worship God, alone and free
 There shall an altar and a camp
 Impreguably arise ;
 There shall be lit a quenchless lamp,
 To shine, unwavering, through the open skies.
 And song shall 'midst the rocks be heard,
 And fearless prayer ascend ;
 While thrilling to God's holy word,
 The mountain pines in adoration bend.
 And there the burning heart no more
 Its deep thought shall suppress
 But the long-buried truth shall pour
 Free currents thence, amidst the wilderness.
 Then fare thee well my mother's bower,
 Farewell, my father's hearth ;
 Perish my home ! where lawless power
 Hath rent the tie of love to native earth.
 Perish ! let deathlike silence fall
 Upon the lone abode :
 Spread fast, dark ivy, spread thy pall ;—
 I go up to the mountains with my God.

 THE ENGLISH BOY.

"Go, call thy sons ; instruct them what a debt
 They owe their ancestors ; and make them swear
 To pay it, by transmitting down entire
 Those sacred rights to which themselves were born "

Akenside

LOOK from the ancient mountains down,
 My noble English boy !
 Thy country's fields around thee gleam
 In sunlight and in joy.
 Ages have roll'd since foeman's march
 Pass'd o'er that old firm sod ;
 For well the land hath fealty held
 To freedom and to God !
 Gaze proudly on, my English boy !
 And let thy kindling mind

Drink in the spirit of high thought
From every chainless wind !

There, in the shadow of old Time
The halls beneath thee lie,
Which pour'd forth to the fields of yore
Our England's chivalry.

How bravely and how solemnly
They stand, 'midst oak and yew !
Whence Cressy's yeomen haply framed
The bow, in battle true.

And round their walls the good swords hang
Whose faith knew no alloy,
And shields of knighthood, pure from stain—
Gaze on, my English boy !

Gaze where the hamlet's ivied church
Gleams by the antique elm,
Or where the minster lifts the cross
High through the air's blue realm.

Martyrs have shower'd their free heart's blood
That England's prayer might rise,
From those grey fanes of thoughtful years,
Unfetter'd to the skies.

Along their aisles, beneath their trees,
This earth's most glorious dust,
Once fired with valor, wisdom, song,
Is laid in holy trust.

Gaze on—gaze farther, farther yet—
My gallant English boy !
Yon blue sea bears thy country's flag,
The billows' pride and joy !

Those waves in many a fight have closed
Above her faithful dead ;
That red-cross flag victoriously
Hath floated o'er their bed.

They perish'd—this green turf to keep
By hostile tread unstain'd ;
These knightly halls inviolate,
Those churches unprofaned.

And high and clear, their memory's light
Along our shore is set,
And many an answering beacon-fire
Shall there be kindled yet !

Lift up thy heart, my English boy !
And pray, like *them* to stand,
Should God so summon *thee*, to guard
The altars of the land.

ANTIQUE GREEK LAMENT.

By the blue waters—the restless ocean waters,
Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one!

I pine for thee through all the joyless day—
Through the long night I pine: the golden sun
Looks dim since thou hast left me, and the Spring
Seems but to weep. Where art thou, my beloved?
Night after night, in fond hope vigilant,
By the old temple on the breezy cliff,
These hands have heap'd the watch-fire, till it stream'd
Red o'er the shining columns—darkly red—
Along the crested billows! but in vain;
Thy white sail comes not from the distant isles—
Yet thou wert faithful ever. Oh! the deep
Hath shut above thy head—that graceful head;
The sea-weed mingles with thy clustering locks;
The white sail never will bring back the loved!

By the blue waters—the restless ocean waters,
Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one!

Where art thou?—where?—had I but lingering prest
On thy cold lips the last long kiss; but smooth'd
The parted ringlets of thy shining hair
With love's fond touch my heart's cry had been still'd
Into a voiceless grief; I would have strew'd
With all the pale flowers of the vernal woods—
White violets, and the mournful hyacinth,
And frail anemone, thy marble brow,
In slumber beautiful!—I would have heap'd
Sweet boughs and precious odors on thy pyre,
And with mine own shorn tresses hung thine urn,
And many a garland of the pallid rose.
But thou liest far away! No funeral chant
Save the wild moaning of the wave, is thine:
No pyre—save, haply, some long-buried wreck;
Thou that wert fairest—thou that wert most loved!

By the blue waters—the restless ocean waters,
Restless as they with their many-flashing surges.
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one!

Come, in the dreamy shadow of the night,
And speak to me!—E'en though thy voice be changed,
My heart would know it still. Oh, speak to me,
And say if yet, in some dim, far-off world,
Which knows not how the festal sunshine burns—
O yet, in some pale mead of Asphodel,
We two shall meet again! Oh, I would quit

The day, rejoicingly—the rosy light—
 All the rich flowers and fountains musical,
 And sweet familiar melodies of earth,
 To dwell with thee below !—Thou answerest not !
 The powers whom I have call'd upon are mute :
 The voices buried in old whispery caves,
 And by lone river-sources, and amidst
 The gloom and myst'ry of dark prophet-oaks,
 The wood-gods' haunt—they give me no reply !
 All silent—heaven and earth !—for evermore
 From the deserted mountains thou art gone—
 For ever from the melancholy groves,
 Whose laurels wail thee with a shivering sound !—
 And I—I pine through all the joyous day,
 Through the long night I pine—as fondly pines
 The night's own bird, dissolving her lorn life
 To song in moonlight woods. Thou hear'st me not !
 The heavens are pitiless of human tears :
 The deep sea-darkness is about thy head ;
 The white sail never will bring back the loved !

By the blue waters—the restless ocean waters,
 Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,
 Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one !

TO THE BLUE ANEMONE.

FLOWER of starry clearness bright,
 Quivering urn of color'd light,
 Hast thou drawn thy cup's rich dye
 From the intenseness of the sky ?
 From a long, long fervent gaze
 Through the year's first golden days,
 Up that blue and silent deep,
 Where, like things of sculptured sleep,
 Alabaster clouds repose,
 With the sunshine on their snows ?
 Thither was thy heart's love turning,
 Like a censer ever burning,
 Till the purple heavens in thee
 Set their smile, Anemone ?

Or can those warm tints be caught
 Each from some quick glow of thought !
 So much of bright *soul* there seems
 In thy bendings and thy gleams,
 So much thy sweet life resembles
 That which feels, and weeps, and trembles,
 I could deem thee spirit-fill'd,
 As a reed by music thrill'd,
 When thy being I behold
 To each loving breath unfold,

Or like woman's willowy form,
Shrink before the gathering storm;
I could ask a *voice* from thee,
Delicate Anemone!

Flower! thou seem'st not born to die
With thy radiant purity,
But to melt in air away,
Mingling with the soft Spring-day,
When the crystal heavens are still,
And faint azure veils each hill,
And the lime-leaf doth not move,
Save to songs that stir the grove,
And earth all glorified is seen,
As imaged in some lake serene;
—Then thy vanishing should be,
Pure and meek Anemone!

Flower! the laurel still may shed
Brightness round the victor's head;
And the rose in beauty's hair
Still its festal glory wear;
And the willow leaves droop o'er
Brows which love sustains no more:
But by living rays refined,
Thou, the trembler of the wind,
Thou, the spiritual flower
Sentient of each breeze and shower.
Thou, rejoicing in the skies,
And transpierced with all their dyes;
Breathing vase, with light o'erflowing,
Gem-like to thy centre glowing,
Thou the poet's type shall be.
Flower of soul, Anemone!

THE SONG OF PENITENCE.*

UNFINISHED.

He pass'd from earth

Without his fame,—the calm, pure, starry fame
He might have won, to guide on radiantly
Full many a noble soul,—he sought it not;
And e'en like brief and barren lightning pass'd
The wayward child of genius. And the songs
Which his wild spirit, in the pride of life,
Had shower'd forth recklessly, as ocean waves
Fling up their treasures mingled with dark weed,
They died before him;—they were winged seed,
Scatter'd afar, and, falling on the rock
Of the world's heart, had perish'd. One alone,

* Suggested by the late Mrs. Fletcher's Story of *The Lost Life*, published in the *Amulet* for 1839.

One fervent, mournful, supplicating strain,
 The deep beseeching of a stricken breast,
 Survived the vainly-gifted. In the souls
 Of the kind few that loved him, with a love
 Faithful to even its disappointed hope,
 That song of tears found root, and by their hearths
 Full oft, in low and reverential tones,
 Fill'd with the piety of tenderness,
 Is murmur'd to their children, when his name
 On some faint harp-string of remembrance falls,
 Far from the world's rude voices far away.
 Oh! hear, and judge him gently; 'twas his last.

I come alone, and faint I come,
 To nature's arms I flee;
 The green woods take their wanderer home,
 But Thou, O Father? may I turn to thee?

The earliest odor of the flower,
 The bird's first song is thine;
 Father in heaven! my dayspring's hour
 Pour'd its vain incense on another shrine.

Therefore my childhood's once-loved scene
 Around me faded lies;
 Therefore, remembering what hath been,
 I ask, is this mine early paradise?

It is, it is—but Thou art gone,
 Or if the trembling shade
 Breathe yet of thee, with alter'd tone
 Thy solemn whisper shakes a heart dismay'd.

* * * * *

NATIONAL LYRICS.

THE THEMES OF SONG.

"Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love, and hope,
 And melancholy fear subdued by faith."—*Wordsworth*

WHERE shall the minstrel find a theme?
 —Where'er, for freedom shed,
 Brave blood hath dyed some ancient stream,
 Amidst the mountains, red,

Where'er a rock, a fount, a grove,
 Bears record to the faith
 Of love—deep, holy, fervent love,
 Victor o'er fear and death.

Where'er a chieftain's crested brow
 Too soon hath been struck down,
 Or a bright virgin head laid low,
 Wearing its youth's first crown.

Where'er a spire points up to heaven,
Through storm and summer air,
Telling, that all around have striven
Man's heart, and hope, and prayer.

Where'er a blessed home hath been,
That now is home no more:
A place of ivy, darkly green,
Where laughter's light is o'er.

Where'er, by some forsaken grave,
Some nameless greensward heap,
A bird may sing a wild-flower wave,
A star its vigil keep.

Or where a yearning heart of old,
A dream of shepherd men,
With forms of more than early mould
Hath peopled grot or glen.

There may the bard's high themes be found,
We die, we pass away:
But faith, love, pity—these are bound
To earth without decay.

The heart that burns, the cheek that glows,
The tear from hidden springs,
The thorn and glory of the rose—
These are undying things.

Wave after wave of mighty stream
To the deep sea hath gone:
Yet not the less, like youth's bright dream,
The exhaustless flood rolls on.

RHINE SONG OF THE GERMAN SOLDIERS AFTER VICTORY.

TO THE AIR "AM RHEIN, AM RHEIN."

"I wish you could have heard Sir Walter Scott describe a glorious sight, which had been witnessed by a friend of his!—the crossing of the Rhine, at Ehrenbreitstein, by the German army of Liberators on their victorious return from France. 'At the first gleam of the river,' he said, 'they all burst forth into the national chant, *Am Rhein! Am Rhein!*' They were two days passing over; and the rocks and the castle were ringing to the song the whole time—for each band renewed it while crossing; and even the Cossacks, with the clash and the clang, and the roll of their stormy war-music, catching the enthusiasm of the scene, swelled forth the chorus, '*Am Rhein! Am Rhein!*'"—*Manuscript Letter.*]

SINGLE VOICE.

It is the Rhine! our mountain vineyards laving,
I see the bright flood shine, I see the bright flood shine!
Sing on the march, with every banner waving—
Sing, brothers, 'tis the Rhine! Sing, brothers, 'tis the Rhine!

CHORUS.

The Rhine! the Rhine! our own imperial river!
 Be glory on thy track, be glory on thy track!
 We left thy shores, to die or to deliver—
 We bear thee freedom back, we bear thee freedom back!

SINGLE VOICE.

Hail! hail! my childhood knew thy rush of water,
 Even as my mother's song; even as my mother's song;
 That sound went past me on the field of slaughter, [strong!
 And heart and arm grew strong! And heart and arm grew

CHORUS.

Roll proudly on!—brave blood is with thee sweeping,
 Pour'd out by sons of thine, pour'd out by sons of thine,
 Where sword and spirit forth in joy were leaping,
 Like thee, victorious Rhine! Like thee, victorious Rhine!

SINGLE VOICE.

Home!—home!—thy glad wave hath a tone of greeting,
 Thy path is by my home, thy path is by my home:
 Even now my children count the hours till meeting,
 O ransom'd ones, I come! O ransom'd ones, I come!

CHORUS.

Go, tell the seas, that chain shall bind thee never, [shrine!
 Sound on by hearth and shrine, sound on by hearth and
 Sing through the hill that thou art free for ever—
 Lift up thy voice, O Rhine! Lift up thy voice, O Rhine!

A SONG OF DELOS.

[The Island of Delos was considered of such peculiar sanctity by the ancients, that they did not allow it to be desecrated by the events of birth or death. In the following poem, a young priestess of Apollo is supposed to be conveyed from its shores during the last hours of a mortal sickness, and to bid the scenes of her youth farewell in a sudden flow of unpremeditated song.]

"Terre, soleil, vallons, belle et douce nature,
 Je vous dois une larme aux bords de mon tombeau;
 L'air est si parfume! la lumière est si pure!
 Aux regards d'un Mourant le soleil est si beau!"—*Lamartine.*

A SONG was heard of old—a low, sweet song,
 On the blue seas by Delos; from that isle,
 The sun-god's own domain, a gentle girl,
 Gentle—yet all inspired of soul, of mien,
 Lit with a life too perilously bright,
 Was borne away to die. How beautiful
 Seems this world to the dying!—but for *her*,
 The child of beauty and of poesy,
 And of soft Grecian skies—oh! who may dream
 Of all that from *her* changeful eye flash'd forth,
 Or glanced more quivering through starry tears,
 As on her land's rich vision, fane o'er fane
 Color'd with loving light—she gazed her last,

Her young life's last, that hour! From her pale brow
 And burning cheek she threw the ringlets back,
 And bending forward—as the spirit sway'd
 The reed-like form still to the shore beloved.
 Breathed the swan-music of her wild farewell
 O'er dancing waves:—"Oh! linger yet," she cried,

"Oh! linger, linger on the oar,

Oh! pause upon the deep!

That I may gaze yet once, once more,
 Where floats the golden day o'er fane and steep;
 Never so brightly smiled mine own sweet shore,
 —Oh! linger, linger on the parting oar!

"I see the laurels fling back showers

Of soft light still on many a shrine;

I see the path to haunts of flowers

Through the dim olives lead its gleaming line;

I hear a sound of flutes—a swell of song—

Mine is too low to reach that joyous throng!

"Oh linger, linger on the oar

Beneath my native sky!

Let my life part from that bright shore

With day's last crimson—gazing let me die!

Thou bark glide slowly!—slowly should be borne

The voyager that never shall return.

"A fatal gift hath been thy dower,

Lord of the Lyre! to me;

With song and wreath from bower to bower,

Sisters went bounding like young Oreads free;

While I, through long, lone, voiceless hours apart

Have lain and listen'd to my beating heart.

"Now, wasted by the inborn fire,

I sink to early rest;

The ray that lit the incense-pyre,

Leaves unto death its temple in my breast.

—O sunshine, skies, rich flowers! too soon I go,

While round me thus triumphantly ye glow!

"Bright isle! might but thine echoes keep

A tone of my farewell,

One tender accent, low and deep,

Shrined 'midst thy founts and haunted rocks to dwell!

Might my last breath send music to thy shore!

—Oh! linger, seamen, linger on the oar!"

ANCIENT GREEK CHANT OF VICTORY.

"Fill high the bowl with Samian wine,

Our virgins dance beneath the shade."—*Byron*.

Io! they come, they come!

Garlands for every shrine!

Strike lyres to greet them home !

Bring roses, pour ye wine !

Swell, swell the Dorian flute

Through the blue, triumphant sky !

Let the Cittern's tone salute

The sons of victory.

With the offering of bright blood

They have ransom'd hearth and tomb,

Vineyard, and field, and flood ;—

Lo ! they come, they come !

Sing it where olives wave,

And by the glittering sea,

And o'er each hero's grave—

Sing, sing the land is free !

Mark ye the flashing oars,

And the spears that light the deep !

How the festal sunshine pours

Where the lords of battle sweep !

Each hath brought back his shield ;—

Maid greet thy lover home .

Mother, from that proud field,

Lo ! thy son is come !

Who murmur'd of the dead ?

Hush, boding voice ! We know

That many a shining head

Lies in its glory low.

Breathe not those names to-day !

They shall have their praise erelong,

And a power all hearts to sway,

In ever-burning song

But now shed flowers, pour wine,

To hail the conquerors home !

Bring wreaths for every shrine—

Lo ! they come, they come !

NAPLES.

A SONG OF THE SYREN.

“Then gentle winds arose,

With many a mingled close

Of wild Æolian sound and mountain odor keen .

Where the clear Baian ocean

Welters with air-like motion

Within, above, around its bowers of starry green.’ —*Shelley*.

STILL is the Syren warbling on thy shore,

Bright city of the waves !—her magic song

Still with a dreamy sense of ecstasy
 Fills thy soft Summer air:—and while my glance
 Dwells on thy pictured loveliness, that lay
 Floats thus o'er fancy's ear; and thus to thee,
 Daughter of sunshine! doth the Syren sing.

"Thine is the glad wave's flashing play,
 Thine is the laugh of the golden day,
 The golden day, and the glorious night,
 And the vine with its clusters all bathed in light!
 —Forget, forget, that thou art not free!

Queen of the Summer sea.

"Favor'd and crown'd of the earth and sky!
 Thine are all voices of melody,
 Wandering in moonlight through fane and tower.
 Floating o'er fountain and myrtle bower;
 Hark! how they melt o'er thy glittering sea;
 —Forget that thou art not free!

"Let the wine flow in thy marble halls!
 Let the lute answer thy fountain falls!
 And deck thy feasts with the myrtle bough,
 And cover with roses thy glowing brow!
 Queen of the day and the summer sea,
 Forget that thou art not free!"

So doth the Syren sing, while sparkling waves
 Dance to her chant. But sternly, mournfully,
 O city of the deep! from Sybil grots
 And Roman tombs, the echoes of thy shore
 Take up the cadence of her strain alone,
 Murmuring—"Thou art not free!"

THE FALL OF D'ASSAS.

A BALLAD OF FRANCE.

[The Chevalier D'Assas, called the French Decius, fell nobly whilst reconnoitering a wood, near Closterkamp, by night. He had left his regiment, that of Auvergne, at a short distance, and was suddenly surrounded by an ambuscade of the enemy, who threatened him with instant death if he made the least sign of their vicinity. With their bayonets at his breast, he raised his voice and, calling aloud "A moi, Auvergne! ces sont les ennemis!" fell, pierced with mortal blows.]

ALONE through gloomy forest-shades
 A soldier went by night;
 No moonbeam pierced the dusky glades,
 No star shed guiding light.

Yet on his vigil's midnight round
 The youth all cheerly pass'd;
 Uncheck'd by aught of boding sound
 That mutter'd in the blast.

Where were his thoughts that lonely hour?

—In his far home, perchance;
His father's hall, his mother's bower,
'Midst the gay vines of France:

Wandering from battles lost and won,
To hear and bless again
The rolling of the wide Garonne,
Or murmur of the Seine.

—Hush! hark!—did stealing steps go by,
Came not faint whispers near?
No! the wild wind hath many a sigh,
Amidst the foliage sere.

Hark, yet again!—and from his hand,
What grasp hath wrench'd the blade?
—Oh! single 'midst a hostile band,
Young soldier! thou'rt betray'd!

"Silence!" in under-tones they cry—
"No whisper—not a breath!"
The sound that warns thy comrades nigh
Shall sentence thee to death."

—Still, at the bayonet's point he stood,
And strong to meet the blow;
And shouted, 'midst his rushing blood,
"Arm, arm, Auvergne! the foe!"

The stir, the tramp, the bugle-call—
He heard their tumults grow;
And sent his dying voice through all—
"*Auvergne, Auvergne! the foe!*"

THE BURIAL OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

AT CAEN IN NORMANDY—1087.

[“At the day appointed for the king's interment, Prince Henry, his third son, the Norman prelates, and a multitude of clergy and people, assembled in the Church of St. Stephen, which the conqueror had founded. The mass had been performed, the corpse was placed on the bier, and the Bishop of Evreux had pronounced the panegyric on the deceased, when a voice from the crowd exclaimed,—‘He whom you have praised was a robber. The very land on which you stand is mine. By violence he took it from my father; and, in the name of God, I forbid you to bury him in it.’ The speaker was Asceline Fitz Arthur, who had often, but fruitlessly, sought reparation from the justice of William. After some debate, the prelates called him to them, paid him sixty shillings for the grave, and promised that he should receive the full value of his land. The ceremony was then continued, and the body of the king deposited in a coffin of stone.”]—*Lingard*, vol. ii. p. 98.

LOWLY upon his bier
The royal conqueror lay;

Baron and chief stood near,
Silent in war-array.

Down the long minster's aisle
Crowds mutely gazing stream'd,
Altar and tomb the while
Through mists of incense gleam'd.

And by the torches' blaze,
The stately priest had said
High words of power and praise
To the glory of the dead.

They lower'd him, with the sound
Of requiems, to repose ;
When from the throngs around
A solemn voice arose :—

“ Forbear ! forbear ! ” it cried,
“ In the holiest name forbear !
He hath conquered regions wide,
But he shall not slumber *there* !

“ By the violated hearth
Which made way for yon proud shrine ;
By the harvest which this earth
Hath borne for me and mine ;

“ By the house e'en here o'erthrown,
On my brethren's native spot ;
Hence ! with his dark renown,
Cumber our birthplace not !

“ Will my sire's unransom'd field,
O'er which your censers wave,
To the buried spoiler yield
Soft slumbers in the grave ?

“ The tree before him fell
Which we cherish'd many a year,
But its deep root yet shall swell,
And heave against his bier.

“ The land that I have till'd
Hath yet its brooding breast
With my home's white ashes fill'd,
And it shall not give him rest !

“ Each pillar's massy bed
Hath been wet by weeping eyes—
Away ! bestow your dead
Where no wrong against him cries.”

—Shame glow'd on each dark face
Of those proud and steel-girt men,
And they bought with gold a place
For their leader's dust e'en then.

A little earth for him
 Whose banner flew so far!
 And a peasant's tale could dim
 The name, a nation's star!
 One deep voice thus arose
 From a heart which wrongs had riven:
 Oh! who shall number those
 That were but heard in heaven?

LYRICS.

SONGS OF A GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

I.—NEAR THEE, STILL NEAR THEE!*

NEAR thee, still near thee!—o'er thy pathway gliding,
 Unseen I pass thee with the wind's low sigh;
 Life's veil enfold's thee still, our eyes dividing,
 Yet viewless love floats round thee silently!

Not 'midst the festal throng,
 In halls of mirth and song;
 But when thy thoughts are deepest,
 When holy tears thou weapest,
 Know then *that* love is nigh!

When the night's whisper o'er thy harp-strings creeping,
 Or the sea-music on the sounding shore,
 Or breezy anthems through the forest sweeping,
 Shall move thy trembling spirit to adore;

When every thought and prayer
 We loved to breathe and share,
 On thy full heart returning,
 Shall wake its voiceless yearning;
 Then feel me near once more!

Near thee, still near thee!—trust thy soul's deep dreaming
 —Oh! love is not an earthly rose to die!
 Even when I soar where fiery stars are beaming,
 Thine image wanders with me through the sky.

The fields of air are free;
 Yet lonely, wanting thee;
 But when thy chains are falling,
 When heaven its own is calling,
 Know then thy guide is nigh!

* This piece has been set to music of most impressive beauty by John Lodge, Esq., for whose compositions several of the author's songs were written.

II.—OH! DROOP THOU NOT.

“They sin who tell us love can die
 With life all other passions fly ;
 All others are but vanity.
 In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor avarice in the vaults of hell.
 Earthly these passions, as of earth—
 They perish where they drew their birth.
 But love is indestructible !
 Its holy flame for ever burneth ;
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.”

Southey

OH! droop thou not, my gentle earthly love!
 Mine still to be!

I bore through death, to brighter lands above,
 My thoughts of thee.

Yes! the deep memory of our holy tears,
 Our mingled prayer,
 Our suffering love, through long devoted years,
 Went with me there.

It was not vain, the hallow'd and the tried—
 It was not vain!
 Still, though unseen, still hovering at thy side,
 I watch again!

From our own paths, our love's attesting bowers,
 I am not gone ;
 In the deep calm of Midnight's whispering hours,
 Thou art not lone :

Not lone, when by the haunted stream thou weapest,
 That stream whose tone
 Murmurs of thoughts, the richest and the deepest,
 We two have known :

Not lone, when mournfully some strain awaking
 Of days long past,
 From thy soft eyes the sudden tears are breaking,
 Silent and fast :

Not lone, when upwards, in fond visions turning
 Thy dreamy glance,
 Thou seek'st my home, where solemn stars are burning,
 O'er night's expanse.

My home is near thee, loved one! and around thee,
 Where'er thou art ;
 Though still mortality's thick cloud hath bound thee,
 Doubt not thy heart !

Hear its low voice, not deem thyself forsaken—
 Let faith be given
 To the still tones which oft our being waken—
 They are of heaven !

MIGNON'S SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM GOETHE.

[“Mignon, a young and enthusiastic girl, (the character in one of Goethe’s romances, from which Sir Walter Scott’s Fenella is partially imitated,) has been stolen away in early childhood, from Italy. Her vague recollections of that land, and of her early home, with its graceful sculptures and pictured saloons, are perpetually haunting her, and at times break forth into the following song. The original has been set to exquisite music, by Zelter, the friend of Goethe.”]

“Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühn ?”

Know’st thou the land where bloom the citron bowers,
Where the gold-orange lights the dusky grove ?
High waves the laurel there, the myrtle flowers,
And through a still blue heaven the sweet winds rove.
Know’st thou it well ?

—There, there, with thee,
O friend ! O loved one ! fain my steps would flee.

Know’st thou the dwelling ?—there the pillars rise,
Soft shines the hall, the painted chambers glow ;
And forms of marble seem with pitying eyes
To say—“Poor child ! what thus hath wrought thee woe ?”
Know’st thou it well ?

There, there with thee,
O my protector ! homewards might I flee !

Know’st thou the mountain ?—high its bridge is hung,
Where the mule seeks through mist and cloud his way ;
There lurk the dragon-race, deep caves among,
O’er beetling rocks there foams the torrent spray.
Know’st thou it well ?

With thee, with thee,
There lies my path, O father ! let us flee !

THE SISTERS.*

A BALLAD.

“I go, sweet sister ; yet my heart would linger with thee fain,
And unto every parting gift some deep remembrance chain :
Take then the braid of Eastern pearls which once I loved to
wear,
And with it bind for festal scenes the dark waves of thy hair !
Its pale pure brightness will beseem those raven tresses well,
And I shall need such pomp no more in my lone convent cell.”

*This ballad was composed for a kind of dramatic recitative, relieved by music. It was thus performed by two graceful and highly accomplished sisters.

"Oh, speak not thus, my Leonor! why part from kindred love?
Through festive scenes, when thou art gone—my steps no
more shall move!

How could I bear a lonely heart amid a reckless throng?
I should but miss earth's dearest voice in every tone of song;
Keep, keep the braid of Eastern pearls, or let me proudly twine
Its wreath once more around that brow, that queenly brow of
thine."

"Oh, would'st thou strive a wounded bird from shelter to de-
tain?

Or would'st thou call a spirit freed, to weary life again?—
Sweet sister, take the golden cross that I have worn so long,
And bathed with many a burning tear for secret woe and
wrong.

It could not still *my* beating heart! but may it be a sign
Of peace and hope, my gentle one! when meekly press'd to
thine!"

"Take back, take back the cross of gold, our mother's gift to
thee,

It would but of this parting hour, a bitter token be;
With funeral splendor to mine eye, it would but sadly shine,
And tell of early treasures lost, of joy no longer mine!
Oh sister! if thy heart be thus with buried grief oppress'd,
Where would'st thou pour it forth so well, as on my faithful
breast?"

"Urge me no more! a blight hath fallen upon my summer
years!

I should but darken *thy* young life with fruitless pangs and fears;
But take at least the lute I loved, and guard it for my sake,
And sometimes from its silvery strings one tone of memory
wake! [hymn,
Sing to those chords by starlight's gleam our own sweet vesper
And think that I too chant it then, far in my cloister dim."

"Yes, I *will* take the silvery lute—and I will sing to thee
A song we heard in childhood's days, even from our father's
knee.

Oh, sister, sister! are these notes amid forgotten things?
Do they not linger as in love, on the familiar strings?
Seems not our sainted mother's voice to murmur in the strain,
Kind sister! gentlest Leonor! say shall it plead in vain?"

SONG.

"Leave us not, leave us not!

Say not adieu!

Have we not been to thee

Tender and true?

"Take not thy sunny smile

Far from our hearth!

With that sweet light will fade

Summer and mirth.

"Leave us not, leave us not!
Can thy heart roam?
Wilt thou not pine to hear
Voices from home?"

"Too sad our love would be,
If thou wert gone!
Turn to us, leave us not!
Thou art our own!"

"Oh! sister, hush that thrilling lute, oh! cease that haunting
lay, [stay;
Too deeply pierce those wild sweet notes—yet, yet I cannot
For weary, weary is my heart! I hear a whisper'd call
In every breeze that stirs the leaf and bids the blossom fall.
I cannot breathe in freedom here, my spirit pines to dwell
Where the world's voice can reach no more!—oh calm thee!
Fare thee well!"

THE LAST SONG OF SAPPHO.

[Suggested by a beautiful sketch, the design of the younger Westmacott. It represents Sappho sitting on a rock above the sea, with her lyre cast at her feet. There is a desolate grace about the whole figure, which seems penetrated with the feeling of utter abandonment.]

SOUND on, thou dark unslumbering sea!
My dirge is in thy moan;
My spirit finds response in thee,
To its own ceaseless cry—"Alone, alone!"
Yet send me back one other word,
Ye tones that never cease!
Oh! let your secret caves be stirr'd,
And say, dark waters! will ye give me *peace*?

Away! my weary soul hath sought
In vain one echoing sigh,
One answer to consuming thought
In human hearts—and will the *wave* reply?

Sound on, thou dark unslumbering sea!
Sound in thy scorn and pride!
I ask not, alien world, from thee,
What my own kindred earth hath still denied.

And yet I loved that earth so well,
With all its lovely things?
—Was it for this the death wind fell
On my rich lyre, and quenched its living strings?

—Let them lie silent at my feet!
Since broken even as they,
The heart whose music made them sweet,
Hath pour'd on desert-sands its wealth away,

Yet glory's light hath touch'd my name,
 The laurel-leaf is mine—
 —With a lone heart, a weary frame—
 O restless deep ! I come to make them thine !
 Give to that crown, that burning crown,
 Place in thy darkest hold !
 Bury my anguish, my renown,
 With hidden wrecks, lost gems, and wasted gold.
 Thou sea-bird on the billow's crest,
Thou hast thy love, thy home ;
 They wait thee in the quiet nest,
 And I, th' unsought unwatch'd-for—I too come !
 I, with this winged nature fraught,
 These visions wildly free,
 This boundless love, this fiery thought—
Alone I come—oh ! give me peace, dark sea !

DIRGE.

WHERE shall we make her grave ?
 —Oh ! where the wild-flowers wave
 In the free air !
 Where shower and singing-bird
 'Midst the young leaves are heard—
 There—lay her there !
 Harsh was the world to her—
 Now may sleep minister
 Balm for each ill :
 Low on sweet nature's breast,
 Let the meek heart find rest,
 Deep, deep and still !
 Murmur, glad waters, by !
 Faint gales, with happy sigh,
 Come wandering o'er
 That green and mossy bed,
 Where, on a gentle head,
 Storms beat no more !
 What though for her in vain
 Falls now the bright spring-rain,
 Plays the soft wind ?
 Yet still, from where she lies,
 Should blessed breathings rise,
 Gracious and kind.
 Therefore let song and dew
 Thence, in the heart renew
 Life's vernal glow !
 And o'er that holy earth

Scents of the violet's birth
 Still come and go !
 Oh ! then where wild-flowers wave,
 Make ye her mossy grave
 In the free air !
 Where shower and singing-bird
 'Midst the young leaves are heard—
 There, lay her there !

A SONG OF THE ROSE.

"Così fior diverrai che non soggiace
 All'acqua, al gelo, al vento ed allo scherno
 D'una stagion volubile e fugace ;
 E a più fido Cultor posto in governo,
 Unir potrai nella tranquilla pace,
 Ad eterna Bellezza odore eterno."—*Pietro Metastasio*

ROSE ! what dost thou here ?
 Bridal, royal rose ?
 How, 'midst grief and fear,
 Canst thou thus disclose
 That fervid hue of love, which to thy heart-leaf glows ?
 Rose ! too much array'd
 For triumphal hours,
 Look'st thou through the shade
 Of these mortal bowers,
 Not to disturb my soul, thou crown'd one of all flowers !
 As an eagle soaring
 Through a sunny sky,
 As a clarion pouring
 Notes of victory,
 So dost *thou* kindle thoughts, for earthly life too high.
 Thoughts of rapture, flushing
 Youthful poet's cheek ;
 Thoughts of glory, rushing
 Forth in song to break,
 But finding the spring-tide of rapid song too weak.
 Yet oh, festal rose !
 I have seen thee lying
 In thy bright repose
 Pillow'd with the dying,
 Thy crimson by the lip whence life's quick blood was flying.
 Summer, hope, and love
 O'er that bed of pain,
 Met in thee, yet wove
 Too, too frail a chain
 In its embracing links the lovely to detain.
 Smilest thou, gorgeous flower ?
 —Oh ! within the spells

Of thy beauty's power,
 Something dimly dwells,
 At variance with a world of sorrows and farewells.
 All the soul forth flowing
 In that rich perfume,
 All the proud life glowing
 In that radiant bloom,—
 Have they no place but *here*, beneath th' o'ershadowing tomb ?
 Crown'st thou but the daughters
 Of our tearful race ?
 —Heaven's own purest waters
 Well might wear the trace
 Of thy consummate form, melting to softer grace.
 Will that clime enfold thee
 With immortal air ?
 Shall we not behold thee
 Bright and deathless there ?
 In spirit-lustre clothed, transcendently more fair ?
 Yes ! my fancy sees thee
 In that light disclose,
 And its dream thus frees thee
 From the mist of woes,
 Darkening thine earthly bowers, O bridal, royal rose !

NIGHT-BLOWING FLOWERS.

CHILDREN of night ! unfolding meekly, slowly
 To the sweet breathings of the shadowy hours,
 When dark-blue heavens look softest and most holy,
 And glow-worm light is in the forest bowers ;
 To solemn things and deep,
 To spirit-haunted sleep,
 To thoughts, all purified
 From earth, ye seem allied ;
 O dedicated flowers !

Ye, from the gaze of crowds your beauty veiling,
 Keep in dim vestal urns the sweetness shrined ;
 Till the mild moon, on high serenely sailing,
 Looks on you tenderly and sadly kind.
 —So doth love's dreaming heart
 Dwell from the throng apart,
 And but to shades disclose
 The inmost thought which glows.
 With its pure life entwined.

Shut from the sounds wherein the day rejoices,
 To no triumphant song your petals thrill,
 But send forth odors with the faint soft voices
 Rising from hidden streams, when all is still.

So doth lone prayer arise,
 Mingling with secret sighs,
 When grief unfolds, like you,
 Her breast, for heavenly dew
 In silent hours to fill.

THE WANDERER AND THE NIGHT FLOWERS.

CALL back your odors, lovely flowers,
 From the night winds call them back ;
 And fold your leaves till the laughing hours
 Come forth in the sunbeam's track !

The lark lies couch'd in her grassy nest,
 And the honey bee is gone,
 And all bright things are away to rest,
 Why watch ye here alone ?

Is not your world a mournful one,
 When your sisters close their eyes,
 And your soft breath meets not a lingering tone
 Of song in the starry skies ?

Take ye no joy in the dayspring's birth
 When it kindles the sparks of dew ?
 And the thousand strains of the forest's mirth,
 Shall they gladden all but you ?

Shut your sweet bells till the fawn comes out
 On the sunny turf to play,
 And the woodland child with a fairy shout
 Goes dancing on its way !

"Nay, let our shadowy beauty bloom
 When the stars give quiet light,
 And let us offer our faint perfume
 On the silent shrine of night.

"Call it not wasted, the scent we lend
 To the breeze, when no step is nigh ;
 Oh thus for ever the earth should send
 Her grateful breath on high !

"And love us as emblems, night's dewy flowers,
 Of hopes unto sorrow given,
 That spring through the gloom of the darkest hours
 Looking alone to heaven !"

ECHO-SONG

In thy cavern-hall,
 Echo ! art thou sleeping ?
 By the fountain's fall
 Dreamy silence keeping ?

Yet one soft note borne
 From the shepherd's horn,
 Wakes thee, Echo ! into music leaping !
 —Strange, sweet Echo ! into music leaping.

Then the woods rejoice,
 Then glad sounds are swelling
 From each sister-voice
 Round thy rocky dwelling ;
 And their sweetness fills
 All the hollow hills,
 With a thousand notes, of *one* life telling !
 —Softly mingled notes, of one life telling.

Echo ! in my heart
 Thus deep thoughts are lying,
 Silent and apart,
 Buried, yet undying.
 Till some gentle tone
 Wakening haply *one*,
 Calls a thousand forth, like thee replying !
 —Strange, sweet Echo ! even like thee replying.*

THE MUFFLED DRUM.†

THE muffled drum was heard
 In the Pyrenees by night,
 With a dull deep rolling sound,
 Which told the hamlets round
 Of a soldier's burial rite.
 But it told them not how dear,
 In a home beyond the main,
 Was the warrior youth laid low that hour,
 By a mountain-stream of Spain.

The oaks of England waved
 O'er the slumbers of his race,
 But a pine of the Ronceval made moan
 Above *his* last lone place ;

When the muffled drum was heard
 In the Pyrenees by night,
 With a dull deep rolling sound
 Which call'd strange echoes round
 To the soldier's burial rite.

Brief was the sorowing *there*,
 By the stream from battle red,
 And tossing on its wave the plumes
 Of many a stately head :

* This song is in the possession of Mr. Power.

† Set to beautiful music by John Lodge, Esq.

But a mother—soon to die,
 And a sister—long to weep,
 Even then were breathing prayers for him,
 In that home beyond the deep ;
 While the muffled drum was heard
 In the Pyrenees by night,
 With a dull deep rolling sound,
 And the dark pines mourn'd round,
 O'er the soldier's burial rite.

THE SWAN AND THE SKYLARK

" Adieu, adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill side ; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades,"—*Keats*.

" Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire ;

The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest."—*Shelley*.

MIDST the long reeds that o'er a Grecian stream
 Unto the faint wind sigh'd melodiously,
 And where the sculpture of a broken shrine
 Sent out through shadowy grass and thick wild flowers
 Dim alabaster gleams—a lonely swan
 Warbled his death-chant ; and a poet stood
 Listening to that strange music, as it shook
 The lilies on the wave ; and made the pines
 And all the laurels of the haunted shore
 Thrill to its passion. Oh ! the tones were sweet
 Even painfully—as with the sweetness wrung
 From parting love ; and to the poet's thought
This was their language.

" Summer, I depart !
 O light and laughing summer, fare thee well !
 No song the less through thy rich woods swell,
 For one, one broken heart.

" And fare ye well, young flowers !
 Ye will not mourn ! ye will shed odor still,
 And wave in glory, coloring every rill,
 Know to my youth's fresh hours.

" And ye, bright founts, that lie
 Far in the whispering forests, lone and deep,
 My wing no more shall stir your shadowy sleep—
 Sweet waters ! I must die.

" Will ye not send one tone
 Of sorrow through the pines ?—one murmur low ?

Shall not the green leaves from your voices know
That I, your child, am gone ?

“ No, ever glad and free !
Ye have no sounds a tale of death to tell,
Waves joyous waves, flow on, and fare ye well !
Ye will not mourn for me.

“ But thou, sweet boon, too late
Pour'd on my parting breath, vain gift of song !
Why comest thou thus, o'ermastering, rich and strong,
In the dark hour of fate ?

“ Only to wake the sighs
Of echo-voices from their sparry cell ;
Only to say—O sunshine and blue skies !
O life and love, farewell ! ”

Thus flow'd the death-chant on ; while mournfully
Low winds and waves made answer, and the tones
Buried in rocks along the Grecian stream,
Rocks and dim caverns of old Prophecy,
Woke to respond : and all the air was fill'd
With that one sighing sound—“ Farewell, Farewell ! ”
—Fill'd with that sound ? high in the calm blue heaven
Even then a skylark hung ; soft summer clouds
Where floating round him all transpierced with light,
And 'midst that pearly radiance his dark wings
Quiver'd with song :—such free triumphant song,
As if tears were not,—as if breaking hearts
Had not a place below—and *thus* that strain
Spoke to the Poet's ear exultingly.

“ The summer is come ; she hath said, ‘ Rejoice ! ’
The wild woods thrill to her merry voice ;
Her sweet breath is wandering around, on high ;
Sing, sing through the echoing sky !

“ There is joy in the mountains ; the bright waves leap,
Like the bounding stag when he breaks from sleep ;
Mirthfully, wildly, they flash along—
—Let the heavens ring with song !

“ There is joy in the forests ; the bird of night
Hath made the leaves tremble with deep delight ;
But *mine* is the glory to sunshine given—
Sing, sing through the echoing heaven !

“ Mine are the wings of the soaring morn,
Mine are the fresh gales with dayspring born :
Only young rapture can mount so high—
—Sing, sing through the echoing sky ! ”

So those two voices met ; so Joy and Death
Mingled their accents ; and amidst the rush

Of many thoughts, the listening poet cried,
 "Oh! thou art mighty, thou art wonderful,
 Mysterious Nature! Not in thy free range
 Of woods and wilds alone, thou blendest thus
 The dirge-note and the song of festival;
 But in one heart, one changeful human heart—
 Ay, and within one hour of that strange world—
 Thou call'st their music forth, with all its tones
 To startle and to pierce!—the dying swan's,
 And the glad skylark's—triumph and despair!"

SONGS OF SPAIN.*

I.—ANCIENT BATTLE SONG.

FLING forth the proud banner of Leon again!
 Let the high word "*Castile!*" go resounding through Spain!
 And thou, free Asturias, encamped on the height,
 Pour down thy dark sons to the vintage of fight!
 Wake, wake! the old soil where thy children repose
 Sounds hollow and deep to the trampling of foes!

The voices are mighty that swell from the past,
 With Arragon's cry on the shrill mountain blast;
 The ancient sierras give strength to our tread,
 Their pines murmur song where bright blood had been shed.
 —Fling forth the proud banner of Leon again,
 And shout ye "*Castile!* to the rescue for Spain!"

II.—THE ZEGRI MAID.

[The Zegris were one of the most illustrious Moorish tribes. Their exploits and feuds with their celebrated rivals, the Abencerrages, form the subject of many ancient Spanish romances.]

THE summer leaves were sighing
 Around the Zegri maid,
 To her low sad song replying
 As it fill'd the olive shade.
 "Alas! for her that loveth
 Her land's, her kindred's foe!
 Where a Christian Spaniard roveeth,
 Should a Zegri's spirit go?
 "From thy glance, my gentle mother!
 I sink, with shame oppress'd,

* Written for a set of airs, entitled *Peninsular Melodies*, selected by Colonel Hodges, and published by Messrs. Goulding and D'Almaine, who have permitted the reappearance of the words in this volume.

And the dark eye of my brother
 Is an arrow to my breast."
 —Where summer leaves were sighing
 Thus sang the Zegri maid,
 While the crimson day was dying
 In the whispery olive shade.
 "And for all this heart's wealth wasted,
 This woe in secret borne,
 This flower of young life blasted,
 Should I win back aught but scorn?
 By aught but daily dying
 Would my lone truth be repaid?"
 —Where the olive leaves were sighing,
 Thus sang the Zegri maid.

III.—THE RIO VERDE SONG.

[The Rio Verde, a small river of Spain, is celebrated in the old ballad romances of that country for the frequent combats on its banks between Moor and Christian. The ballad referring to this stream in Percy's *Reliques*,

"Gentle river, gentle river,
 Lo! thy streams are stain'd with gore."

will be remebered by many readers.]

Flow, Rio Verde!
 In melody flow;
 Win her that weepeth
 To slumber from woe;
 Bid thy wave's music
 Roll through her dreams,
 Grief ever loveth
 The kind voice of streams.

Bear her lone spirit
 Afar on the sound
 Back to her childhood,
 Her life's fairy ground;
 Pass like the whisper
 Of love that is gone—
 Flow, Rio Verde!
 Softly flow on!

Dark glassy water
 So crimson'd of yore!
 Love, death, and sorrow
 Know thy green shore.
 Thou should'st have echoes
 For grief's deepest tone—
 Flow, Rio Verde,
 Softly flow on!

IV.—SEEK BY THE SILVERY DARRO.

SEEK by the silvery Darro,
 Where jasmine flowers have blown;
 There hath she left no footsteps?
 —Weep, weep, the maid is gone!

Seek where our lady's image
 Smiles o'er the pine-hung steep;
 Hear ye not there her vespers?
 —Weep for the parted, weep!

Seek in the porch where vine-leaves
 O'ershade her father's head?
 —Are *his* grey hairs left lonely?
 —Weep! her bright soul is fled.

V.—SPANISH EVENING HYMN.

AVE! now let prayer and music
 Meet in love on earth and sea!
 Now, sweet Mother! may the weary
 Turn from this cold world to thee!

From the wide and restless waters
 Hear the sailor's hymn arise;
 From his watch-fire 'midst the mountains,
 Lo! to thee the shepherd cries!

Yet, when thus full hearts find voices,
 If o'erburden'd souls there be,
 Dark and silent in their anguish,
 Aid those captives set them free!

Touch them, every fount unsealing,
 Where the frozen tears lie deep;
 Thou, the Mother of all sorrows,
 Aid, oh! aid to pray and weep!

VI.—BIRD, THAT ART SINGING ON EBRO'S SIDE.

BIRD, that art singing on Ebro's side!
 Where myrtle shadows make dim the tide,
 Doth sorrow dwell 'midst the leaves with thee?
 Doth song avail thy full heart to free?
 —Bird of the midnight's purple sky!
 Teach me the spell of thy melody.

Bird! is it blighted affection's pain,
 Whence the sad sweetness flows through thy strain?
 And is the wound of that arrow still'd,
 When thy lone music the leaves hath fill'd?
 —Bird of the midnight's purple sky!
 Teach me the spell of thy melody.

VII.—MOORISH GATHERING SONG,

ZORZICO.*

CHAINS on the cities ! gloom in the air !
 Come to the hills ! fresh breezes are there.
 Silence and fear in the rich orange bowers !
 Come to the rocks where freedom hath towers.
 Come from the Darro !—changed is its tone ;
 Come where the streams no bondage have known ;
 Wildly and proudly foaming they leap,
 Singing of freedom from steep to steep.
 Come from Alhambra ! garden and grove
 Now may not shelter beauty or love.
 Blood on the waters, death 'midst the flowers !
 —Only the spear and the rock are ours.

VIII.—THE SONG OF MINA'S SOLDIERS.

WE heard thy name, O Mina !
 Far through our hills it rang ;
 A sound more strong than tempests,
 More keen than armor's clang.
 The peasant left his vintage,
 The shepherd grasp'd the spear—
 —We heard thy name, O Mina !
 The mountain bands are here.
 As eagles to the dayspring,
 As torrents to the sea,
 From every dark sierra
 So rush'd our hearts to thee.
 Thy spirit is our banner,
 Thine eye our beacon-sign,
 Thy name our trumpet, Mina !
 —The mountain bands are thine.

IX.—MOTHER, OH ! SING ME TO REST.

A CANCION.

MOTHER ! oh, sing me to rest
 As in my bright days departed :
 Sing to thy child, the sick-hearted,
 Songs for a spirit oppress'd.
 Lay this tired head on thy breast !
 Flowers from the night-dew are closing

* The Zorzico is an extremely wild and singular antique Moorish melody

Pilgrims and mourners reposing—
—Mother, oh, sing me to rest!

Take back thy bird to its nest!
Weary is young life when blighted,
Heavy this love unrequited;—
—Mother, oh! sing me to rest!

X.—THERE ARE SOUNDS IN THE DARK RONCESVALLES.

THERE are sounds in the dark Roncesvalles,
There are echoes on Biscay's wild shore;
There are murmurs—but not of the torrent,
Nor the wind, nor the pine-forest's roar.

'Tis a day of the spear and the banner,
Of armings and hurried farewells;
Rise, rise on your mountains, ye Spaniards;
Or start from your old battle-dells.

There are streams of unconquer'd Asturias,
That have roll'd with your father's free blood;
Oh! leave on the graves of the mighty,
Proud marks where their children have stood!

THE CURFEW-SONG OF ENGLAND.

HARK! from the dim church tower,
The deep slow curfew's chime!
—A heavy sound unto hall and bower
In England's olden time!
Sadly 'twas heard by him who came
From the fields of his toil at night,
And who might not see his own hearth-flame
In his children's eyes make light.

Sternly and sadly heard,
As it quench'd the wood-fire's glow,
Which had cheer'd the board with the mirthful word
And the red wine's foaming flow!
Until that sullen boding knell
Flung out from every fane,
On harp, and lip, and spirit, fell,
With a weight and with a chain.

Woe for the pilgrim then,
In the wild deer's forest far!
No cottage-lamp, to the haunts of men,
Might guide him, as a star.
And woe for him whose wakeful soul,
With lone aspirations fill'd,
Would have lived o'er some immortal scroll,
While the sounds of earth were still'd!

And yet a deeper woe
 For the watcher by the bed,
 Where the fondly loved in pain lay low,
 In pain and sleepless dread !
 For the mother, doom'd unseen to keep
 By the dying babe, her place,
 And to feel its flitting pulse, and weep,
 Yet not behold its face !

Darkness in chieftain's hall !
 Darkness in peasant's cot !
 While freedom, under that shadowy pall,
 Sat mourning o'er her lot.
 Oh ! the fire-side's peace we well may prize !
 For blood hath flow'd like rain,
 Pour'd forth to make sweet sanctuaries
 Of England's homes again.

Heap the yule-faggots high,
 Till the red light fills the room !
 It is home's own hour when the stormy sky
 Grows thick with evening-gloom.
 Gather ye round the holy hearth,
 And by its gladdening blaze,
 Unto thankful bliss we will change our mirth,
 With a thought of the olden days !

THE CALL TO BATTLE.

" Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And there sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs,
 Which ne'er might be repeated."—*Byron*.

THE vesper-bell, from church and tower,
 Had sent its dying sound ;
 And the household, in the hush of eve,
 Were met, their porch around.

A voice rang through the olive-wood, with a sudden trumpet's
 power— [thering hour—

" We rise on all our hills ! come forth ! 'tis thy country's ga-
 There's a gleam of spears by every stream, in each old battle-
 dell— [well !

Come forth, young Juan ! bid thy home a brief and proud fare-

Then the father gave his son the sword,
 Which a hundred fights had seen—

" Away ! and bear it back, my boy !
 All that it still hath been !

"Haste! haste! the hunters of the foe are up, and who shall stand
The lion-like awakening of the roused indignant land?
Our chase shall sound through each defile where swept the
clarion's blast,
With the flying footsteps of the Moor in stormy ages past."

Then the mother kiss'd her son with tears
That o'er his dark locks fell:
"I bless, I bless thee o'er and o'er,
Yet I stay thee not—Farewell!"

"One moment! but one moment give to parting thought or word!

It is no time for woman's tears when manhood's heart is stirr'd.
Bear but the memory of thy love about thee in the fight,
To breathe upon th' avenging sword a spell of keener might."

And a maiden's fond adieu was heard,
Though deep, yet brief and low:
"In the vigil in the conflict, love!
My prayer shall with thee go!"

"Come forth! come as the torrent comes when the winter's
chain is burst!
So rushes on the land's revenge, in night and silence nursed—
The night is past, the silence o'er—on all our hills we rise—
We wait thee, youth! sleep, dream no more! the voice of bat-
tle cries."

There were sad hearts in a darken'd home,
When the brave had left their bower;
But the strength of prayer and sacrifice
Was with them in that hour.

SONGS FOR SUMMER HOURS.

I.—AND I TOO IN ARCADIA.

[A celebrated picture of Poussin represents a band of shepherd youths and maidens suddenly checked in their wanderings, and affected with various emotions, by the sight of a tomb which bears this inscription—"Et in Arcadia ego."]

THEY have wander'd in their glee
With the butterfly and bee;
They have climb'd o'er heathery swells,
They have wound through forest dells;
Mountain moss hath felt their tread,
Woodland streams their way have led;
Flowers, in deepest shadowy nooks,
Nurslings of the loneliest brooks,

Unto them have yielded up
 Fragrant bell and starry cup:
 Chaplets are on every brow—
 What hath staid the wand'ers now?
 Lo! a grey and rustic tomb,
 Bower'd amidst the rich wood gloom;
 Whence these words their stricken spirits melt,
 —“I too, Shepherds! in Arcadia dwelt.”

There is many a summer sound
 That pale sepulchre around;
 Through the shade young birds are glancing,
 Insect-wings in sun-streaks dancing;
 Glimpses of blue festal skies
 Pouring in when soft winds rise;
 Violets o'er the turf below
 Shedding out their warmest glow;
 Yet a spirit not its own
 O'er the greenwood now is thrown!
 Something of an under-note
 Through its music seems to float,
 Something of a stillness grey
 Creeps across the laughing day:
 Something, dimly from those old words felt,
 —“I too, Shepherds! in Arcadia dwelt.”

Was some gentle kindred maid
 In that grave with dirges laid?
 Some fair creature, with the tone
 Of whose voice a joy is gone,
 Leaving melody and mirth
 Poorer on this alter'd earth?
 Is it thus? that so they stand,
 Dropping flowers from every hand?
 Flowers and lyres, and gather'd store
 Of red wild-fruit prized no more?
 —No! from that bright band of morn,
 Not one link hath yet been torn;
 'Tis the shadow of the tomb
 Falling o'er the summer-bloom,
 O'er the flush of love and life
 Passing with a sudden strife;
 'Tis the low prophetic breath
 Murmuring from that house of death,
 Whose faint whisper thus their hearts can melt,
 “I too, Shepherds! in Arcadia dwelt.”

II.—THE WANDERING WIND.

THE Wind, the wandering Wind
 Of the golden summer eves—

Whence is the thrilling magic
 Of its tones amongst the leaves?
 Oh! is it from the waters,
 Or from the long tall grass?
 Or is it from the hollow rocks
 Through which its breathings pass?
 Or is it from the voices
 Of all in one combined,
 That it wins the tone of mastery?
 The Wind, the wandering Wind!
 No, no! the strange, sweet accents
 That with it come and go,
 They are not from the osiers,
 Nor the fir-trees whispering low.
 They are not of the waters,
 Nor of the cavern'd hill:
 'Tis the human love within us
 That gives them power to thrill,
 They touch the links of memory
 Around our spirits twined,
 And we start, and weep, and tremble,
 To the Wind, the wandering Wind!

III.—YE ARE NOT MISS'D, FAIR FLOWERS.

YE are not miss'd, fair flowers, that late were spreading
 The summer's glow by fount and breezy grot;
 There falls the dew, its fairy favors shedding,
 The leaves dance on, the young birds miss you not.
 Still plays the sparkle o'er the rippling water,
 O lily! whence thy cup of pearl is gone;
 The bright wave mourns not for its loveliest daughter,
 There is no sorrow in the wind's low tone.
 And thou, meek hyacinth! afar is roving
 The bee that oft thy trembling bells hath kiss'd;
 Cradled ye were, fair flowers! 'midst all things loving,
 A joy to all—yet, yet, ye are not miss'd!
 Ye, that were born to lend the sunbeam gladness,
 And the winds fragrance, wandering where they list,
 Oh! it were breathing words too deep in sadness,
 To say—earth's *human* flowers not more are miss'd.

IV.—WILLOW SONG.

WILLOW! in thy breezy moan,
 I can hear a deeper tone;





Through thy leaves come whispering low
Faint sweet sounds of long ago.
Willow, sighing willow !

Many a mournful tale of old
Heart-sick love to thee hath told,
Gathering from thy golden bough
Leaves to cool his burning brow.
Willow, sighing willow !

Many a swan-like song to thee
Hath been sung, thou gentle tree !
Many a lute its last lament
Down thy moonlight stream hath sent :
Willow, sighing willow !

Therefore, wave and murmur on !
Sigh for sweet affections gone,
And for tuneful voices fled,
And for love, whose heart hath bled,
Ever, willow, willow !

V.—LEAVE ME NOT YET.

LEAVE me not yet—through rosy skies from far,
But now the song-birds to their nests return ;
The quivering image of the first pale star
On the dim lake scarce yet begins to burn :
Leave me not yet !

Not yet !—oh, hark ! low tones from hidden streams,
Piercing the shivery leaves, even now arise ;
Their voices mingle not with daylight dreams,
They are of vesper's hymns and harmonies :
Leave me not yet !

My thoughts are like those gentle sounds, dear love !
By day shut up in their own still recess,
They wait for dews on earth, for stars above,
Then to breathe out their soul of tenderness :
Leave me not yet !

VI.—THE ORANGE BOUGH.

Oh ! bring me one sweet orange-bough,
To fan my cheek, to cool my brow ;
One bough, with pearly blossoms drest,
And bind it, mother ! on my breast !

Go, seek the grove along the shore,
Whose odors I must breathe no more ;

The grove where every scented tree
Thrills to the deep voice of the sea.

On ! Love's fond sighs, and fervent prayer,
And wild farewell, are lingering there :
Each leaf's light whisper hath a tone,
My faint heart, even in death, would own.

Then bear me thence one bough, to shed
Life's parting sweetness round my head,
And bind it, mother ! on my breast
When I am laid in lonely rest.

VII.—THE STREAM SET FREE.

Flow on, rejoice, make music,
Bright living stream set free.
The troubled haunts of care and strife
Were not for thee !

The woodland is thy country,
Thou art all its own again ;
The wild birds are thy kindred race,
That fear no chain.

Flow on, rejoice, make music
Unto the glistening leaves !
Thou, the beloved of balmy winds
And golden eves.

Once more the holy starlight
Sleeps calm upon thy breast,
Whose brightness bears no token more
Of man's unrest.

Flow, and let freeborn music
Flow with thy wavy line,
While the stock-dove's lingering, loving voice
Comes blent with thine.

And the green reeds quivering o'er thee,
Strings of the forest-lyre,
All fill'd with answering spirit-sounds,
In joy respire.

Yet, 'midst thy song's glad changes,
Oh ! keep one pitying tone
For gentle hearts, that bear to thee
Their sadness lone.

One sound, of all the deepest,
To bring, like healing dew,
A sense, that nature ne'er forsakes
The meek and true.

Then, then, rejoice, make music,
 Thou stream, thou glad and free !
 The shadows of all glorious flowers
 Be set in thee !

VIII.—THE SUMMER'S CALL.

COME away ! the sunny hours
 Woo thee far to founts and bowers !
 O'er the very waters now,
 In their play,
 Flowers are shedding beauty's glow—
 Come away !
 Where the lily's tender gleam
 Quivers on the glancing stream—
 Come away !

All the air is filled with sound,
 Soft, and sultry, and profound ;
 Murmurs through the shadowy grass
 Lightly stray ;
 Faint winds whisper as they pass—
 Come away ;
 Where the bee's deep music swells
 From the trembling foxglove bells—
 Come away !

In the skies the sapphire blue
 Now hath won its richest hue ;
 In the woods the breath of song
 Night and day
 Floats with leafy scents along—
 Come away !
 Where the boughs with dewy gloom
 Darken each thick bed of bloom—
 Come away !

In the deep heart of the rose
 Now the crimson love-hue glows ;
 Now the glow-worm's lamp by night
 Sheds a ray,
 Dreamy, starry, greenly bright—
 Come away !
 Where the fairy cup-moss lies,
 With the wild-wood strawberries,
 Come away !

Now each tree by summer crown'd,
 Sheds its own rich twilight round ;
 Glancing there from sun to shade,
 Bright wings play ;

There the deer its couch hath made—
 Come away!
 Where the smooth leaves of the lime
 Glisten in their honey-time—
 Come away—away!

IX.—OH! SKYLARK, FOR THY WING.

OH! Skylark, for thy wing!
 Thou bird of joy and light,
 That I might soar and sing
 At heaven's empyreal height!
 With the heathery hills beneath me,
 Whence the streams in glory spring,
 And the pearly clouds to wreath me,
 Oh, Skylark! on thy wing!

Free, free from earth-born fear,
 I would range the blessed skies,
 Through the blue divinely clear,
 Where the low mists cannot rise!
 And a thousand joyous measures
 From my chainless heart should spring,
 Like the bright rain's vernal treasures,
 As I wander'd on thy wing.

But oh! the silver chords,
 That around the heart are spun,
 From gentle tones and words,
 And kind eyes that make our sun!
 To some low sweet nest returning,
 How soon my love would bring,
 There, *there* the dews of morning,
 Oh, Skylark! on thy wing!

GENIUS SINGING TO LOVE.

"That voice re-measures
 Whatever tones and melancholy pleasures
 The things of nature utter; birds or trees,
 Or where the tall grass 'mid the heath-plant waves,
 Murmur and music thin of sudden breeze."—*Coleridge*.

I HEARD a song upon the wandering wind,
 A song of many tones—though one full soul
 Breathed through them all imploringly; and made
 All nature as they pass'd, all quivering leaves
 And low responsive reeds and waters thrill,
 As with the consciousness of human prayer.
 —At times the passion-kindled melody

Might seem to gush from Sappho's fervent heart,
 Over the wild sea-wave ;—at times the strain
 Flow'd with more plaintive sweetness, as if born
 Of Petrarch's voice, beside the lone Vaucluse ;
 And sometimes, with its melancholy swell,
 A graver sound was mingled, a deep note
 Of Tasso's holy lyre —yet still the tones
 Were of a suppliant ;—" *Leave me not !*" was still
 The burden of their music ; and I knew
 The lay which Genius, in its loneliness,
 Its own still world amidst th' o'erpeopled world
 Hath ever breathed to Love.

They crown me with the glistening crown
 Borne from a deathless tree ;
 I hear the pealing music of renown—
 O Love ! forsake me not !
 Mine were a lone dark lot,
 Bereft of thee !
 They tell me that my soul can throw
 A glory o'er the earth ;
 From thee, from *thee*, is caught that golden glow !
 Shed by thy gentle eyes
 It gives to flower and skies,
 A bright new birth !

Thence gleams the path of morning
 Over the kindling hills, a sunny zone !
 Thence to its heart of hearts the rose is burning
 With lustre not its own !
 Thence every wood-recess
 Is filled with loveliness,
 Each bower, to ring-doves and dim violets known.

I see all beauty by the ray
 That streameth from thy smile ;
 Oh ! bear it, bear it not away !
 Can that sweet light beguile ?
 Too pure, too spirit-like, it seems,
 To linger long by earthly streams ;
 I clasp it with th' alloy
 Of fear 'midst quivering joy,
 Yet must I perish if the gift depart—
 Leave me not, Love ! to mine own beating heart !

The music from my lyre
 With thy swift step would flee ;
 The world's cold breath would quench the starry fire
 In my deep soul—a temple fill'd with thee !
 Seal'd would the fountains lie,
 The waves of harmony,
 Which thou alone canst free !
 Like a shrine 'midst rocks forsaken,
 Whence the oracle hath fled ;

Like a harp which none might waken
 But a mighty master dead ;
 Like the vase of a perfume scatter'd,
 Such would my spirit be ;
 So mute, so void, so shatter'd,
 Bereft of thee !

Leave me not, Love ! or if this earth
 Yield not for thee a home,
 If the bright summer-land of thy pure birth
 Send thee a silvery voice that whispers—"Come !"
 Then, with the glory from the rose,
 With the sparkle from the stream,
 With the light thy rainbow-presence throws
 Over the poet's dream ;
 With all th' Elysian hues
 Thy pathway that suffuse,
 With joy, with music, from the fading grove,
 Take *me*, too, heavenward, on thy wing, sweet Love.

MUSIC AT A DEATHBED.

' Music ! why thy power employ
 Only for the sons of joy ?
 Only for the smiling guests
 At natal, or at nuptial feasts ?
 Rather thy lenient numbers pour
 On those whom secret griefs devour ;
 And with some softly-whisper'd air
 Smooth the brow of dumb despair !'

WARTON *from Euripides.*

BRING music ! stir the brooding air
 With an ethereal breath !
 Bring sounds, my struggling soul to bear
 Up from the couch of death !
 A voice, a flute, a dreamy lay,
 Such as the southern breeze
 Might waft, at golden fall of day,
 O'er blue transparent seas !
 Oh no ! not such that lingering spell
 Would lure me back to life,
 When my wean'd heart hath said farewell,
 And passed the gates of strife.
 Let not a sigh of human love
 Blend with the song its tone !
 Let no disturbing echo move
 One that must die alone !
 But pour a solemn-breathing strain
 Fill'd with the soul of prayer !
 Let a life's conflict fear and pain,
 And trembling hope be there.

Deeper, yet deeper! in my thought
 Lies more prevailing sound,
 A harmony intensely fraught
 With pleading more profound:
 A passion unto music given,
 A sweet yet piercing cry:
 A breaking heart's appeal to Heaven,
 A bright faith's victory!
 Deeper! Oh! may no richer power
 Be in those notes enshrined?
 Can all, which crowds on earth's last hour,
 No fuller language find?
 Away! and hush the feeble song,
 And let the chord be still'd!
 For in another land erelong
 My dream shall be fulfill'd.

MARSHAL SCHWERIN'S GRAVE.

"I came upon the tomb of Marshal Schwerin—a plain quiet cenotaph, erected in the middle of a wide corn-field, on the very spot where he closed a long, faithful, and glorious career in arms. He fell here at eighty years of age, at the head of his own regiment, the standard of it waving in his hand. His seat was in the leathern saddle—his foot in the iron stirrup—his fingers reined the young war-horse to the last."—*Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany.*]

Thou didst fall in the field with thy silver hair,
 And a banner in thy hand;
 Thou wert laid to rest from thy battles there,
 By a proudly mournful band.
 In the camp, on the steed, to the bugle's blast
 Thy long bright years had sped;
 And a warrior's bier was thine at last,
 When the snows had crown'd thy head,
 Many had fallen by thy side old chief!
 Brothers and friends, perchance;
 But thou wert yet as the fadeless leaf,
 And light was in thy glance.
 The soldier's heart at thy step leap'd high
 And thy voice the war-horse knew:
 And the first to arm, when the foe was nigh,
 Wert thou the bold and true.
 Now may'st thou slumber—thy work is done—
 Thou of the well-worn sword!
 From the stormy fight in thy fame thou'rt gone,
 But not to the festal board.
 The corn sheaves whisper thy grave around,
 Where fiery blood hath flow'd:

Oh! lover of battle and trumpet-sound!
 Thou art couch'd in a still abode!
 A quiet home from the noonday's glare,
 And the breath of the wintry blast—
 Didst thou toil through the days of thy silvery hair,
 To win thee but *this* at last?

THE FALLEN LIME-TREE.

Oh, joy of the peasant! O stately lime!
 Thou art fall'n in thy golden honey-time,
 Thou whose wavy shadows,
 Long and long ago,
 Screen'd our grey forefathers
 From the noontide's glow;
 Thou, beneath whose branches,
 Touch'd with moonlight gleams,
 Lay our early poets,
 Wrapt in fairy dreams.
 O tree of our fathers! O hallow'd tree!
 A glory is gone from our home with thee.
 Where shall now the weary
 Rest through summer eves?
 Or the bee find honey,
 As on thy sweet leaves?
 Where shall now the ringdove
 Build again her nest?
 She so long the inmate
 Of thy fragrant breast?
 But the sons of the peasant have lost in thee
 Far more than the ringdove, far more than the bee!
 These may yet find coverts
 Leafy and profound,
 Full of dewy dimness,
 Odor and soft sound:
 But the gentle memories
 Clinging all to thee,
 When shall they be gather'd
 Round another tree?
 Oh pride of our fathers! O hallow'd tree!
 The crown of the hamlet is fallen in thee!

SONGS OF CAPTIVITY.

INTRODUCTION.

ONE hour for distant homes to weep
 'Midst Afric's burning sands,
 One silent sunset hour was given
 To the slaves of many lands.

They say beneath a lonely palm,
 In the garden's of their lord;
 And mingling with the fountain's tune,
 Their songs of exile pour'd
 And strangely, sadly, did those lays,
 Of Alp and ocean sound,
 With Afric's wild red skies above,
 And solemn wastes around
 Broken with tears were oft their tones,
 And most when most they tried
 To breathe of hope and liberty,
 From hearts that inly died.
 So met the sons of many lands,
 Parted by mount and main;
 So did they sing in brotherhood,
 Made kindred by the chain.

I.—THE BROTHER'S DIRGE

In the proud old fanes of England
 My warrior-fathers lie,
 Banners hang drooping o'er their dust
 With gorgeous blazonry.
 But thou, but *thou*, my brother!
 O'er thee dark billows sweep
 The best and bravest heart of all
 Is shrouded by the deep.
 In the old high wars of England
 My noble fathers bled;
 For her lion-kings of lance and spear,
 They went down to the dead.
 But thou, but thou, my brother!
 Thy life-drops flow'd for me—
 Would I were with thee in thy rest,
 Young sleeper of the sea.
 In a shelter'd home of England
 Our sister dwells alone,
 With quick heart listening for the sound
 Of footsteps that are gone,
 She little dreams, my brother!
 Of the wild fate we have found;
 I, 'midst the Afric sands a slave,
 Thou, by the dark seas bound.

II.—THE ALPINE HORN.

THE Alpine horn! the Alpine horn!
 Oh! through my native sky,

Might I but hear its deep notes borne
 Once more—but once—and die !
 Yet, no ! 'midst breezy hills thy breath,
 So full of hope and morn,
 Would win me from the bed of death—
 O joyous Alpine horn !
 But *here* the echo of that blast,
 To many a battle known,
 Seems mournfully to wander past,
 A wild, shrill, wailing tone !
 Haunt me no more ! for slavery's air
 Thy proud notes were not born ;
 The dream but deepens my despair
 Be hush'd thou Alpine horn !

III.—O YE VOICES.

O YE voices round my own hearth singing !
 As the winds of May to memory sweet,
 Might I yet return, a worn heart bringing,
 Would those vernal tones the wanderer greet,
 Once again ?
 Never, never, Spring hath smiled and parted
 Oft since then your fond farewell was said ;
 O'er the green turf of the gentle-hearted
 Summer's hand the rose-leaves may have shed,
 Oft again ?
 Or if still around my heart ye linger,
 Yet, sweet voices ! there must change have come ;
 Years have quell'd the free soul of the singer,
 Vernal tones shall greet the wanderer home,
 Ne'er again !

IV.—I DREAM OF ALL THINGS FREE.

I DREAM of all things free !
 Of a gallant, gallant bark,
 That sweeps through storm and sea,
 Like an arrow to its mark !
 Of a stag that o'er the hills
 Goes bounding in his glee ;
 Of a thousand flashing rills—
 Of all things glad and free.
 I dream of some proud bird,
 A bright-eyed mountain king !
 In my visions I have heard
 The rushing of his wing,

I follow some wild river,
On whose breast no sail may be ;
Dark woods around it shiver—
—I dream of all things free ?
Of a happy forest child,
With the fawns and flowers at play ;
Of an Indian 'midst the wild,
With the stars to guide his way :
Of a chief his warriors leading,
Of an archer's greenwood tree :—
My heart in chains is bleeding,
And I dream of all things free !

V.—FAR O'ER THE SEA.

WHERE are the vintage songs
Wandering in glee !
Where dance the peasant bands
Joyous and free ?
Under a kind blue sky,
Where doth my birthplace lie ?
—Far o'er the sea.

Where floats the myrtle-scent
O'er vale and lea,
When evening calls the dove
Homewards to flee ?
Where doth the orange gleam
Soft on my native stream ?
—Far o'er the sea ?

Where are sweet eyes of love
Watching for me ?
Where o'er the cabin roof
Waves the green tree ?
Where speaks the vesper-chime
Still of a holy time ?
—Far o'er the sea !

Dance on ye vintage bands,
Fearless and free !
Still fresh and greenly wave,
My father's tree !
Still smile, ye kind blue skies !
Though your son pines and dies
Far o'er the sea !

VI.—THE INVOCATION.

Oh ! art thou still on earth, my love ?
My only love !

Or smiling in a brighter home,
 Far, far above ?
 Oh ! is thy sweet voice fled, my love ?
 Thy light step gone ?
 And art thou not in earth or heaven,
 Still, still my own ?
 I see thee with thy gleaming hair,
 In midnight dreams !
 But cold, and clear, and spirit-like,
 Thy soft eye seems.
 Peace in thy saddest hour, my love !
 Dwelt on thy brow ;
 But something mournfully divine
 There shineth now !
 And silent ever is thy lip,
 And pale thy cheek ;—
 Oh ! art thou earth's, or art thou heaven's,
 Speak to me, speak !

VII.—THE SONG OF HOPE.

DROOP not, my brothers ! I hear a glad strain—
 We shall burst forth like streams from the winter night's chain ;
 A flag is unfurl'd a bright star of the sea,
 A ransom approaches—we yet shall be free !
 Where the pines wave, where the light chamois leaps,
 Where the lone eagle hath built on the steeps :
 Where the snows glisten, the mountain-rills foam,
 Free as the falcon's wing, yet shall we roam.
 Where the hearth shines, where the kind looks are met,
 Where the smiles mingle, our place shall be yet !
 Crossing the desert, o'ersweeping the sea—
 Droop not, my Brothers we yet shall be free !

THE BIRD AT SEA.

BIRD of the greenwood !
 Oh ! why art thou here ?
 Leaves dance not o'er thee,
 Flowers bloom not near.
 All the sweet waters
 Far hence are at play—
 Bird of the greenwood !
 Away, away !
 Where the mast quivers,
 Thy place will not be,

As 'midst the waving
 Of wild rose and tree.
 How should'st thou battle
 With storm and with spray?
 Bird of the greenwood!
 Away, away!

Or art thou seeking
 Some brighter land,
 Where by the south wind
 Vine leaves are fann'd?
 'Midst the wild billows
 Why then delay?
 Bird of the greenwood!
 Away, away!

"Chide not my lingering
 Where storms are dark;
 A hand that hath nursed me
 Is in the bark;
 A heart that hath cherish'd
 Through winter's long day,
 So I turn from the greenwood,
 Away, away!"

THE DYING GIRL AND FLOWERS.

"I desire as I look on these, the ornaments and children of earth, to know whether, indeed, such things I shall see no more?—whether they have no likeness, no archetype in the world in which my future home is to be cast? or whether they *have* their images above, only wrought in a more wondrous and delightful mould."

Conversations with an ambitious Student in ill health.

BEAR them not from grassy dells
 Where wild bees have honey-cells;
 Not from where sweet water-sounds
 Thrill the greenwood to its bounds,
 Not to waste their scented breath
 On the silent room of Death!

Kindred to the breeze they are,
 And the glow-worm's emerald star,
 And the bird, whose song is free
 And the many-whispering tree.
 Oh! too deep a love, and vain,
 They would win to earth again.

Spread them not before the eyes,
 Closing fast on summer skies!
 Woo thou not the spirit back
 From its lone and viewless track,
 With the bright things which have birth
 Wide o'er all the color'd earth!

With the violet's breath would rise
 Thoughts too sad for her who dies ;
 From the lily's pearl-cup shed,
 Dreams too sweet would haunt her bed ;
 Dreams of youth—of spring-time eves—
 Music—beauty—all she leaves !

Hush ! 'tis thou that dreaming art,
 Calmer is *her* gentle heart.
 Yes ! o'er fountain, vale, and grove
 Leaf and flower hath gushed her love ;
 But that passion, deep and true,
 Knows not of a last adieu.

Types of lovelier forms than these,
 In their fragile mould she sees ;
 Shadows of yet richer things,
 Born beside immortal springs,
 Into fuller glory wrought,
 Kindled by surpassing thought !

Therefore, in the lily's leaf,
 She can read no word of grief ;
 O'er the woodbine she can dwell,
 Murmuring not—Farewell ! farewell !
 And her dim, yet speaking eye,
 Greets the violet solemnly.

Therefore once, and yet again,
 Strew them o'er her bed of pain,
 From her chamber take the gloom
 With a light and flush of bloom :
 So should one depart, who goes
 Where no death can touch the rose.

THE IVY-SONG.*

OH ! how could fancy crown with *thee*,
 In ancient days, the God of Wine,
 And bid thee at the banquet be
 Companion of the Vine ?
 Ivy ! *thy* home is where each sound
 Of revelry hath long been o'er
 Where song and beaker once went round,
 But now are known no more.
 Where long-fallen gods recline,
 There the place is thine.

The Roman on his battle-plains,
 Where kings before his eagles bent,

* This song, as originally written, the reader will have met with in an earlier part of this publication. Being afterwards completely remodded by Mrs. Hemans, perhaps no apology is requisite for its re-insertion here.

With thee, amidst exulting strains,
 Shadow'd the victor's tent:
 Though shining there in deathless green,
 Triumphantly thy boughs might wave,
 Better thou lovest the silent scene
 Around the victor's grave—
 Urn and sculpture half divine
 Yield their place to thine.

The cold halls of the regal dead,
 Where lone the Italian sunbeams dwell,
 Where hollow sounds the lightest tread—
 Ivy! they know thee well!
 And far above the festal vine,
 Thou wavest where once-proud banners hung
 Where mouldering turrets crest the Rhine,
 —The Rhine, still fresh and young!
 Tower and rampart o'er the Rhine,
 Ivy! all are thine!

High from the fields of air look down—
 Those eyries of a vanished race,
 Where harp, and battle, and renown,
 Have passed, and left no trace.
 But thou art there!—serenely bright,
 Meeting the mountain storms with bloom,
 Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,
 Or crown the lowliest tomb!
 Ivy, Ivy! all are thine,
 Palace, hearth, and shrine.

'Tis still the same; our pilgrim tread
 O'er classic plains through deserts free,
 On the mute path of ages fled,
 Still meets decay and thee.
 And still let man his fabrics rear,
 August in beauty, stern in power,
 —Days pass—thou Ivy never sere,*
 And thou shalt have thy dower.
 All are thine, or must be thine—
 Temple, pillar, shrine!

THE MUSIC OF ST. PATRICK'S.

The choral music of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, is almost unrivalled in its combined powers of voice, organ, and scientific skill. The majestic harmony of effect thus produced, is not a little deepened by the character of the church itself; which though small, yet with its dark rich fretwork, knightly helmets and banners, and old monumental effigies, seems all filled and overshadowed by the spirit of chivalrous antiquity. The imagination never fails to recognize it as a fitting scene for high solemnities of old;—a place

* "Ye myrtles brown, and ivy never sere."—*Lycidas*.

to witness the solitary vigil of arms, or to resound with the funeral march at the burial of some warlike king.]

"All the choir
Sang Hallelujah, as the sound of seas."—*Milton*.

AGAIN! oh, send that anthem peal again
Through the arch'd-roof in triumph to the sky!
Bid the old tombs ring proudly to the strain,
The banners thrill as if with victory!

Such sounds the warrior awe struck might have heard,
While arm'd for fields of chivalrous renown:
Such the high hearts of kings might well have stirr'd,
While throbbing still beneath the recent crown!

Those notes once more! they bear my soul away,
They lend the wings of morning to its flight;
No earthly passion in th' exulting lay,
Whispers one tone to win me from that height.

All is of Heaven!—Yet wherefore to mine eye
Gush the vain tears unbidden from their source?
Even while the waves of that strong harmony
Roll with my spirit on their sounding course!

Wherefore must rapture its full heart reveal
Thus by the burst of sorrow's token-shower?
—Oh! is it not that humbly we may feel
Our nature's limit in its proudest hour?

KEENE, OR LAMENT OF AN IRISH MOTHER OVER HER SON.

[This lament is intended to imitate the peculiar style of the Irish Keenes, many of which are distinguished by a wild and deep pathos and other characteristics analogous to those of the national music.]

DARKLY the cloud of night comes rolling on
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son!
Silent and dark!

There is blood upon the threshold
Whence thy step went forth at morn,
Like a dancer's in its fleetness,
Oh, my bright first-born!

At the glad sound of that footstep,
My heart within me smiled;
—Thou wert brought me back all silent
On thy bier my child!

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on;
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son!
Silent and dark!

I thought to see thy children
Laugh on me with thine eyes;
But my sorrow's voice is lonely
Where my life's flower lies

I shall go to sit beside thee,
 Thy kindred's graves among ;
 I shall hear the tall grass whisper—
 I shall hear it not long !

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on ;
 Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son !
 Silent and dark !

And I too shall find slumber
 With my lost one, in the earth ;
 —Let none light up the ashes
 Again on our hearth !
 Let the roof go down !—let silence
 On the home for ever fall,
 Where my boy lay cold, and heard not
 His lone mother's call !

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on ;
 Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son !
 Silent and dark !

FAR AWAY.

FAR away !—my home is far away.
 Where the blue sea laves a mountain shore ;
 In the woods I hear my brothers play,
 'Midst the flowers my sister sings once more.
 Far away !

Far away ! my dreams are far away,
 When at midnight, stars and shadows reign ;
 "Gentle child," my mother seems to say,
 "Follow me where home shall smile again !"
 Far away !

Far away ! my hope is far away,
 Where love's voice young gladness may restore ;
 —O thou dove ! now soaring through the day,
 Lend me wings to reach that better shore,
 Far away !

THE LYRE AND FLOWER.

A LYRE its plaintive sweetness pour'd
 Forth on the wild wind's track ;
 The stormy wanderer jar'd the chord,
 But gave no music back.
 —Oh, child of song !
 Bear hence to heaven thy fire !
 What hopest thou from the reckless throng ;
 Be not like that lost lyre !
 Not like that lyre !

A flower its leaves and odors cast
 On a swift rolling wave ;
 Th' unheeding torrent darkly pass'd,
 And back no treasure gave.

—Oh ! heart of love !

Waste not thy precious dower
 Turn to thine only home above,
 Be not like that lost flower !
 Not like that flower !

SISTER ! SINCE I MET THEE LAST.

SISTER ! since I met thee last,
 O'er thy brow a change hath past,
 In the softness of thine eyes,
 Deep and still a shadow lies ;
 From thy voice there thrills a tone,
 Never to thy childhood known ;
 Through thy soul a storm hath moved,
 —Gentle sister, thou hast loved !

Yes ! thy varying cheek hath caught
 Hues too bright from troubled thought ;
 Far along the wandering stream,
 Thou art follow'd by a dream :
 In the woods and valleys lone
 Music haunts thee, not thine own :
 Wherefore fall thy tears like rain ?
 —Sister, thou hast loved in vain !

Tell me not the tale, my flower !
 On my bosom pour that shower !
 Tell me not of kind thoughts wasted ;
 Tell me not of young hopes blasted ;
 Wring not forth one burning word,
 Let thy heart no more be stirr'd !
 Home alone can give thee rest.
 —Weep, sweet sister, on my breast !

THE LONELY BIRD.

FROM a ruin thou art singing,
 Oh ! lonely, lonely bird !
 The soft blue air is ringing
 By thy summer music stirr'd ;
 But all is dark and cold beneath,
 Where harps no more are heard :
 Whence winn'st thou that exulting breath,
 Oh ! lonely, lonely bird ?

Thy song flows richly swelling,
 To a triumph of glad sounds,

As from its cavern dwelling
 A stream in glory bounds !
 Though the castle echoes catch no tone
 Of human step or word,
 Though the fires be quench'd and the feasting done,
 Oh ! lonely, lonely bird !
 How can that flood of gladness
 Rush through that fiery lay,
 From the haunted place of sadness
 From the bosom of decay ?
 While dirge-notes on the breeze's moan,
 Through the ivy garlands heard,
 Come blent with thy rejoicing tone,
 Oh ! lonely, lonely bird !
 There's many a heart, wild singer,
 Like thy forsaken tower,
 Where joy no more may linger,
 Where love hath left his bower :
 And there's many a spirit e'en like thee,
 To mirth as lightly stir'd,
 Though it soar from ruins in its glee,
 Oh ! lonely, lonely bird !

 DIRGE AT SEA.

SLEEP!—we give thee to the wave,
 Red with life-blood from the brave,
 Thou shalt find a noble grave.
 Fare thee well !

Sleep thy billowy field is won,
 Proudly may the funeral gun,
 Midst the hush at set of sun,
 Boom thy knell !

Lonely, lonely is thy bed,
 Never there may flower be shed,
 Marble rear'd or brother's head
 Bow'd to weep.

Yet thy record on the sea,
 Borne through battle high and free,
 Long the red-cross flag shall be.
 Sleep ! oh, sleep !

 PILGRIM'S SONG TO THE EVENING STAR.

O SOFT star of the west !
 Gleaming far,
 Thou'rt guiding all things home,
 Gentle star !

Thou bring'st from rock and wave,
 The sea-bird to her nest,
 The hunter from the hills,
 The fisher back to rest,
 Light of a thousand streams,
 Gleaming far !
 O soft star of the west,
 Blessed star !
 No bowery roof is mine,
 No hearth of love and rest,
 Yet guide me to my shrine,
 O soft star of the west !
 There, there my home shall be
 Heaven's dew shall cool my breast,
 When prayer and tear gush free,
 O soft star of the west !
 O soft star of the west,
 Gleaming far !
 Thou'rt guiding all things home,
 Gentle star !
 Shine from thy rosy heaven,
 Pour joy on earth and sea !
 Shine on, though no sweet eyes
 Look forth to watch for me !
 Light of a thousand streams,
 Gleaming far !
 O soft star of the west !
 Blessed star !

THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

"We take each other by the hand, and we exchange a few words
 and looks of kindness, and we rejoice together for a few short mo-
 ment; and then days, months, years intervene, and we see and
 know nothing of each other."—*Washington Irving.*

Two barks met on the deep mid-sea,
 When calms had still'd the tide ;
 A few bright days of summer glee
 There found them side by side.
 And voices of the fair and brave
 Rose mingling thence in mirth ;
 And sweetly floated o'er the wave
 The melodies of earth.
 Moonlight on that lone Indian main
 Cloudless and lovely slept ;
 While dancing step, and festive strain
 Each deck in triumph swept.
 And hands were link'd, and answering eyes
 With kindly meaning shone ;
 Oh ! brief and passing sympathies,
 Like leaves together blown.

A little while such joy was cast
 Over the deep's repose,
 Till the loud singing winds at last
 Like trumpet music rose.
 And proudly, freely on their way
 The parting vessels bore ;
 In calm or storm, by rock or bay,
 To meet—oh, never more !
 Never to blend in victory's cheer,
 To aid in hours of woe ;
 And thus bright spirits mingle here,
 Such ties are formed below.

COME AWAY.

COME away !—the child where flowers are springing,
 Round its footsteps on the mountain slope,
 Hears a glad voice from the upland singing,
 Like the skylark's with its tone of hope ;
 Come away !

Bounding on, with sunny lands before him,
 All the wealth of glowing life outspread,
 Ere the shadow of a cloud comes o'er him,
 By that strain the youth in joy is led ;
 Come away !

Slowly, sadly, heavy change is falling
 O'er the sweetness of the voice within ;
 Yet its tones, on restless manhood calling,
 Urge the hunter still to chase, to win :
 Come away !

Come away !—the heart, at last forsaken,
 Smile by smile, hath proved each hope untrue ;
 Yet a breath can still those words awaken,
 Though to other shores far hence they woo :
 Come away !

In the light leaves, in the reed's faint sighing,
 In the low sweet sounds of early spring,
 Still their music wanders—till the dying
 Hears them pass, as on a spirit's wing :
 Come away !

FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNEL.

"Fair Helen of Kirconnel," as she is called in the Scottish Minstrelsy, throwing herself between her betrothed lover and a rival by whom his life was assailed, received a mortal wound, and died in the arms of the former.]

HOLD me upon thy faithful heart,
 Keep back my flitting breath ;

'Tis early, early to depart,
Beloved!—yet this is death!

Look on me still:—let that kind eye
Be the last light I see!
Oh! sad it is in spring to die,
But yet I die for thee!

For thee, my own! thy stately head
Was never thus to bow—
Give tears when with me love hath fled,
True love, thou know'st it now!

Oh the free streams look'd bright, where'er
We in our gladness roved;
And the blue skies were very fair—
O friend! because we loved.

Farewell!—I bless thee—live thou on,
When this young heart is low!
Surely my blood thy life hath won—
Clasp me once more—I go!

MUSIC FROM SHORE.

A sound comes on the rising breeze,
A sweet and lovely sound!
Piercing the tumult of the seas
That wildly dash around.

From land, from sunny land it comes,
From hills with murmuring trees,
From paths by still and happy homes—
That sweet sound on the breeze.

Why should its faint and passing sigh
Thus bid my quick pulse leap?
No part in earth's glad melody
Is mine upon the deep.

Yet blessing, blessing on the spot
Whence those rich breathings flow!
Kind hearts, although they know me not,
Like mine there beat and glow.

And blessing, from the bark that roams
O'er solitary seas,
To those that far in happy homes
Give sweet sounds to the breeze!

LOOK ON ME WITH THY CLOUDLESS EYES.

Look on me with thy cloudless eyes,
Truth in their dark transparence lies;

Their sweetness gives me back the tears,
And the free trust of early years—

My gentle child !

The spirit of my infant prayer
Shines in the depths of quiet there ;
And home and love once more are mine,
Found in that dewy calm divine,

My gentle child !

Oh ! heaven is with thee in thy dreams,
Its light by day around thee gleams :
Thy smile hath gifts from vernal skies ;
Look on me with thy cloudless eyes,

My gentle child !

IF THOU HAST CRUSH'D A FLOWER.

“O cast thou not
Affection from thee ! In this bitter world
Hold to thy heart that only treasure fast ;
Watch—guard it—suffer not a breath to dim
The bright gem's purity !”

If thou hast crush'd a flower,
The root may not be blighted ;
If thou hast quench'd a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted :
But on thy harp or on thy lute,
The string which thou hast broken,
Shall never in sweet sound again
Give to thy touch a token !

If thou hast loosed a bird
Whose voice of song could cheer thee,
Still, still he may be won
From the skies to warble near thee :
But if upon the troubled sea
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,
Hope not that wind or wave will bring
The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruised a vine,
The summer's breath is healing,
And its clusters yet may glow
Through the leaves their bloom revealing :
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown
With a bright draught fill'd—oh ! never
Shall earth give back that lavish'd wealth
To cool thy parch'd lip's fever !

The heart is like that cup,
If thou waste the love it bore thee ;
And like that jewel gone,
Which the deep will not restore thee ;

And like that string of harp or lute
 Whence the sweet sound is scatter'd :—
 Gently, oh ! gently touch the chords,
 So soon for ever shatter'd.

BRIGHTLY HAST THOU FLED.

BRIGHTLY, brightly hast thou fled,
 Ere one grief had bow'd thy head,
 Brightly did'st thou part !
 With thy young thoughts pure from spot,
 With thy fond love wasted not,
 With thy bounding heart. *

Ne'er by sorrow to be wet,
 Calmly smiles thy pale cheek yet,
 Ere with dust o'erspread :
 Lilies ne'er by tempest blown,
 White rose which no stain hath known,
 Be about thee shed !

So we give thee to the earth,
 And the primrose shall have birth
 O'er thy gentle head ;
 Thou, that like a dewdrop borne
 On a sudden breeze of morn,
 Brightly thus hast fled !

THE BED OF HEATH.

SOLDIER, awake ! the night is past ;
 Hear'st thou not the bugle's blast !
 Feel'st thou not the dayspring's breath ?
 Rouse thee from thy bed of heath !
 Arm, thou bold and strong !

Soldier, what deep spell hath bound thee ?
 Fiery steeds are neighing round thee ;
 Banners to the fresh wind play,—
 Rise, and arm ; 'tis day, 'tis day !
 And thou hast slumber'd long.

" Brother, on the heathery lea
 Longer yet my sleep must be ;
 Though the morn of battle rise,
 Darkly night rolls o'er my eyes.
 Brother, this is death !

" Call me not when bugles sound,
 Call me not when wine flows round ;
 Name me but amidst the brave ;
 Give me but a soldier's grave—
 But my bed of heath !"

FAIRY SONG.

HAVE ye left the greenwood lone?
Are your steps for ever gone?
Fairy King and Elfin Queen,
Come ye to the sylvan scene,
From your dim and distant shore,
Never more?

Shall the pilgrim never hear
With a thrill of joy and fear,
In the hush of moonlight hours,
Voices from the folded flowers,
Faint sweet flute-notes as of yore,
Never more?

"Mortal! ne'er shall bowers of earth
Hear again our midnight mirth:
By our brooks and dingles green
Since unhallow'd steps have been,
Ours shall thread the forests hoar
Never more.

"Ne'er on earthborn lily's stem
Will we hang the dewdrop's gem;
Ne'er shall reed or cowslip's head
Quiver to our dancing tread,
By sweet fount or murmuring shore,
Never more!"

WHAT WOKE THE BURIED SOUND.

WHAT woke the buried sound that lay
In Memnon's harp of yore?
What spirit on its viewless way
Along the Nile's green shore?
Oh! not the night, and not the storm,
And not the lightning's fire,
But sunlight's torch, the kind, the warm,
This, this awoke the lyre.

What wins the heart's deep chords to pour
Thus music forth on life?
Like a sweet voice prevailing o'er
The truant sounds of strife.—
Oh! not the conflict 'midst the throng,
Not e'en the trumpet's hour;
Love is the gifted and the strong,
To wake that music's power!

OH! IF THOU WILT NOT GIVE THINE HEART

Oh! if thou wilt not give thine heart,
 Give back mine own to me,*
 Or bid thine image thence depart,
 And leave me lone, but free
 Yet no! this mournful love of mine,
 I would not from me cast!
 Let me but dream 'twill win me thine
 By its deep truth at last.
 Can aught so fond, so faithful, live
 Through years without reply?
 Oh if thine heart thou wilt not give,
 Give me a thought, a sigh!

LOOK ON ME THUS NO MORE.

It is thy pity makes me weep,
 My soul was strong before;
 Silent, yet strong its griefs to keep
 From vainly gushing o'er!
 Turn from me, turn those gentle eyes—
 In this fond gaze my spirit dies.
 Look on me thus no more!
 Too late that softness comes to bless,
 My heart's glad life is o'er;
 It will but break with tenderness,
 Which cannot now restore!
 The lyre-strings have been jarr'd too long,
 Winter hath touch'd the source of song!
 Look on me thus no more!

SING TO ME, GONDOLIER!

Sing to me, Gondolier!
 Sing words from Tasso's lay
 While blue, and still, and clear,
 Night seems but softer day
 The gale is gently falling,
 As if it paused to hear
 Some strain the past recalling—
 Sing to me Gondolier!
 "Oh, ask me not to wake
 The memory of the brave;
 Bid no high numbers break
 The silence of the wave.

* The first two lines of this song are literally translated from the German.

Gone are the noble hearted,
Closed the bright pageants here;
And the glad song is departed
From the mournful Gondolier!"

O'ER THE FAR BLUE MOUNTAINS

O'ER the far blue mountains,
O'er the white sea foam,
Come, thou long parted one,
Back to thine home!

When the bright fire shineth,
Sad looks thy place,
While the true heart pineth
Missing thy face.

Music is sorrowful
Since thou art gone,
Sisters are mourning thee,
Come to thine own!

Hark! the home voices call
Back to thy rest;
Come to thy father's hall,
Thy mother's breast!

O'er the far blue mountains,
O'er the white sea foam,
Come, thou long parted one,
Back to thine home!

O THOU BREEZE OF SPRING!

O THOU breeze of spring!
Gladdening sea and shore,
Wake the woods to sing,
Wake my heart no more
Streams have felt the sighing
Of thy scented wing,
Let each fount replying
Hail thee, breeze of spring,
Once more!

O'er long buried flowers
Passing not in vain,
Odors in soft showers
Thou hast brought again.
—Let the primrose greet thee,
Let the violet pour
Incense forth to meet thee—
Wake my heart no more!
No more!

From a funeral urn
 Bower'd in leafy gloom,
 Even *thy* soft return
 Calls not song or bloom.
 Leave my spirit sleeping
 Like that silent thing ;
 Stir the founts of weeping
There, O breeze of spring,
 No more !

COME TO ME, DREAMS OF HEAVEN.

Come to me, dreams of heaven !
 My fainting spirit bear
 On your bright wings, by morning given,
 Up to celestial air.
 Away, far, far away,
 From bowers by tempests riven,
 Fold me in blue, still, cloudless day,
 O blessed dreams of heaven !
 Come but for one brief hour,
 Sweet dreams ! and yet again,
 O'er burning thought and memory shower
 Your soft effacing rain !
 Waft me where gales divine,
 With dark clouds ne'er have striven,
 Where living founts for ever shine—
 O blessed dreams of heaven !

GOOD-NIGHT.

DAY is past !
 Stars have set their watch at last,
 Founts that through the deep woods flow
 Make sweet sounds, unheard till now,
 Flowers have shut with fading light—
 Good-night !

Go to rest !
 Sleep sit dove-like on thy breast !
 If within that secret cell
 One dark form of memory dwell,
 Be it mantled from thy sight—
 Good-night !

Joy be thine !
 Kind looks o'er thy slumbers shine !
 Go, and in the spirit-land
 Meet thy home's long parted band,
 Be their eyes all love and light—
 Good-night !

Peace to all !
 Dreams of heaven on mourners fall !
 Exile ! o'er thy couch may gleams
 Pass from thine own mountain streams ;
 Bard ! away to worlds more bright—
 Good-night !

LET HER DEPART.

HER home is far, oh ! far away !
 The clear light in her eyes
 Hath nought to do with earthly day
 'Tis kindled from the skies.
 Let her depart !

She looks upon the things of earth,
 Even as some gentle star
 Seems gazing down on grief or mirth,
 How softly, yet how far !
 Let her depart !

Her spirit's hope—her bosom's love—
 Oh ! could they mount and fly !
 She never sees a wandering dove,
 But for its wings to sigh.
 Let her depart !

She never hears a soft wind bear
 Low music on its way,
 But deems it sent from heavenly air,
 For her who cannot stay.
 Let her depart !

Wrapt in a cloud of glorious dreams,
 She breathes and moves alone,
 Pining for those bright bowers and streams
 Where her beloved is gone.
 Let her depart !

HOW CAN THAT LOVE SO DEEP, SO LONE.

How can that love so deep, so lone,
 So faithful unto death,
 Thus fitfully in laughing tone,
 In airy word, find breath ?

Nay, ask how on the dark wave's breast,
 The lily's cup may gleam,
 Though many a mournful secret rest,
 Low in the unfathom'd stream.

That stream is like my hidden love,
 In its deep cavern's power,

And like the play of words above,
That lily's trembling flower.

WATER-LILIES.

A FAIRY SONG.

COME away, elves! while the dew is sweet,
Come to the dingles where fairies meet;
Know that the lilies have spread their bells
O'er all the pools in our forest dells;
Stilly and lightly their vases rest
On the quivering sleep of the water's breast,
Catching the sunshine through leaves that throw
To their scented bosoms an emerald glow;
And a star from the depth of each pearly cup,
A golden star unto heaven looks up,
As if seeking its kindred where bright they lie,
Set in the blue of the summer sky.
—Come away! under arching boughs we'll float,
Making those urns each a fairy boat;
We'll row them with reeds o'er the fountains free,
And a tall flag-leaf shall our streamer be,
And we'll send out wild music so sweet and low,
It shall seem from the bright flower's heart to flow,
As if 'twere a breeze with a flute's low sigh,
Or water drops train'd into melody.
—Come away! for the midsummer sun grows strong,
And the life of the lily may not be long

THE BROKEN FLOWER.

OH! wear it on thy heart, my love!
Still, still a little while!
Sweetness is lingering in its leaves,
Though faded be their smile.
Yet, for the sake of what hath been,
Oh, cast it not away!
'Twas born to grace a summer scene,
A long, bright, golden day,
My love!
A long, bright, golden day!
A little while around thee, love!
Its fragrance yet shall cling,
Telling, that on thy heart hath lain,
A fair, though faded thing.
But not even that warm heart hath power
To win it back from fate:
—Oh! I am like thy broken flower,
Cherish'd too late, too late,
My love!
Cherish'd alas! too late!

I WOULD WE HAD NOT MET AGAIN.

I WOULD we had not met again !
I had a dream of thee,
Lovely, though sad, on desert plain,
Mournful on midnight sea.
What though it haunted me by night,
And troubled through the day ?
It touched all earth with spirit-light,
It glorified my way !
Oh ! what shall now my faith restore
In holy things and fair ?
We met—I saw thy soul once more—
The world's breath had been there !
Yes ! it was sad on desert-plain,
Mournful on midnight sea,
Yet would I buy with life again
That one deep dream of thee !

FAIRIES' RECALL.

WHILE the blue is richest
In the starry sky,
While the softest shadows
On the greensward lie,
While the moonlight slumbers
In the lily's urn,
Bright elves of the wild wood !
Oh ! return, return !

Round the forest fountain,
On the river shore,
Let your silvery laughter
Echo yet once more :
While the joyous bounding
Of your dewy feet
Rings to that old chorus :
" The daisy is so sweet !"¹

Oberon, Titania,
Did your starlight mirth,
With the song of Avon,
Quit this work-day earth ?
Yet while green leaves glisten,
And while bright stars burn,
By that magic memory,
Oh, return, return !

* See the chorus of Fairies in the " Flower and the Leaf " of Chaucer

THE ROCK BESIDE THE SEA.

Oh! tell me not the woods are fair,
 Now Spring is on her way;
 Well, well I know how brightly there
 In joy the young leaves play;
 How sweet on winds of morn or eve
 The violet's breath may be;—
 Yet ask me, woo me not to leave
 My lone rock by the sea.
 The wild wave's thunder on the shore,
 The curlew's restless cries,
 Unto my watching heart are more
 Than all earth's melodies.
 Come back my ocean rover! come.
 There's but one place for me.
 Till I can greet thy swift sail home—
 My lone rock by the sea!

O YE VOICES GONE.

Oh! ye voices gone,
 Sounds of other years!
 Hush that haunting tone,
 Melt me not to tears!
 All around forget,
 All who loved you well,
 Yet, sweet voices, yet
 O'er my soul ye swell.
 With the winds of spring,
 With the breath of flowers,
 Floating back, ye bring
 Thoughts of vanish'd hours.
 Hence your music take,
 Oh! ye voices gone!
 This lone heart ye make
 But more deeply lone.

BY A MOUNTAIN STREAM AT REST.

By a mountain stream at rest,
 We found the warrior lying,
 And around his noble breast
 A banner clasp'd in dying:
 Dark and still
 Was every hill,
 And the winds of night were sighing.

Last of his noble race
To a lonely bed we bore him ;
'Twas a green, still, solemn place,
Where the mountain-heath waves o'er him.
Woods alone
Seem to moan,
Wild streams to deplore him.
Yet, from festive hall and lay
Our sad thoughts oft are flying,
To those dark hills far away,
Where in death we found him lying ;
On his breast
A banner press'd,
And the night-wind o'er him sighing.

IS THERE SOME SPIRIT SIGHING.

Is there some spirit sighing
With sorrow in the air,
Can weary hearts be dying,
Vain love repining *there* ?
If not, then how can that wild wail,
O sad Æolian lyre !
Be drawn forth by the wandering gale,
From thy deep thrilling wire ?
No, no !—thou dost not borrow
That sadness from the wind,
Nor are those tones of sorrow
In thee, O harp ! enshrined ;
But in our own hearts deeply set
Lies the true quivering lyre,
Whence love, and memory, and regret,
Wake answers from thy wire.

THE NAME OF ENGLAND.

THE trumpet of the battle
Hath a high and thrilling tone ;
And the first deep gun of an ocean fight
Dread music all its own.
But a mightier power, my England !
Is in that name of thine,
To strike the fire from every heart
Along the banner'd line.
Proudly it woke the spirits
Of yore, the brave and true,
When the bow was bent on Cressy's field,
And the yeoman's arrow flew.

And proudly hath it floated
Through the battles of the sea,
When the red-cross flag o'er smoke wreaths play'd,
Like the lightning in its glee.

On rock, on wave, on bastion,
Its echoes have been known,
By a thousand streams the hearts lie low,
They have answer'd to its tone.

A thousand ancient mountains
Its pealing note hath stirr'd ;
—Sound on, and on, for evermore,
O thou victorious word !

OLD NORWAY.

A MOUNTAIN WAR-SONG.

"To a Norwegian the words *Gamlé Norgé* (Old Norway) have a spell in them immediate and powerful ; they cannot be resisted. *Gamlé Norgé* is heard, in an instant, repeated by every voice ; the glasses are filled, raised, and drained ; not a drop is left ; and then bursts forth the simultaneous chorus '*For Norgé !*' the national song of Norway. Here, (at Christiansand,) and in a hundred other instances in Norway, I have seen the character of a company entirely changed by the chance introduction of the expression *Gamlé Norgé*. The gravest discussion is instantly interrupted ; and one might suppose for the moment, that the party was a party of patriots assembled to commemorate some national anniversary of freedom."—DERWENT CONWAY'S *Personal Narrative of a Journey through Norway and Sweden*.

The following words were written to the national air, as contained in the work above cited.]

ARISE ! old Norway sends the word
Of battle on the blast ;
Her voice the forest pines hath stirr'd,
As if a storm went past ;
Her thousand hills the call have heard,
And forth their fire-flags cast.

Arm, arm, free hunters ! for the chase,
The kingly chase of foes ;
'Tis not the bear or wild wolf's race,
Whose trampling shakes the snows ;
Arm, arm ! 'tis on a nobler trace
The northern spearman goes.

Our hills have dark and strong defiles,
With many an icy bed ;
Heap there the rocks for funeral piles,
Above the invader's head !
Or let the seas, that guard our isles,
Give burial to his dead !

COME TO ME, GENTLE SLEEP.

Come to me, gentle sleep!
 I pine, I pine for thee;
 Come with thy spells, the soft, the deep,
 And set my spirit free!
 Each lonely, burning thought,
 In twilight languor steep—
 Come to the full heart, long o'erwrought,
 O gentle, gentle sleep!
 Come with thine urn of dew,
 Sleep, gentle sleep! yet bring
 No voice, love's yearning to renew,
 No vision on thy wing!
 Come, as to folding flowers,
 To birds in forests deep;
 —Long, dark, and dreamless be thine hours,
 O gentle, gentle sleep!

 THE LEAGUE OF THE ALPS; OR, THE MEETING ON THE
 FIELD OF GRUTLI.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

[It was in the year 1308 that the Swiss rose against the tyranny of the bailiffs appointed over them by Albert of Austria. The field called the Grutli, at the foot of the Seelisberg, and near the boundaries of Uri and Unterwalden, was fixed upon by three spirited yeomen, Walter Furst, (the father-in-law of William Tell,) Werner Stauffacher, and Erni (or Arnold) Melchthal, as their place of meeting to deliberate on the accomplishment of their projects.

"Hither came Furst and Melchthal, along secret paths over the heights, and Stauffacher in his boat across the Lake of the Four Cantons. On the night preceding the 11th of November 1307, they met here, each with ten associates, men of approved worth; and while at this solemn hour they were wrapt in the contemplation that on their success depended the fate of their whole posterity. Werner, Walter, and Arnold, held up their hands to Heaven, and in the name of the Almighty, who has created man to an inalienable degree of freedom, swore jointly and strenuously to defend that freedom. The thirty associates heard the oath with awe; and with uplifted hands attested the same God, and all his saints, that they were firmly bent on offering up their lives for the defence of their injured liberty. They then calmly agreed on their future proceedings, and for the present each returned to his hamlet."—

PLANTA'S History of the Helvetic Confederacy.

On the first day of the year 1308, they succeeded in throwing off the Austrian yoke, and "it is well attested," says the same author, "that not one drop of blood was shed on this memorable occasion, nor had one proprietor to lament the loss of a claim, a privilege, or an inch of land. The Swiss met on the succeeding Sabbath, and once more confirmed by oath their ancient, and (as they fondly named it) their perpetual league."]

* In point of chronology, this poem should have followed "The Vespers of Palermo" and "Songs of the Cid." Having been inad-

I.

'Twas night upon the Alps. The Senn's wild horn,¹
 Like a wind's voice, had pour'd its last long tone,
 Whose pealing echoes, through the larch-woods borne,
 To the low cabins of the glens made known
 That welcome steps were nigh. The flocks had gone,
 By cliff and pine-bridge, to their place of rest ;
 The chamois slumber'd, for the chase was done ;
 His cavern-bed of moss the hunter press'd,
 And the rock-eagle couch'd high on his cloudy nest.

II.

Did the land sleep ?—the woodman's axe had ceased
 Its ringing notes upon the beech and plane ;
 The grapes were gather'd in ; the vintage feast
 Was closed upon the hills, the reaper's strain.
 Hush'd by the streams ; the year was in its wane,
 The night in its mid-watch ; it was a time
 E'en mark'd and hallow'd unto slumber's reign,
 But thoughts were stirring, restless and sublime,
 And o'er his white Alps moved the spirit of the clime.

III.

For there, where snows, in crowning glory spread
 High and unmark'd by mortal footstep lay ;
 And there, where torrents, 'mid the ice-caves fed,
 Burst in their joy of light and sound away ;
 And there, where freedom, as in scornful play,
 Had hung man's dwellings 'midst the realms of air,
 O'er cliffs the very birth-place of the day—
 Oh ! who would dream that tyranny could dare
 To lay her withering hand on God's bright works e'en there ?

IV.

Yet thus it was—amidst the fleet streams gushing
 To bring down rainbows o'er their sparry cell,
 And the glad heights, through mist and tempest rushing
 Up where the sun's red fire-glance earliest fell,
 And the fresh pastures where the herd's sweet bell
 Recall'd such life as Eastern patriarch's led :
 There peasant men their free thoughts might not tell
 Save in the hour of shadows and of dread,
 And hollow sounds that wake to Guilt's dull stealthy tread.

V.

But in a land of happy shepherd homes,
 On its green hills in quiet joy reclining,
 With their bright hearth-fires 'midst the twilight glooms,
 From bowery lattice through the fir-woods shining—
 A land of legends, and wild songs entwining

vertently omitted in its proper place, it is here inserted between the
 'Songs for Music' and the "Scenes and Hymns of Life," in order
 more strikingly to exhibit the changes in style and habits of thought
 apparent between the earlier and later compositions of Mrs Hemans

Their memory with all memories loved and blest—
 In such a land there dwells a power, combining
 The strength of many a calm but fearless breast ;
 And woe to him who breaks the Sabbath of its rest !

VI.

A sound went up—the wave's dark sleep was broken—
 On Uri's lake was heard a midnight oar—
 Of man's brief course a troubled moment's token
 Th' eternal waters to their barriers bore ;
 And then their gloom a flashing image wore
 Of torch-fires streaming out o'er crag and wood,
 And the wild-falcon's wing was heard to soar
 In startled haste—and by that moonlight flood,
 A band of patriot men on Grutli's verdure stood.

VII.

They stood in arms : the wolf-spear and the bow
 Had waged their war on things of mountain race ;
 Might not their swift stroke reach a mail-clad foe ?
 —Strong hands in harvest, daring feet in chase,
 True hearts in fight, were gather'd on that place
 Of secret council.—Not for fame or spoil
 So met those men in Heaven's majestic face ;—
 To guard free hearths they rose, the sons of toil,
 The hunter of the rocks, the tiller of the soil.

VIII.

O'er their low pastoral valleys might the tide
 Of years have flow'd, and still, from sire to son,
 Their names and records on the green earth died,
 As cottage-lamps, expiring one by one
 In the dim glades, when midnight hath begun
 To hush all sound.—But silent on its height,
 The snow-mass, full of death, while ages run
 Their course, may slumber, bathed in rosy light,
 Till some rash voice or step disturb its brooding night..

IX.

So were *they* roused—th' invading step had pass'd
 Their cabin thresholds, and the lowly door,
 Which well had stood against the Föhnwind's blast,²
 Could bar Oppression from their homes no more,
 Why, what had *she* to do where all things wore
 Wild grandeur's impress ?—In the storm's free way,
 How dared *she* lift her pageant crest before
 Th' enduring and magnificent array
 Of sovereign Alps, that wing'd their eagles with the day !

X.

This might not long be borne—the tameless hills
 Have voices from the cave and cataract swelling,
 Fraught with His name, whose awful presence fills
 Their deep lone places, and for ever telling
 That He hath made man free ! and they whose dwelling

Was in those ancient fastnesses, gave ear ;
 The weight of sufferance from their hearts repelling.
 They rose—the forester the mountaineer—
 Oh ! what hath earth more strong than the good peasant-spent ?

XI.

Sacred be Grutli's field—their vigil keeping
 Through many a blue and starry summer night,
 There, while the sons of happier lands were sleeping,
 Had those brave Switzers met, and in the sight
 Of the just God, who pours forth burning might
 To gird the oppress'd, had given their deep thoughts way,
 And braced their spirits for the patriot fight,
 With lovely images of homes that lay
 Bower'd 'midst the rustling pines, or by the torrent spray.

XII.

Now had endurance reach'd its bounds !—They came
 With courage set in each bright earnest eye,
 The day, the signal, and the hour to name,
 When they should gather on their hills to die,
 Or shake the glaciers with their joyous cry
 For the land's freedom.—'Twas a scene combining
 All glory in itself—the solemn sky,
 The stars, the waves their soften'd light enshrining,
 And man's high soul supreme o'er mighty Nature shining.

XIII.

Calmly they stood, and with collected mien,
 Breathing their souls in voices firm but low
 As if the spirit of the hour and scene,
 With the woods' whisper and the waves' sweet flow,
 Had temper'd in their thoughtful hearts the glow
 Of all indignant feeling. To the breath
 Of Dorian flute, and lyre-note soft and slow,
 E'en thus of old, the Spartan from its sheath
 Drew his devoted sword, and girt himself for death.

XIV.

And three, that seem'd as chieftains of the band,
 Were gather'd in the 'midst on that lone shore
 By Uri's lake—a father of the land,³
 One on his brow the silent record wore
 Of many days, whose shadows had pass'd o'er
 His path among the hills, and quench'd the dreams
 Of youth with sorrow.—Yet from memory's lore
 Still his life's evening drew its loveliest gleams,
 For he had walk'd with God, beside the mountain streams.

XV.

And his grey hairs, in happier times, might well
 To their last pillow silently have gone,
 As melts a wreath of snow.—But who shall tell
 How life may task the spirit ?—He was one,
 Who from its morn a freeman's work had done,

And reap'd his harvest, and his vintage press'd,
 Fearless of wrong; and now, at set of sun,
 He bow'd not to his years, for on the breast
 Of a still chainless land he deem'd it much to rest.

XVI.

But for such holy rest strong hands must toil,
 Strong hearts endure!—By that pale elder's side,
 Stood one that seem'd a monarch of the soil,
 Serene and stately in his manhood's pride,
 Werner,⁴ the brave and true!—If men have died,
 Their hearths and shrines inviolate to keep,
 He was a mate for such.—The voice that cried
 Within his breast, "Arise!" came still and deep
 From his far home, that smiled e'en then in moonlight sleep.

XVII.

It was a home to die for!—As it rose
 Through its vine-foliage, sending forth a sound
 Of mirthful childhood, o'er the green repose
 And laughing sunshine of the pastures round;
 And he whose life to that sweet spot was bound
 Raised unto Heaven a glad yet thoughtful eye,
 And set his free step firmer on the ground,
 When o'er his soul its melodies went by
 As through some Alpine pass, a breeze of Italy.

XVIII.

But who was he, that on his hunting-spear
 Lean'd with a prouder and more fiery bearing?
 His was a brow for tyrant hearts to fear,
 Within the shadow o' its dark locks wearing
 That which they may not tame—a soul declaring
 War against earth's oppressors. Midst that throng,
 Of other mould he seem'd, and loftier daring,
 One whose blood swept high impulses along,
 One that should pass, and leave a name for warlike song—

XIX.

A memory on the mountains!—one to stand,
 When the hills echo'd with the deepening swell
 Of hostile trumpets, foremost for the land,
 And in some rock defile, or savage dell,
 Array her peasant-children to repel
 Th' invader, sending arrows for his chains;
 Ay, one to fold around him, as he fell,
 Her banner with a smile—for through his veins
 The joy of danger flow'd, as torrents to the plains.

XX.

There was at times a wildness in the light
 Of his quick-flashing eye; a something, born
 Of the free Alps, and beautifully bright,
 And proud, and tameless, laughing fear to scorn!
 It well might be!—Young Erni's step had worn⁵

The mantling snows on their most regal steeps,
 And track'd the lynx above the clouds of morn,
 And follow'd where the flying chamois leaps
 Across the dark-blue rifts, th' unfathom'd glacier deeps.

XXI.

He was a creature of the Alpine sky,
 A being whose bright spirit had been fed
 'Midst the crown'd heights of joy and liberty,
 And thoughts of power. He knew each path which led
 To the rock's treasure-caves, whose crystal shed
 Soft light o'er secret fountains At the tone
 Of his loud horn, the Lammer-Geyer had spread⁶
 A startled wing; for oft that peal had blown
 Where the free cataract's voice was wont to sound alone.

XXII.

His step had track'd the waste, his soul had stirr'd
 The ancient solitudes—his voice had told
 Of wrongs to call down Heaven.⁷ That tale was heard
 In Hasli's dales, and where the shepherds' fold
 Their flocks in dark ravine and craggy hold
 On the bleak Oberland; and where the light
 Of day's last footstep bathes in burning gold
 Great Righi's cliffs; and where Mount Pilate's height
 Casts o'er his glassy lake the darkness of his might.

XXIII.

Nor was it heard in vain. There all things press
 High thoughts on man. The fearless hunter pass'd
 And, from the bosom of the wilderness,
 There leapt a spirit and a power to cast
 The weight of bondage down—and bright and fast,
 As the clear waters, joyously and free,
 Burst from the desert-rock, it rush'd at last,
 Through the far valleys; till the patriot three
 Thus with their brethern stood, beside the Forest Sea.⁸

XXIV.

They link'd their hands, they pledged their stainless faith.
 In the dread presence of attesting Heaven,
 They bound their hearts to suffering and to death,
 With the severe and solemn transport given
 To bless such vows. How nobly man had striven,
 How man *might* strive, and vainly strive, they knew,
 And call'd upon their God, whose arm had riven
 The crest of many a tyrant, since He blew,
 The foaming sea-wave on, and Egypt's might o'erthrew.

XXV.

They knelt, and rose in strength. The valleys lay
 Still in their dimness, but the peaks which darted
 Into the bright mid-air, had caught from day
 A flush of fire, when those true Switzers parted,
 Each to his glen or forest, steadfast-hearted,

And full of hope. Not many suns had worn
 Their setting glory, ere from slumber started
 Ten thousand voices, of the mountains born—
 So far was heard the blast of freedom's echoing horn !

XXVI.

The ice-vaults trembled, when that peal came rending
 The frozen stillness which around them hung ;
 From cliff to cliff the avalanche descending,
 Gave answer, till the sky's blue hollow rung ;
 And the flame-signals through the midnight sprung
 From the Surennen rocks, like banners streaming
 To the far Seelisberg ; whence light was flung
 On Grutli's field, till all the red lake gleaming,
 Shone out, a meteor-heaven in its wild splendor seeming.

XXVII.

And the winds toss'd each summit's blazing crest,
 As a host's plumage ; and the giant pines,
 Fell'd where they waved o'er crag and eagle's nest,
 Heap'd up the flames. The clouds grew fiery signs,
 As o'er a city's burning towers and shrines,
 Reddening the distance. Wine-cups, crown'd and bright,
 In Werner's dwelling flow'd ; through leafless vines
 From Walter's hearth stream'd forth the festive light,
 And Erni's blind old sire gave thanks to heaven that night.

XXVIII.

Then on the silence of the snows there lay
 A Sabbath's quiet sunshine—and its bell
 Fill'd the hush'd air awhile, with lonely sway ;
 For the stream's voice was chain'd by Winter's spell,
 The deep wood-sounds had ceased. But rock and dell
 Rung forth, ere long, when strains of jubilee
 Peal'd from the mountain-churches, with a swell
 Of praise to Him who stills the raging sea—
 For now the strife was closed, the glorious Alps were free !

NOTES.

Note 1, page 432, line 1.

—— *The Senn's wild horn.*

Senn, the name given to a herdsman among the Swiss Alps.

Note 2, page 433, line 34.

—— *Against the Fohnwind's blast.*

Fohnwind, the south-east wind, which frequently lays waste the country before it.

Note 3, page 434, line 34.

—— *A father of the land.*

Walter Furst, the father-in-law of Tell.

Note 4, page 435, line 9.

Werner, the brave and true, &c.

Werner Stauffacher, who had been urged by his wife to rouse and unite his countrymen for the deliverance of Switzerland.

Note 5, page 435, last line.

—— *Young Erni's step had worn, &c.*

Erni, Arnold Melchthal.

Note 6, page 436, line 11.

—— *The Lammer-Geyer had spread, &c.*

The Lammer-Geyer, the largest kind of Alpine eagle.

Note 7, page 436, line 16.

Of wrongs to call down Heaven, &c.

The eyes of his aged father had been put out by the orders of the Austrian Governor.

Note 8, page 436, line 31.

—— *Beside the Forest Sea.*

Forest-Sea—the Lake of the Four Cantons is frequently so called.

SCENES AND HYMNS OF LIFE ; WITH OTHER RELIGIOUS POEMS.

I TRUST I shall not be accused of presumption for the endeavor which I have here made to enlarge, in some degree, the sphere of Religious Poetry, by associating with its themes more of the emotions, the affections, and even the purer imaginative enjoyments of daily life, than may have been hitherto admitted within the hallowed circle.

It has been my wish to portray the religious spirit, not alone in its meditative joys and solitary aspirations, (the poetic embodying of which seems to require from the reader a state of mind already separated and exalted,) but likewise in those active influences upon human life, so often called into victorious energy by trial and conflict, though too often also, like the upward-striving flame of a mountain watch-fire, borne down by tempest showers, or swayed by the current of opposing winds.

I have sought to represent that spirit as penetrating the gloom of the prison and the deathbed, bearing "healing on its wings" to the agony of parting love—strengthening the heart of the wayfarer for "perils in the wilderness"—gladdening the domestic walk through field and woodland—and springing to life in the soul of childhood, along with its earliest rejoicing preceptions of natural beauty.

Circumstances not altogether under my own control, have, for the present, interfered to prevent the fuller development of a plan which I yet hope more worthily to mature; and I lay this little volume before the public with that deep sense of deficiency which cannot be

more impressively taught to human powers, than by their reverential application to things divine.

THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.

A SCENE OF THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY.

“Thy face
Is all at once spread over with a calm
More beautiful than sleep, or mirth, or joy !
I am no more disconsolate.” *Wilson.*

*Scene in a Prison.**EDITH alone.*

Edith. MORN once again ! Morn in the lone dim cell,
The cavern of the prisoner's fever dream,
And morn on all the green rejoicing hills,
And the bright waters round the prisoner's home,
Far, far away ! Now wakes the early bird
That in the lime's transparent foliage sings,
Close to my cottage lattice—he awakes,
To stir the young leaves with his gushing soul,
And to call forth rich answers of delight
From voices buried in a thousand trees,
Through the dim starry hours. Now doth the lake
Darken and flash in rapid interchange
Unto the matin breeze ; and the blue mist
Rolls, like a furling banner, from the brows
Of the forth-gleaming hills and woods that rise
As if new-born. Bright world ! and I am here !
And thou, O thou ! the awakening thought of whom
Was more than dayspring, dearer than the sun,
Herbert ! the very glance of whose clear eye
Made my soul melt away to one pure fount
Of living, bounding gladness !—where art *thou* ?
My friend ! my only and my blessed love !
Herbert, my soul's companion !

*[GOMEZ, a Spanish Priest enters.**Gom.*

Daughter, hail !

I bring thee tidings.

Ed.

Heaven will aid my soul

Calmly to meet whate'er thy lips announce.

Gom. Nay, lift a song of thanksgiving to Heaven,
And bow thy knee down for deliverance won !

Hast thou not pray'd for life ? and would'st thou not
Once more be free ?

Ed.

Have I not pray'd for life ?

I, that am so beloved ! that love again
With such a heart of tendrils ? Heaven ! *thou* know'st
The gushings of my prayer ! And would I not
Once more be free ? I that have been a child
Of breezy hills, a playmate of the fawn
In ancient woodlands from mine infancy !

A watcher of the clouds and of the stars,
Beneath the adoring silence of the night;
And a glad wanderer with the happy streams
Whose laughter fills the mountains! Oh! to hear
Their blessed sounds again!

Gom. Rejoice, rejoice!
Our Queen hath pity, maiden, on thy youth;
She wills not thou should'st perish.—I am come
To loose thy bonds.

Ed. And shall I see *his* face,
And shall I listen to *his* voice again,
And lay my head upon his faithful breast,
Weeping there in my gladness? *Will* this be?—
Blessings upon thee, father! my quick heart
Hath deem'd thee stern—say, wilt thou not forgive
The wayward child, too long in sunshine rear'd—
Too long unused to chastening? Wilt thou not?
But Herbert, Herbert! Oh, my soul hath rush'd
On a swift gust of sudden joy away,
Forgetting all beside! Speak, father, speak!
Herbert—is he too free?

Gom. His freedom lies
In his own choice—a boon like thine.

Ed. Thy words
Fall changed and cold upon my boding heart.
Leave not this dim suspense o'ershadowing me.
Let all be told.

Gom. The monarchs of the earth
Shower not their mighty gifts without a claim
Unto some token of true vassalage,
Some mark of homage.

Ed. Oh! unlike to *Him*,
Who freely pours the joy of sunshine forth,
And the bright quickening rain, on those who serve
And those who heed him not!

Gom. (*laying a paper before her.*) Is it so much
That thine own hand should set the crowning seal
To thy deliverance? Look, thy task is here!
Sign but these words for liberty and life.

Ed. (*examining and then throwing it from her.*)
Sign but these words! and wherefore saidst thou not,
"Be but a traitor to God's light within?"—
Cruel, oh, cruel! thy dark sport hath been
With a young bosom's hope! Farewell, glad life!
Bright opening path to love and home farewell!
And thou—now leave me with my God alone!

Gom. Dost thou reject Heaven's mercy?

Ed. Heaven's! doth *Heaven*
Woo the free spirit for dishonor'd breath
To sell its birthright? doth *Heaven* set a price
On the clear jewel of unsullied faith,
And the bright calm of conscience? Priest, away!

God hath been with me 'midst the holiness
Of England's mountains. Not in sport alone
I trod their heath-flowers ; but high thoughts rose up
From the broad shadow of the enduring rocks,
And wander'd with me into solemn glens,
Where my soul felt the beauty of his word.
I have heard voices of immortal truth,
Blent with the everlasting torrent-sounds
That make the deep hills tremble.—Shall I quail ?—
Shall England's daughter sink ?—No ! He who there
Spoke to my heart in silence and in storm,
Will not forsake his child !

Gom. (turning from her.) Then perish ! lost
In thine own blindness !

Ed. (suddenly throwing herself at his feet.)

Father ! hear me yet !

Oh ! if the kindly touch of human love
Hath ever warm'd thy breast—

Gom. Away—away !

I know not love.

Ed. Yet hear ! if thou hast known

The tender sweetness of a mother's voice—

If the true vigil of affection's eye

Hath watch'd thy childhood—if fond tears have e'er

Been shower'd upon thy head—if parting words

E'er pierced thy spirit with their tenderness—

Let me but look upon *his* face once more,

Let me but say—farewell, my soul's beloved !

And I will bless thee still !

Gom. (aside.) Her soul may yield,

Beholding him in fetters ; woman's faith

Will bend to woman's love—

Thy prayer is heard ;

Follow, and I will guide thee to his cell.

Ed. Oh ! stormy hour of agony and joy !

But I shall see him—I shall hear his voice ! [*They go out.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Prison.*

HERBERT—EDITH.

Ed. Herbert, my Herbert ! is it thus we meet ?

Her. The voice of my own Edith ! Can such joy

Light up this place of death ? And do I feel

Thy breath of love once more upon my cheek,

And the soft floating of thy gleamy hair,

My blessed Edith ? Oh, so pale ! so changed !

My flower, my blighted flower ! thou that wert made

For the kind fostering of sweet summer airs,

How hath the storm been with thee !—Lay thy head

On this true breast again, my gentle one !

And tell me all.

Ed. Yes, take me to thy heart,

For I am weary, weary! Oh! that heart!
 The kind, the brave, the tender!—how my soul
 Hath sicken'd in vain yearnings for the balm
 Of rest on that warm heart!—full, deep repose!
 One draught of dewy stillness after storm!
 And God hath pitied me, and I am here—
 Yet once before I die!

Her. They cannot slay
 One young, and meek, and beautiful as thou,
 My broken lily! Surely the long days
 Of the dark cell have been enough for *thee*!
 Oh! that thou shalt live, and raise thy gracious head
 Yet in calm sunshine

Ed. Herbert! I have cast
 The snare of proffer'd mercy from my soul,
 This very hour. God to the weak hath given
 Victory o'er life and death!—The tempter's price
 Hath been rejected—Herbert, I must die.

Her. O Edith! Edith! I, that led thee first
 From the old path wherein thy fathers trod—
 I, that received it as an angel's task,
 To pour the fresh light on thine ardent soul,
 Which drank it as a sunflower—I have been
 Thy guide to death!

Ed. To heaven! my guide to heaven,
 My noble and my bless'd! Oh! look up,
 Be strong, rejoice, my Herbert! But for *thee*,
 How could my spirit have sprung up to God,
 Through the dark cloud which o'er its vision hung,
 The night of fear and error?—thy dear hand
 First raised that veil, and show'd the glorious world
 My heritage beyond.—Friend! love, and friend!
 It was as if thou gav'st me mine own soul
 In those bright days! Yes! a new earth and heaven,
 And a new sense for all their splendors born,
 These were thy gifts! and shall I not rejoice
 To die, upholding their immortal worth,
 Even for *thy* sake? Yes, fill'd with nobler life
 By thy pure love, made holy to the truth,
 Lay me upon the altar of thy God,
 The first fruits of thy ministry below;
 Thy work, thine own!

Her. My love, my sainted love!
 Oh! I *can* almost yield thee unto heaven;
 Earth would but sully thee! Thou must depart,
 With the rich crown of thy celestial gifts
 Untainted by a breath! And yet, alas!
 Edith! what dreams of holy happiness,
 Even for *this* world, were ours!—the low, sweet home,
 The pastoral dwelling, with its ivied porch,
 And lattice gleaming through the leaves—and thou,
 My life's companion!—Thou, beside my hearth,

Sitting with thy meek eyes, or greeting me
 Back from brief absence with thy bounding step,
 In the green meadow-path, or by my side
 Kneeling—thy calm uplifted face to mine,
 In the sweet hush of prayer! and now—oh! now—
 How have we loved—how fervently, how long!
 And *this* to be the close!

Ed. Oh! bear me up,
 Against the unutterable tenderness
 Of earthly love, my God! in the sick hour
 Of dying human hope, forsake me not!
 Herbert, my Herbert! even from that sweet home
 Where it had been too much of Paradise
 To dwell with thee—even thence the oppressor's hand
 Might soon have torn us; or the touch of death
 Might one day there have left a widow'd heart,
 Pining alone. We will go hence, beloved!
 To the bright country, where the wicked cease
 From troubling, where the spoiler hath no sway;
 Where no harsh voice of worldliness disturbs
 The Sabbath-peace of love. We will go hence,
 Together with our wedded souls, to heaven:
 No solitary lingering, no cold void,
 No dying of the heart! Our lives have been
 Lovely through faithful love, and in our deaths
 We will not be divided.

Her. Oh! the peace
 Of God is lying far within thine eyes,
 Far underneath the mist of human tears,
 Lighting those blue still depths, and sinking thence
 On my worn heart. Now am I girt with strength,
 Now I can bless thee, my true bride for Heaven!

Ed. And let me bless *thee*, Herbert! in this hour
 Let my soul bless thee with prevailing might!
 Oh! thou hast loved me nobly! thou didst take
 An orphan to thy heart, a thing unprized
 And desolate; and thou didst guard her there,
 That lone and lowly creature, as a pearl
 Of richest price; and thou didst fill her soul
 With the high gifts of an immortal wealth.—
 I bless, I bless thee! Never did thine eye
 Look on me but in glistening tenderness,
 My gentle Herbert! Never did thy voice
 But in affection's deepest music speak
 To thy poor Edith! Never was thy heart
 Aught but the kindest sheltering home to mine,
 My faithful, generous Herbert! Woman's peace
 Ne'er on a breast so tender and so pure
 Reposed before.—Alas! thy showering tears
 Fall fast upon my cheek—forgive, forgive!
 I should not melt thy noble strength away
 In such an hour.

Her. Sweet Edith, no ! my heart
 Will fail no more ; God bears me up through thee,
 And, by thy words, and by the heavenly light
 Shining around thee, through thy very tears,
 Will yet sustain me ! Let us call on him !
 Let us kneel down, as we have knelt so oft,
 Thy pure cheek touching mine, and call on Him,
 Th' all-pitying One, to aid. [*They kneel.*]

O, look on us,
 Father above ! in tender mercy look
 On us, thy children ! through th' o'ershadowing cloud
 Of sorrow and mortality, send aid—
 Save or we perish ! We would pour our lives
 Forth as a joyous offering to thy truth,
 But we are weak—we, the bruised reeds of earth,
 Are sway'd by every gust. Forgive, O God !
 The blindness of our passionate desires,
 The fainting of our hearts, the lingering thoughts,
 Which cleave to dust ! Forgive the strife ; accept
 The sacrifice, though dim with mortal tears,
 From mortal pangs wrung forth ! And if our souls,
 In all the fervent dreams, the fond excess,
 Of their long-clasping love, have wander'd not,
 Holiest ! from thee ; oh ! take them to thyself,
 After the fiery trial, take them home
 To dwell, in that imperishable bond
 Before thee link'd for ever. Hear, through Him
 Who meekly drank the cup of agony,
 Who pass'd through death to victory, hear and save !
 Pity us, Father ! we are girt with snares ;
 Father in Heaven ! we have no help but thee. [*They rise.*]
 Is thy soul strengthen'd, my beloved one ?
 O Edith ! couldst thou lift up thy sweet voice,
 And sing me that old solemn-breathing hymn
 We loved in happier days—the strain which tells
 Of the dread conflict in the olive shade ? [*She sings.*]

He knelt, the Saviour knelt and pray'd,
 When but his Father's eye
 Look'd through the lonely garden's shade
 On that dread agony ;
 The Lord of All above, beneath,
 Was bow'd with sorrow unto death.

The sun set in a fearful hour,
 The stars might well grow dim,
 When this mortality had power
 So to o'ershadow HIM !
 That he who gave man's breath, might know
 The very depths of human woe.

He proved them all !—the doubt, the strife,
 The faint perplexing dread,

The mists that hang o'er parting life,
 All gather'd round his head ;
 And the Deliverer knelt to pray—
 Yet pass'd it not, that cup, away !

It pass'd not—though the stormy wave
 Had sunk beneath his tread ;
 It pass'd not—though to him the grave
 Had yielded up its dead.
 But there was sent him from on high
 A gift of strength for man to die.

And was the sinless thus beset
 With anguish and dismay ?
 How may *we* meet our conflict yet,
 In the dark narrow way ?
 Through Him—through Him, that path who trod—
 Save, or we perish, Son of God !

Hark, hark ! the parting signal.

[*Prison attendants enter.*

Fare-thee-well !
 O thou unutterably loved, farewell !
 Let our hearts bow to God !

Her. One last embrace.
 On earth the last !—We have eternity
 For love's communion yet !—Farewell—farewell !

[*She is led out.*

'Tis o'er—the bitterness of death is past !

FLOWERS AND MUSIC IN A ROOM OF SICKNESS.

" Once when I look'd along the laughing earth,
 Up the blue heavens, and through the middle air,
 Joyfully ringing with the skylark's song,
 I wept ! and thought how sad for one so young
 To bid farewell to so much happiness.
 But Christ hath call'd me from this lower world,
 Delightful though it be." *Wilson.*

Apartment in an English Country-House.—LILLIAN reclining, as sleeping on a couch. Her Mother watching beside her. Her Sister enters with flowers.

Mother. Hush, lightly tread ! still tranquilly she sleeps,
 As, when a babe, I rock'd her on my heart.
 I've watch'd, suspending e'en my breath, in fear
 To break the heavenly spell. Move silently !
 And oh ! those flowers ! dear Jessie, bear them hence—
 Dost thou forget the passion of quick tears
 That shook her trembling frame, when last we brought
 The roses to her couch ? Dost thou not know
 What sudden longings for the woods and hills,
 Where once her free steps moved so buoyantly,

These leaves and odors with strange influence wake
In her fast-kindled soul?

Jessy. Oh! she would pine,
Were the wild scents and glowing hues withheld,
Mother! far more than *now* her spirit yearns
For the blue sky, the singing-birds and brooks,
And swell of breathing turf, whose lightsome spring
Their blooms recall.

Lilian, (raising herself.) Is that my *Jessy's* voice?
It woke me not, sweet mother! I had lain
Silently, visited by waking dreams,
Yet conscious of thy brooding watchfulness,
Long ere I heard the sound. Hath she brought flowers?
Nay, fear not now thy fond child's waywardness,
My thoughtful mother!—In her chasten'd soul
The passion-color'd images of life,
Which, with their sudden startling flush awoke
So oft those burning tears, have died away:
And night is there—still, solemn, holy night,
With all her stars, and with the gentle tune
Of many fountains low and musical,
By day unheard.

Mother. And wherefore *night*, my child?
Thou art a creature all of life and dawn,
And from thy couch of sickness yet shalt rise,
And walk forth with the dayspring,

Lilian. Hope it not!
Dream it no more, my mother!—there are things
Known but to God, and to the parting soul,
Which feels his thrilling summons.

But my words
Too much o'ershadow those kind loving eyes.
Bring me thy flowers, dear *Jessy*? Ah! thy step,
Well do I see, hath not alone explored
The garden bowers, but freely visited
Our wilder haunts. This foam-like meadow-sweet
Is from the cool green shadowy river nook,
Where the stream chimes around th' old mossy stones
With sounds like childhood's laughter. Is that spot
Lovely as when our glad eyes hail'd it first?
Still doth the golden willow bend, and sweep
The clear brown wave with every passing wind?
And through the shallower waters, where they lie
Dimpling in light, do the vein'd pebbles gleam
Like bedded gems? And the white butterflies,
From shade to sun-streak are they glancing still
Among the poplar boughs?

Jessy. All, all is there
Which glad midsummer's wealthiest hours can bring;
All, save the *soul* of all, thy lightening smile!
Therefore I stood in sadness 'midst the leaves,
And caught an under-music of lament

In the stream's voice ; but Nature waits thee still,
And for thy coming piles a fairy throne
Of richest moss.

Lilian Alas ! it may not be !
My soul hath sent her farewell voicelessly,
To all these blessed haunts of song and thought ;
Yet not the less I love to look on these,
Their dear memorials ;—strew them o'er my couch
Till it grow like a forest bank in spring,
All flush'd with violets and anemones.
Ah ! the pale brier rose ! touch'd so tenderly,
As a pure ocean shell, with faintest red,
Melting away to pearliness !—I know
How its long light festoons o'erarching hung
From the grey rock, that rises altar-like,
With its high waving crown of mountain ash
'Midst the lone grassy dell. And this rich bough
Of honey'd woodbine, tells me of the oak
Whose deep midsummer gloom sleeps heavily,
Shedding a verdurous twilight o'er the face
Of the glade's pool. Methinks I see it now ;
I look up through the stirring of its leaves
Unto the intense blue crystal firmament.
The ringdove's wing is flitting o'er my head,
Casting at times a silvery shadow down
'Midst the large water-lilies. Beautiful !
How beautiful is all this fair free world
Under God's open sky !

Mother. Thou art o'erwrought
Once more, my child ! The dewy trembling light
Presaging tears, again is in thine eye.
O hush, dear *Lilian* ! turn thee to repose.

Lilian. Mother ! I cannot. In my soul the thoughts
Burn with too subtle and too swift a fire ;
Importunately to my lips they throng,
And with their earthly kindred seek to blend
Ere the veil drop between. When I am gone—
(For I *must* go)—then the remember'd words
Wherein these wild imaginings flow forth,
Will to thy fond heart be as amulets
Held there with life and love. And weep not thus
Mother ! dear sister ! kindest, gentlest ones !
Be comforted that now I weep no more
For the glad earth and all the golden light
Whence I depart.

No ! God hath purified my spirit's eye,
And in the folds of this consummate rose
I read bright prophecies. I see not there,
Dimly and mournfully, the word "*farewell*"
On the rich petals traced : No—in soft veins
And characters of beauty, I can read—
"*Look up, look heavenward !*"

Blessed God of Love

I thank thee for these gifts, the precious links
 Whereby my spirit unto thee is drawn !
 I thank thee that the loveliness of earth
 Higher than earth can raise me ! Are not these
 But germs of things unperishing, that bloom
 Beside th' immortal streams ? Shall I not find
 The lily of the field, the Saviour's flower,
 In the serene and never-moaning air,
 And the clear starry light of angel eyes,
 A thousand fold more glorious ? Richer far
 Will not the violet's dusky purple glow,
 When it hath ne'er been press'd to broken hearts,
 A record of lost love ?

Mother. My Lilian ! thou
 Surely in *thy* bright life hast little known
 Of lost things or of changed !

Lilian. Oh ! little yet,
 For *thou* hast been my shield ; But had it been
 My lot on this world's billows to be thrown
 Without thy love—O mother ! there are hearts
 So perilously fashion'd, that for them
 God's touch alone hath gentleness enough
 To waken, and not break, their thrilling strings !—
 We will not speak of this !

By what strange spell
 Is it, that ever, when I gaze on flowers,
 I dream of music ? Something in their hues
 All melting into color'd harmonies,
 Wafts a swift thought of interwoven chords,
 Of blended singing tones, that swell and die
 In tenderest falls away.—O, bring thy harp,
 Sister ! a gentle heaviness at last
 Hath touch'd mine eyelids ; sing to me, and sleep
 Will come again.

Jessy. What would'st thou hear ? The Italian peasant's lay
 Which makes the desolate Campagna ring
 With "*Roma, Roma ?*" or the madrigal
 Warbled on moonlight seas of Sicily ?
 Or the old ditty left by Troubadours
 To girls of Languedoc ?

Lilian. Oh, no ! not these.
Jessy. What then ? the Moorish melody still known
 Within the Alhambra city ? or those notes
 Born of the Alps, which pierce the exile's heart
 Even unto death ?

Lilian. No, sister, nor yet these—
 Too much of dreamy love, of faint regret,
 Of passionately fond remembrance, breathes
 In the caressing sweetness of their tones,
 For one who dies ;—They would but woo me back
 To glowing life with those Arcadian sounds—

And vainly, vainly—No ! a loftier strain,
 A deeper music !—Something that may bear
 The spirit upon slow yet mighty wings,
 Unsway'd by gusts of earth : something all fill'd
 With solemn adoration, tearful prayer.—
 Sing me that antique strain which once I deem'd
 Almost too sternly simple, too austere
 In its grave majesty ! I love it now—
Now it seems fraught with holiest power, to hush
 All billows of the soul, e'en like his voice
 That said of old—"Be still !"—Sing me that strain,
 "The Saviour's dying hour." [JESSY sings to the Harp

O Son of Man !
 In thy last mortal hour
 Shadows of earth closed round thee fearfully !
 All that on us is laid,
 All the deep gloom,
 The desolation and the abandonment,
 The dark amaze of death ;
 All upon *thee* too fell,
 Redeemer ! Son of Man !
 But the keen pang
 Wherewith the silver cord
 Of earth's affection from the soul is wrung ;
 The uptearing of those tendrils which have grown
 Into the quick strong heart ;
 This, *this*, the passion and the agony
 Of battling love and death,
 Surely was not for *thee*,
 Holy one ! Son of God !
 Yes, my Redeemer !
 E'en this cup was thine !
 Fond wailing voices call'd thy spirit back :
 E'en 'midst the mighty thoughts
 Of that last crowning hour !
 E'en on thine awful way to victory,
 Wildly they call'd thee back !
 And weeping eyes of love
 Unto thy heart's deep core,
 Pierced through the folds of death's mysterious veil—
 Sufferer ! thou Son of Man !
 Mother-tears were mingled
 With thy costly blood-drops,
 In the shadow of the atoning cross ;
 And the friend, the faithful,
 He that on thy bosom,
 Thence imbibing heavenly love, had lain—
 He a pale sad watcher—
 Met with looks of anguish,
 All the anguish in *thy* last meek glance—
 Dying Son of Man !

Oh ! therefore unto thee,
 Thou that hast known all woes
 Bound in the girdle of mortality !
 Thou that wilt lift the reed
 Which storms have bruised,
 To thee may sorrow through each conflict cry,
 And, in that tempest-hour, when love and life
 Mysteriously must part,
 When tearful eyes
 Are passionately bent
 To drink earth's last fond meaning from our gaze,
 Then, then forsake us not !
 Shed on our spirits then
 The faith and deep submissiveness of thine !
 Thou that didst love,
 Thou that didst weep and die—
 Thou that didst rise a victor glorified ;
 Conqueror ! thou Son of God !

CATHEDRAL HYMN.

"They dreamt not of a perishable home
 Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
 Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here."—*Wordsworth*

A DIM and mighty minster of old time !
 A temple shadowy with remembrances
 Of the majestic past !—the very light
 Streams with a coloring of heroic days
 In every ray, which leads through arch and aisle
 A path of dreamy lustre, wandering back
 To other years ;—and the rich fretted roof,
 And the wrought coronals of summer leaves,
 Ivy and vine, and many a sculptured rose—
 The tenderest image of mortality—
 Binding the slender columns, whose light shafts
 Cluster like stems in corn sheaves—all these things
 Tell of a race that nobly, fearlessly,
 On their heart's worship pour'd a wealth of love !
 Honor be with the dead !—the people kneel
 Under the helms of antique chivalry,
 And in the crimson gloom from banners thrown,
 And 'midst the forms, in pale proud slumber carved,
 Of warriors on their tombs.—The people kneel
 Where mail-clad chiefs have knelt ; where jewell'd crowns
 On the flush'd brows of conquerors have been set ;
 Where the high anthems of old victories
 Have made the dust give echoes.—Hence, vain thoughts !
 Memories of power and pride, which, long ago,
 Like dim processions of a dream, have sunk
 In twilight depths away.—Return, my soul !
 The cross recalls thee—Lo ! the blessed cross !

High o'er the banners and the crests of earth,
 Fix'd in its meek and still supremacy !
 And lo ! the throng of beating human hearts,
 With all their secret scrolls of buried grief,
 All their full treasures of immortal hope,
 Gather'd before their God !—Hark ! how the flood
 Of the rich organ harmony bears up
 Their voice on its high waves !—a mighty burst !
 A forest-sounding music ! every tone
 Which the blasts call forth with their harping wings
 From gulfs of tossing foliage there is blent :
 And the old minster—forest-like itself—
 With its long avenues of pillar'd shade,
 Seems quivering all with spirit, as that strain
 O'erflows its dim recesses, leaving not
 One tomb unthrill'd by the strong sympathy
 Answering the electric notes.—Join, join, my soul !
 In thine own lowly, trembling consciousness,
 And thine own solitude, the glorious hymn.

Rise like an altar-fire !
 In solemn joy aspire,
 Deepening thy passion still, O choral strain !
 On thy strong rushing wind
 Bear up from humankind
 Thanks and implorings—be they not in vain !

Father, which art on high !
 Weak is the melody
 Of harp or song to reach thine awful ear,
 Unless the heart be there,
 Winging the words of prayer,
 With its own fervent faith or suppliant fear.

Let, then, thy spirit brood
 Over the multitude—
 Be thou amidst them through that heavenly Guest
 So shall their cry have power
 To win from thee a shower
 Of healing gifts for every wounded breast.

What griefs that make no sign,
 That ask no aid but thine,
 Father of mercies ! here before thee swell !
 As to the open sky,
 All their dark waters lie
 To thee reveal'd in each close bosom cell.

The sorrow for the dead,
 Mantling its lonely head
 From the world's glare, is, in thy sight, set free ;
 And the fond aching love,
 Thy minister, to move
 All the wrung spirit, softening it for thee.

And doth not thy dread eye
Behold the agony
In that most hidden chamber of the heart,
Where darkly sits remorse,
Beside the secret source
Of fearful visions, keeping watch apart ?

Yes ! here before thy throne
Many—yet each alone—
To thee that terrible unveiling make ;
And still small whispers clear
Are startling many an ear,
As if a trumpet bade the dead awake

How dreadful is this place !
The glory of thy face
Fills it too searchingly for mortal sight :
Where shall the guilty flee ?
Over that far off sea ?
What hills, what woods, may shroud him from that light ?

Not to the cedar shade
Let his vain flight be made ;
Nor the old mountains, nor the desert sea ;
What, but the cross, can yield
The hope—the stay—the shield ?
Thence may the Atoner lead him up to Thee ?

Be thou, be thou his aid !
O let thy love pervade
The haunted caves of self-accusing thought ;
There let the living stone
Be cleft—the seed be sown—
The song of fountains from the silence brought !

So shall thy breath once more
Within the soul restore
Thine own first image—Holiest and Most High !
As a clear lake is fill'd
With hues of Heaven instill'd
Down to the depths of its calm purity.

And if, amidst the throng
Link'd by the ascending song,
There are, whose thoughts in trembling rapture soar ;
Thanks, Father ! that the power
Of joy, man's early dower,
Thus, e'en 'midst tears, can fervently adore !

Thanks for each gift divine !
Eternal praise be thine,
Blessing and love, O Thou that hearest prayer !
Let the hymn pierce the sky,
And let the tombs reply !
For seed, that waits the harvest-time, is there.

WOOD WALK AND HYMN.

"Move along these shades
In gentleness of heart: with gentle hand
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods."—*Wordsworth.*

FATHER—CHILD.

Child. There are the aspens, with their silvery leaves
Trembling, for ever trembling; though the lime
And chestnut boughs, and those long arching sprays
Of eglantine, hang still, as if the wood
Were all one picture!

Father. Hast thou heard, my boy,
The peasant's legend of that quivering tree?

Child. No, father; doth he say the fairies dance
Amidst the branches?

Father. Oh! a cause more deep,
More solemn far, the rustic doth assign
To the strange restlessness of those wan leaves!
The cross he deems, the blessed cross, whereon
The meek Redeemer bow'd his head to death,
Was framed of aspen wood; and since that hour,
Through all its race the pale tree hath sent down
A thrilling consciousness, a secret awe,
Making them tremulous, when not a breeze
Disturbs the airy thistle down, or shakes
The light lines of the shining gossamer.

Child. (after a pause.) Dost thou believe it, father?

Father. Nay, my child,
We walk in clearer light, But yet, even now,
With something of a lingering love, I read
The characters, by that mysterious hour,
Stamp'd on the reverential soul of man
In visionary days; and thence thrown back
On the fair forms of nature. Many a sign
Of the great sacrifice which won us heaven,
The woodman and the mountaineer can trace
On rock, on herb, and flower. And be it so!
They do not wisely that, with hurried hand,
Would pluck these salutary fancies forth
From their strong soil within the peasant's breast,
And scatter them—far, far too fast!—away
As worthless weeds:—Oh! little do we know
When they have soothed, when saved!

But come, dear boy!
My words grow tinged with thought too deep for thee.
Come—let us search for violets.

Child. Know you not
More of the legends which the woodmen tell
Amidst the trees and flowers!

Father. Wilt thou know more?
Bring then the folding leaf, with dark-brown stains,

There—by the mossy roots of yon old beech,
 'Midst the rich tuft of cowslips—see'st thou not?
 There is a spray of woodbine from the tree
 Just bending o'er it with a wild bee's weight.

Child. The Arum leaf?

Father. Yes, these deep inwrought marks,
 The villager will tell thee (and with voice
 Lower'd in his true heart's reverent earnestness)
 Are the flower's portion from th' atoning blood
 On Calvary shed. Beneath the cross it grew;
 And, in the vase-like hollow of its leaf,
 Catching from that dread shower of agony
 A few mysterious drops, transmitted thus
 Unto the groves and hills, their sealing stains,
 A heritage, for storm or vernal wind
 Never to waft away!

And hast thou seen
 The passion-flower?—It grows not in the woods,
 But 'midst the bright things brought from other climes.

Child. What, the pale star-shaped flower, with purple streaks
 And light green tendrils?

Father. Thou hast mark'd it well.
 Yes, a pale, starry, dreamy-looking flower,
 As from a land of spirits!—To mine eye
 Those faint wan petals—colorless—and yet
 Not white, but shadowy—with the mystic lines
 (As letters of some wizard language gone)
 Into their vapor-like transparence wrought,
 Bear something of a strange solemnity,
 Awfully lovely!—and the Christian's thought
 Loves, in their cloudy penciling, to find
 Dread symbols of his Lord's last mortal pangs,
 Set by God's hand—The coronal of thorns—
 The cross—the wounds—with other meanings deep,
 Which I will teach thee when we meet again
 That flower, the chosen for the martyr's wreath,
 The Saviour's holy flower.

But let us pause:
 Now have we reach'd the very inmost heart
 Of the old wood.—How the green shadows close
 Into a rich, clear, summer darkness round,
 A luxury of gloom!—Scarce doth one ray,
 Even when a soft wind parts the foliage, steal
 O'er the bronzed pillars of these deep arcades;
 Or if it doth, 'tis with a mellow'd hue
 Of glow-worm color'd light.

Here, in the days
 Of pagan visions, would have been a place
 For worship of the wood-nymphs! Through these oaks
 A small, fair gleaming temple might have thrown
 The quivering image of its Dorian shafts
 On the stream's bosom; or a sculptured form,

Dryad, or fountain-goddess of the gloom,
 Have bow'd its head o'er that dark crystal down,
 Drooping with beauty, as a lily droops
 Under bright rain :—but *we*, my child, are here
 With God, our God, a Spirit ; who requires
 Heart-worship, given in spirit and in truth ;
 And this high knowledge—deep, rich, vast enough
 To fill and hallow all the solitude,
 Makes consecrated earth where'er we move,
 Without the aid of shrines.

What ! dost thou feel
 The solemn whispering influence of the scene
 Oppressing thy young heart, that thou dost draw
 More closely to my side, and clasp my hand
 Faster in thine ? Nay, fear not, gentle child !
 'Tis love, not fear whose vernal breath pervades
 The stillness round. Come, sit beside me here,
 Where brooding violets mantle this green slope
 With dark exuberance—and beneath these plumes
 Of wavy fern, look where the cup-moss holds
 In its pure crimson goblets, fresh and bright,
 The starry dew of morning. Rest awhile
 And let me hear once more the woodland verse
 I taught thee late—'twas made for such a scene.

[*Child speaks.*]

WOOD HYMN.

Broods there some spirit here ?
 The summer leaves hang silent as a cloud ;
 And o'er the pools all still and darkly clear,
 The wild wood-hyacinth with awe seems bow'd ;
 And something of a tender cloistral gloom
 Deepens the violet's bloom.

The very light that streams
 Through the dim dewy veil of foliage round,
 Comes tremulous with emerald-tinted gleams,
 As if it knew the place were holy ground ;
 And would not startle, with too bright a burst,
 Flowers all divinely nursed.

Wakes there some spirit here ?
 A swift wind, fraught with change, comes rushing by,
 And leaves and waters, in its wild career,
 Shed forth sweet voices—each a mystery !
 Surely some awful influence must pervade
 These depths of trembling shade !

Yes, lightly, softly move !
 There *is* a power, a presence in the woods ;
 A viewless being, that, with life and love,
 Informs the reverential solitudes :
 The rich air knows it, and the mossy sod—
 Thou, *thou* art here my God !

PRAYER OF THE LONELY STUDENT.

And if with awe we tread
 The minster floor, beneath the storied pane,
 And 'midst the mouldering banners of the dead,
 Shall the green voiceful wild seem *less* thy fane,
 Where thou alone hast built?—where arch and roof
 Are of thy living woof?

The silence and the sound,
 In the lone places, breathe alike of thee;
 The temple twilight of the gloom profound,
 The dew cup of the frail anemone,
 The reed by every wandering whisper thrill'd—
 All, all with thee are fill'd!

Oh! purify mine eyes,
 More and yet more, by love and lowly thought,
 Thy presence, holiest One! to recognise
 In these majestic aisles which thou hast wrought!
 And 'midst their sea-like murmurs, teach mine ear
 Ever thy voice to hear!

And sanctify my heart
 To meet the awful sweetness of that tone
 With no faint thrill or self-accusing start,
 But a deep joy the heavenly guest to own—
 Joy, such as dwelt in Eden's glorious bowers
 Ere sin had dimm'd the flowers.

Let me not know the change
 O'er nature thrown by guilt!—the boding sky,
 The hollow leaf-sounds ominous and strange,
 The weight wherewith the dark tree shadows lie!
 Father! oh! keep my footsteps pure and free,
 To walk the woods with thee!

PRAYER OF THE LONELY STUDENT.

"Soul of our souls! and safeguard of the world!
 Sustain—*Thou* only canst—the sick at heart,
 Restore their languid spirits, and recall
 Their lost affections unto thee and thine."

Wordsworth.

NIGHT—holy night—the time
 For mind's free breathings in a purer clime!
 Night!—when in happier hour the unveiling sky
 Woke all my kindled soul,
 To meet its revelations, clear and high,
 With the strange joy of immortality!
 Now hath strong sadness wrapp'd me—strange and deep—
 And my thoughts faint, and shadows o'er them roll,
 E'en when I deem'd them seraph-plumed, to sweep
 Far beyond earth's control.

Wherefore is this?—I see the stars returning,
 Fire after fire in Heaven's rich temple burning—
 Fast shine they forth—my spirit friends, my guides,
 Bright rulers of my being's inmost tides;
 They shine—but faintly, through a quivering haze—
 Oh! is the dimness *mine* which clouds those rays?
 They from whose glance my childhood drank delight!
 A joy unquestioning—a love intense—
 They, that unfolding to more thoughtful sight,
 The harmony of their magnificence,
 Drew silently the worship of my youth
 To the grave sweetness on the brow of truth;
 Shall they shower blessing, with their beams divine,
 Down to the watcher on the stormy sea,
 And to the pilgrim toiling for his shrine
 Through some wild pass of rocky Apennine,
 And to the wanderer lone
 On wastes of Afric thrown,
 And not to *me*?
 Am I a thing forsaken,
 And is the gladness taken
 From the bright pinion'd nature which hath soar'd
 Through realms by royal eagle ne'er explored,
 And, bathing there in streams of fiery light,
 Found strength to gaze upon the Infinite?

And now an alien!—Wherefore must this be?

How shall I rend the chain?

How drink rich life again

From those pure urns of radiance, welling free?

Father of Spirits! let me turn to thee!

Oh! if too much exulting in her dower,

My soul, not yet to lowly thought subdued,

Hath stood without thee on her hill of power—

A fearful and a dazzling solitude!—

And therefore from that haughty summit's crown,

To dim desertion is by thee cast down;

Behold! thy child submissively hath bow'd—

Shine on him through the cloud!

Let the now darken'd earth and curtain'd heaven

Back to his vision with thy face be given!

Bear him on high once more,

But in thy strength to soar,

And wrapt and still'd by that o'ershadowing might,

Forth on the empyreal blaze to look with chasten'd sight

Or if it be, that like the ark's lone dove,

My thoughts go forth and find no resting-place,

No sheltering home of sympathy and love,

In the responsive bosoms of my race,

And back return, a darkness and a weight,

Till my unanswer'd heart grows desolate—

Yet, yet sustain me, Holiest !—I am vow'd
 To solemn service high ;
 And shall the spirit, for thy tasks endow'd,
 Sink on the threshold of the sanctuary,
 Fainting beneath the burden of the day,
 Because no human tone,
 Unto the altar-stone,
 Of that pure spousal fane inviolate,
 Where it should make eternal truth its mate,
 May cheer the sacred solitary way ?
 Oh ! be the whisper of thy voice within
 Enough to strengthen ! Be the hope to win
 A more deep-seeing homage for thy name,
 Far, far beyond the burning dream of fame !
 Make me thine only !—Let me add but one
 To those refulgent steps all undefiled,
 Which glorious minds have piled
 Through bright self-offering, earnest, child-like, lone,
 For mounting to thy throne !
 And let my soul, upborne
 On wings of inner morn,
 Find, in illumined secesy, the sense
 Of that bless'd work, its own high recompense.
 The dimness melts away
 That on your glory lay,
 Oh ye majestic watchers of the skies !
 Through the dissolving veil,
 Which made each aspect pale,
 Your gladd'ning fires once more I recognise ;
 And once again a shower
 Of hope, and joy, and power,
 Streams on my soul from your immortal eyes,
 And, if that splendor to my sober'd sight
 Come tremulous, with more of pensive light—
 Something, though beautiful, yet deeply fraught,
 With more that pierces through each fold of thought
 Than I was wont to trace
 On heaven's unshadow'd face—
 Be it e'en so !—be mine, though set apart
 Unto a radiant ministry, yet still
 A lowly, fearful, self-distrusting heart ;
 Bow'd before thee, O Mightiest ! whose bless'd will
 All the pure stars rejoicingly fulfil.*

 THE TRAVELLER'S EVENING SONG.

FATHER, guide me ! Day declines.
 Hollow winds are in the pines ;

* Written after hearing the introductory Lecture on Astronomy delivered in Trinity College, Dublin, by Sir William Hamilton, royal astronomer of Ireland, on the 8th November, 1832.

Darkly waves each giant bough
 O'er the sky's last crimson glow ;
 Hush'd is now the convent's bell,
 Which erewhile with breezy swell
 From the purple mountain bore
 Greeting to the sunset-shore.
 Now the sailor's vesper-hymn

Dies away.

Father ! in the forest dim

Be my stay !

In the low and shivering thrill
 Of the leaves that late hung still ;
 In the dull and muffled tone
 Of the sea-wave's distant moan ;
 In the deep tints of the sky
 There are signs of tempests nigh.
 Ominous, with sullen sound,
 Falls the closing dusk around.
 Father ! through the storm and shade

O'er the wild,

Oh ! be *Thou* the lone one's aid—

Save thy child !

Many a swift and sounding plume
 Homewards, through the boding gloom,
 O'er my way hath flitted fast,
 Since the farewell sunbeam pass'd
 From the chestnut's ruddy bark,
 And the pools, now lone and dark,
 Where the wakening night-winds sigh
 Through the long reeds mournfully.
 Homeward, homeward, all things haste—

God of might !

Shield the homeless 'midst the waste,

Be his light !

In his distant cradle nest,
 Now my babe is laid to rest ;
 Beautiful his slumber seems
 With a glow of heavenly dreams,
 Beautiful, o'er that bright sleep,
 Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,
 Where his mother bends to pray
 For the loved and far away.—

Father, guard that household bower,

Hear that prayer !

Back, through thine all-guiding power,

Lead me there !

Darker, wilder, grows the night,
 Not a star sends quivering light
 Through the massy arch of shade
 By the stern old forest made.

Thou ! to whose unslumbering eyes
 All my pathway open lies,
 By thy Son who knew distress
 In the lonely wilderness,
 Where no roof to that bless'd head
 Shelter gave—
 Father ! through the time of dread,
 Save—oh, save !

BURIAL OF AN EMIGRANT'S CHILD IN THE FORESTS.

SCENE.—*The banks of a solitary river in an American forest. A tent under pine-trees in the foreground. AGNES sitting before the tent, with a child in her arms apparently sleeping.*

Agnes. Surely 'tis all a dream—a fever-dream !
 The desolation and the agony—
 The strange red sunrise—and the gloomy woods,
 So terrible with their dark giant boughs,
 And the broad lonely river ! all a dream !
 And my boy's voice will wake me, with its clear,
 Wild singing tones, as they were wont to come,
 Through the wreath'd sweetbrier at my lattice-panes
 In happy, happy England ! Speak to me !
 Speak to thy mother, bright one ! she hath watch'd
 All the dread night beside thee, till her brain
 Is darken'd by swift waves of fantasies,
 And her soul faint with longing for thy voice.
 Oh ! I *must* wake him with one gentle kiss
 On his fair brow !

(*Shudderingly.*) The strange damp thrilling touch !
 The marble chill ! Now, now it rushes back—
 Now I know all !—dead—dead !—a fearful word !
 My boy hath left me in the wilderness,
 To journey on without the blessed light
 In his deep loving eyes—he's gone—he's gone !

[*Her HUSBAND enters.*]

Husband. Agnes, my Agnes ! hast thou look'd thy last
 On our sweet slumberer's face ? The hour is come—
 The couch made ready for his last repose.

Agnes. Not yet ! thou canst not take him from me yet ;
 If he but left me for a few short days,
 This were too brief a gazing time, to draw
 His angel image into my fond heart,
 And fix its beauty there. And now—oh ! *now*,
 Never again the laughter of his eye
 Shall send its gladd'ning summer through my soul—
 Never on earth again. Yet, yet delay !
 Thou canst not take him from me.

Husband. *What art thou ?* My beloved !
 Is it not God hath taken him ? the God

That took our first-born, o'er whose early grave
Thou didst bow down thy saint-like head, and say,
"His will be done!"

Agnes. Oh! that near household grave,
Under the turf of England, seem'd not half—
Not half so much to part me from my child
As these dark woods. It lay beside our home,
And I could watch the sunshine, through all hours,
Loving and clinging to the grassy spot;
And I could dress its greensward with fresh flowers—
Familiar, meadow flowers. O'er *thee* my babe,
The primrose will not blossom! Oh! that now,
Together, by thy fair young sister's side,
We lay 'midst England's valleys!

Husband. Dost thou grieve,
Agnes! that thou hast follow'd o'er the deep
An exile's fortunes? If it *thus* can be,
Then, after many a conflict cheerily met,
My spirit sinks at last.

Agnes. Forgive, forgive!
My Edmund, pardon me! Oh! grief is wild—
Forget its words, quick spray-drops from a fount
Of unknown bitterness! Thou art my home!
Mine only and my blessed one! Where'er
Thy warm heart beats in its true nobleness,
There is my country! *there* my head shall rest,
And throb no more. Oh! still, by thy strong love,
Bear up the feeble reed!

[*Kneeling with the child in her arms.*

And thou, my God!

Hear my soul's cry from this dread wilderness,
Oh! hear, and pardon me! If I have made
This treasure, sent from thee, too much the ark
Fraught with mine earthward-clinging happiness,
Forgetting Him who gave, and might resume,
Oh, pardon me!

If nature hath rebell'd,
And from thy light turn'd wilfully away,
Making a midnight of her agony,
When the despairing passion of her clasp
Was from its idol stricken at one touch
Of thine Almighty hand—oh, pardon me!
By thy Son's anguish, pardon! In the soul
The tempests and the waves will know thy voice—
Father say, "Peace, be still!"

[*Giving the child to her husband.*

Farewell, my babe:

Go from my bosom now to other rest!
With this last kiss on thine unsullied brow,
And on thy pale calm cheek these contrite tears,
I yield thee to thy Maker!

Husband. Now, my wife,

Thine own meek holiness beams forth once more
A light upon my path. Now shall I bear,
From thy dear arms, the slumberer to repose—
With a calm, trustful heart.

Agnes. My Edmund! where—
Where wilt thou lay him?

Husband. See'st thou where the spire
Of yon dark cypress reddens in the sun
To burning gold?—there—o'er yon willow-tuft?
Under that native desert monument
Lies his lone bed. Our Hubert, since the dawn,
With the grey mosses of the wilderness
Hath lined it closely through; and there breathed forth,
E'en from the fulness of his own pure heart,
A wild, sad forest hymn—a song of tears,
Which thou wilt learn to love. I heard the boy
Chanting it o'er his solitary task,
As wails a wood-bird to the thrilling leaves,
Perchance unconsciously.

Agnes. My gentle son!
The affectionate, the gifted! With what joy—
Edmund, rememberest thou?—with what bright joy
His baby brother ever to his arms
Would spring from rosy sleep, and playfully
Hide the rich clusters of his gleaming hair
In that kind youthful breast! Oh! now no more,
But strengthen me, my God! and melt my heart,
Even to a well-spring of adoring tears,
For many a blessing left.

(*Bending over the child.*) Once more farewell!
Oh, the pale, piercing sweetness of that look!
How can it be sustain'd? Away, away!

[*After a short pause.*]

Edmund, my woman's nature still is weak—
I cannot see thee render dust to dust!
Go thou, my husband, to thy solemn task;
I will rest here, and still my soul with prayer
Till thy return.

Husband. Then strength be with thy prayer!
Peace on thy bosom! Faith and heavenly hope
Unto thy spirit! Fare thee well a while!
We must be pilgrims of the woods again,
After this mournful hour.

He goes out with the child.—AGNES kneels in prayer.—After a time, voices without are heard singing.

THE FUNERAL HYMN.

Where the long reeds quiver,
Where the pines make moan,
By the forest river,
Sleeps our babe alone.

England's field flowers may not deck his grave.
Cypress shadows o'er him darkly wave.

Woods unknown receive him,
 'Midst the mighty wild ;
 Yet with God we leave him,
 Blessed, blessed child !
 And our tears gush o'er his lovely dust
 Mournfully, yet still from hearts of trust.

Though his eye hath brighten'd
 Oft our weary way,
 And his clear laugh lighten'd
 Half our hearts' dismay ;
 Still in hope we give back what was given,
 Yielding up the beautiful to Heaven.

And to her who bore him,
 Her who long must weep,
 Yet shall Heaven restore him
 From his pale, sweet sleep !
 Those blue eyes of love and peace again
 Through her soul will shine, undim'd by pain.

Where the long reeds quiver,
 Where the pines make moan,
 Leave we by the river
 Earth to earth alone !
 God and Father ! may our journeyings on
 Lead to where the blessed boy is gone !

From the exile's sorrow,
 From the wanderer's dread
 Of the night and morrow,
 Early, brightly fled :
 Thou hast call'd him to a sweeter home
 Than our lost one o'er the ocean's foam.

Now let thought behold him
 With his angel look,
 Where those arms enfold him,
 Which benignly took
 Israel's babes to their Good Shepherd's breast,
 When his voice their tender meekness blest.

Turn thee now, fond mother !
 From thy dead, oh, turn !
 Linger not, young brother,
 Here to dream and mourn :
 Only kneel once more around the sod,
 Kneel, and bow submitted hearts to God !

EASTER-DAY IN A MOUNTAIN CHURCHYARD

THERE is a waking on the mighty hills,
 A kindling with spirit of the morn !
 Bright gleams are scatter'd from the thousand rills,
 And a soft visionary hue is born
 On the young foliage, worn

By all the embosom'd woods—a silvery green,
Made up of Spring and dew, harmoniously serene.

And lo! where floating through a glory, sings
The lark, alone amidst a crystal sky!
Lo! where the darkness of his buoyant wings,
Against a soft and rosy cloud on high,
Trembles with melody!

While the far-echoing solitudes rejoice
To the rich laugh of music in that voice.

But purer light than of the early sun
Is on you cast, O mountains of the earth!
And for your dwellers nobler joy is won
Than the sweet echoes of the skylark's mirth,
By this glad morning's birth!
And gifts more precious by its breath are shed
Then music on the breeze, dew on the violet's head.

Gifts for the *soul*, from whose illumined eye,
O'er nature's face the coloring glory flows;
Gifts from the fount of immortality,
Which, fill'd with balm, unknown to human woes.

Lay hush'd in dark repose,
Till thou, bright dayspring! madest its waves our own,
By thine unsealing of the burial stone.

Sing, then, with all your choral strains, ye hills!
And let a full victorious tone be given,
By rock and cavern, to the wind which fills
Your urn-like depths with sound! The tomb is riven,

The radiant gate of heaven
Unfolded—and the stern, dark shadow cast
By death's o'ersweeping wing, from the earth's bosom past.

And you, ye graves! upon whose turf I stand,
Girt with the slumber of the hamlet's dead,
Time with a soft and reconciling hand
The covering mantle of bright moss hath spread

O'er every narrow bed:
But not by time, and not by nature sown
Was the celestial seed, whence round you peace hath grown.

Christ hath arisen! oh! not one cherish'd head
Hath, 'midst the flowery sods, been pillow'd here
Without a hope, (howe'er the heart hath bled
In its vain yearnings o'er the unconscious bier,)

A hope, upspringing clear
From those majestic tidings of the morn,
Which lit the living way to all of woman born.

Thou hast wept mournfully, O human love!
E'en on this greensward; night hath heard thy cry,
Heart stricken one! thy precious dust above,
Night, and the hills, which sent forth no reply
Unto thine agony!

But He who wept like thee, thy Lord, thy guide,
Christ hath arisen, O love! thy tears shall all be dried.

Dark must have been the gushing of those tears,
Heavy the unsleeping phantom of the tomb
On thine impassion'd soul, in elder years
When, burden'd with the mystery of its doom,
Mortality's thick gloom

Hung o'er the sunny world, and with the breath
Of the triumphant rose came blending thoughts of death.

By thee, sad Love, and by thy sister, Fear,
Then was the ideal robe of beauty wrought
To veil that haunting shadow, still too near,
Still ruling secretly the conqueror's thought,

And, where the board was fraught
With wine and myrtles in the summer bower,
Felt, e'en when disavow'd, a presence and a power.

But that dark night is closed: and o'er the dead,
Here, where the gleamy primrose tufts have blown,
And where the mountain-heath a couch hath spread,
And, settling oft on some grey letter'd stone,

The redbreast warbles lone;
And the wild-bee's deep drowsy murmurs pass,
Like a low thrill of harp-strings, through the grass:

Here, 'midst the chambers of the Christian's sleep,
We o'er death's gulf may look with trusting eye,
For hope sits, dovelike, on the gloomy deep,
And the green hills wherein these vallies lie

Seem all one sanctuary
Of holiest thought—nor needs their fresh bright sod,
Urn, wreath, or shrine, for tombs all dedicate to God.

Christ hath arisen!—O mountain peak! attest,
Witness, resounding glen and torrent wave,
The immortal courage in the human breast
Sprung from that victory—tell how oft the brave

To camp 'midst rock and cave,
Nerved by those words, their struggling faith have borne.
Planting the cross on high above the clouds of morn!

The Alps have heard sweet hymnings for to-day—
Ay, and wild sounds of sterner, deeper tone,
Have thrill'd their pines, when those that knelt to pray
Rose up to arm! the pure high snows have known

A coloring not their own,
But from true hearts which by that crimson stain
Gave token of a trust that call'd no suffering vain.

Those days are past—the mountains wear no more
The solemn splendor of the martyr's blood,
And may that awful record, as of yore,
Never again be known to field or flood!

E'en though the faithful stood,

A noble army, in the exulting sight
Of earth and heaven, which bless'd their battle for the right !

But many a martyrdom by hearts unshaken
Is yet borne silently in homes obscure ;
And many a bitter cup is meekly taken ;
And, for the strength whereby the just and pure

Thus steadfastly endure,

Glory to Him whose victory won that dower,
Him, from whose rising stream'd that robe of spirit power.

Glory to Him ! Hope to the suffering breast !
Light to the nations ! He hath roll'd away
The mists, which, gathering into deathlike rest,
Between the soul and heaven's calm ether lay—

His love hath made it day

With those that sat in darkness.—Earth and sea !

Lift up glad strains for man by truth divine made free !

THE CHILD READING THE BIBLE.

" A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle to waylay.

* * * * *

A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death."—*Wordsworth*

I saw him at his sport erewhile,
The bright exulting boy,
Like Summer's lightning came the smile
Of his young spirit's joy ;
A flash that wheresoe'r it broke,
To life undreamt-of beauty woke.

His fair locks waved in sunny play,
By a clear fountain's side,
Where jewel-color'd pebbles lay
Beneath the shallow tide !
And pearly spray at times would meet
The glancing of his fairy feet.

He twined him wreaths of all Spring-flowers,
Which drank that streamlet's dew ;
He flung them o'er the wave in showers,
Till, gazing, scarce I knew
Which seem'd more pure, or bright or wild,
The singing fount or laughing child.

To look on all that joy and bloom
Made earth one festal scene,
Where the dull shadow of the tomb
Seem'd as it ne'er had been.
How could one image of decay
Steel o'er the dawn of such clear day ?
I saw once more that aspect bright—
The boy's meek head was bow'd

In silence o'er the Book of Light,
 And, like a golden cloud—
 The still cloud of a pictured sky—
 His locks droop'd round it lovingly.

And if my heart had deem'd him fair,
 When in the fountain glade,
 A creature of the sky and air,
 Almost on wings he play'd ;
 Oh ! how much holier beauty now
 Lit the young human being's brow !

The being born to toil, to die,
 To break forth from the tomb,
 Unto far nobler destiny
 Than waits the skylark's plume !
 I saw him in that thoughtful hour,
 Win the first knowledge of his dower.

The *soul*, the awakening *soul* I saw,
 My watching eye could trace
 The shadows of its new-born awe,
 Sweeping o'er that fair face :
 As o'er a flower might pass the shade
 By some dread angel's pinion made !

The soul, the mother of deep fears,
 Of high hopes infinite,
 Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears,
 Of sleepless inner sight :
 Lovely, but solemn it arose,
 Unfolding what no more might close.

The red-leaved tablets,* undefiled,
 As yet, by evil thought—
 Oh ! little dream'd the brooding child,
 Of what within me wrought,
 While *his* young heart first burn'd and stirr'd,
 And quiver'd to the eternal word.

And reverently my spirit caught
 The reverence of *his* gaze ;
 A sight with dew of blessing fraught
 To hallow after-days ;
 To make the proud heart meekly wise,
 By the sweet faith in those calm eyes.

It seem'd as if a temple rose
 Before me brightly there,
 And in the depths of its repose
 My soul o'erflow'd with prayer,
 Feeling a solemn presence nigh—
 The power of infant sanctity !

* "All this, and more than this, is now engraved upon the *red-leaved tablets* of my heart."—Haywood.

O Father! mould my heart once more,
 By thy prevailing breath!
 Teach me, oh! teach me to adore
 E'en with that pure one's faith;
 A faith, all made of love and light,
 Child-like, and therefore full of might!

A POET'S DYING HYMN.

"Be mute who will, who can,
 Yet I will praise thee with impassion'd voice!
 Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine
 In such a temple as we now behold,
 Rear'd for thy presence; therefore am I bound
 To worship here and every where."—*Wordsworth.*

THE blue, deep, glorious heavens!—I lift mine eye,
 And bless thee, O my God! that I have met
 And own'd thine image in the majesty
 Of their calm temple still!—that never yet
 There hath thy face been shrouded from my sight
 By noontide blaze, or sweeping storm of night:
 I bless thee O my God!

That now still clearer, from their pure expanse,
 I see the mercy of thine aspect shine,
 Touching death's features with a lovely glance
 Of light, serenely, solemnly divine,
 And lending to each holy star a ray
 As of kind eyes, that woo my soul away:
 I bless thee, O my God!

That I have heard thy voice, nor been afraid,
 In the earth's garden—'midst the mountains old
 And the low thrillings of the forest-shade,
 And the wild sound of waters uncontroll'd—
 And upon many a desert plain and shore—
 No solitude—for there I felt thee more:
 I bless thee, O my God!

And if thy spirit on thy child hath shed
 The gift, the vision of the unseal'd eye,
 To pierce the mist o'er life's deep meanings spread,
 To reach the hidden fountain-urns that lie
 Far in man's heart—if I have kept it free
 And pure—a consecration unto thee:
 I bless thee, O my God!

If my soul's utterance hath by thee been fraught
 With an awakening power—if thou hast made
 Like the wing'd seed, the breathings of my thought,
 And by the swift winds bid them be convey'd
 To lands of other lays, and there become
 Native as early melodies of home:
 I bless thee, O my God!

Not for the brightness of a mortal wreath,
 Not for a place 'midst kingly minstrels dead,
 But that perchance, a faint gale of thy breath,
 A still small whisper in my song hath led
 One struggling spirit upwards to thy throne,
 Or but one hope, one prayer :—for this alone
 I bless thee, O my God !

That I have loved—that I have known the love
 Which troubles in the soul the tearful springs,
 Yet, with a coloring halo from above,
 Tinges and glorifies all earthly things,
 Whate'er its anguish or its woe may be,
 Still weaving links for intercourse with thee :
 I bless thee, O my God !

That by the passion of its deep distress,
 And by the o'erflowing of its mighty prayer,
 And by the yearning of its tenderness,
 Too full for words upon their stream to bear,
 I have been drawn still closer to thy shrine,
 Well-spring of love, the unfathom'd, the divine :
 I bless thee, O my God !

That hope hath ne'er my heart or song forsaken,
 High hope, which even from mystery, doubt, or dread,
 Calm, rejoicingly, the things hath taken
 Whereby its torchlight for the race was fed :
 That passing storms have only fann'd the fire,
 Which pierced them still with its triumphal spire,
 I bless thee, O my God !

Now art thou calling me in every gale,
 Each sound and token of the dying day :
 Thou leavest me not, though early life grows pale,
 I am not darkly sinking to decay ;
 But, hour by hour, my soul's dissolving shroud
 Melts off to radiance, as a silvery cloud.
 I bless thee, O my God !

And if this earth, with all its choral streams,
 And crowning woods, and soft or solemn skies,
 And mountain sanctuaries for poet's dreams,
 Be lovely still in my departing eyes—
 'Tis not that fondly I would linger here,
 But that thy foot-prints on its dust appear :—
 I bless thee, O my God !

And that the tender shadowing I behold,
 The tracery veining every leaf and flower,
 Of glories cast in more consummate mould,
 No longer vassals to the changeful hour ;
 That life's last roses to my thoughts can bring
 Rich visions of imperishable spring :
 I bless thee, O my God !

Yes! the young vernal voices in the skies
 Woo me not back, but, wandering past mine ear,
 Seem heralds of th' eternal melodies,
 The spirit-music, imperturb'd and clear;
 The full of soul, yet passionate no more—
 Let *me* too, joining those pure strains, adore!
 I bless thee, O my God!

Now aid, sustain me still!—to thee I come,
 Make thou my dwelling where thy children are!
 And for the hope of that immortal home,
 And for thy Son, the bright and morning star,
 The sufferer and the victor-king of death,
 I bless thee with my glad song's dying breath!
 I bless thee, O my God!

THE FUNERAL DAY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

“Many an eye
 May wail the dimming of our shining star.”—*Shakspeare*

A GLORIOUS voice hath ceased!—
 Mournfully, reverently—the funeral chant
 Breathe reverently! There is a dreamy sound,
 A hollow murmur of the dying year,
 In the deep woods. Let it be wild and sad!
 A more *Æolian* melancholy tone
 Than ever wail'd o'er bright things perishing!
 For *that* is passing from the darken'd land,
 Which the green summer will not bring us back—
 Though all her songs return. The funeral chant
 Breathe reverently!—They bear the mighty forth,
 The kingly ruler in the realms of mind—
 They bear him through the household paths, the groves,
 Where every tree had music of its own
 To his quick ear of knowledge taught by love—
 And he is silent!—Past the living stream
 They bear him now; the stream, whose kindly voice
 On alien shores his true heart burn'd to hear—
 And he is silent! O'er the heathery hills,
 Which his own soul had mantled with a light
 Richer than autumn's purple, now they move—
 And he is silent!—he, whose flexile lips
 Were but unseal'd, and lo! a thousand forms,
 From every pastoral glen and fern-clad height,
 In glowing life unsprang:—Vassal and chief,
 Rider and steed, with shout and bugle-peal,
 Fast rushing through the brightly troubled air,
 Like the wild huntsman's band. And still they live,
 To those fair scenes imperishably bound,
 And, from the mountain mist still flashing by,
 Startle the wanderer who hath listen'd there
 To the seer's voice: phantoms of color'd thought,

Surviving him who raised.—O eloquence !
 O power, whose breathings thus could wake the dead !
 Who shall wake *thee* ? lord of the buried past !
 And art thou *there*—to those dim nations join'd,
 Thy subject-host so long ?—The wand is dropp'd,
 The bright lamp broken, which the gifted hand
 Touch'd, and the genii came !—Sing reverently
 The funeral chant !—The mighty is borne home—
 And who shall be his mourners ?—Youth and age,
 For each hath felt his magic—love and grief,
 For he hath communed with the heart of each ;
 Yes—the free spirit of humanity
 May join the august procession, for to him
 Its mysteries have been tributary things,
 And all its accents known :—from field or wave,
 Never was conqueror on his battle bier,
 By the veil'd banner and the muffled drum,
 And the proud drooping of the crested head,
 More nobly follow'd home.—The last abode,
 The voiceless dwelling of the bard is reach'd :
 A still majestic spot : girt solemnly
 With all th' imploring beauty of decay ;
 A stately couch 'midst ruins ! meet for him
 With his bright fame to rest in, as a king
 Of other days, laid lonely with his sword
 Beneath his head. Sing reverently the chant
 Over the honor'd grave !—the *grave* !—oh, say
 Rather the shrine !—An altar for the love,
 The light, soft pilgrim steps, the votive wreaths
 Of years unborn—a place where leaf and flower,
 By that which dies not of the sovereign dead,
 Shall be made holy things—where every weed
 Shall have its portion of th' inspiring gift
 From buried glory breathed. And now, what strain,
 Making victorious melody ascend
 High above sorrow's dirge, befits the tomb
 Where he that sway'd the nations thus is laid—
 The crown'd of men ?

A lowly, lowly song

Lowly and solemn be
 Thy children's cry to thee,
 Father divine !
 A hymn of suppliant breath,
 Owning that life and death
 Alike are thine !

A spirit on its way,
 Sceptred the earth to sway,
 From thee was sent :
 Now call'st thou back thine own—
 Hence is that radiance flown—
 To earth but lent.

THE PRAYER IN THE WILDERNESS.

Watching in breathless awe,
 The bright head bow'd we saw,
 Beneath thy hand !
 Fill'd by one hope, one fear,
 Now o'er a brother's bier,
 Weeping we stand.

How hath he pass'd !—the lord
 Of each deep bosom chord,
 To meet thy sight,
 Unmantled and alone,
 On thy bless'd mercy thrown,
 O Infinite !

So from his harvest home,
 Must the tired peasant come ;
 So, in one trust,
 Leader and king must yield
 The naked soul, reveal'd
 To thee, All Just !

The sword of many a fight—
 What *then* shall be its might ?
 The lofty lay,
 That rush'd on eagle wing—
 What shall its memory bring ?
 What hope, what stay ?

O Father ! in that hour,
 When earth all succoring power
 Shall disavow ;
 When spear, and shield, and crown,
 In faintness are cast down—
 Sustain us, Thou !

By Him who bow'd to take
 The death-cup for our sake,
 The thorn, the rod ;
 From whom the last dismay
 Was not to pass away—
 Aid us, O God !

Tremblers beside the grave,
 We call on thee to save.
 Father divine !
 Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
 Keep us, in life and death,
 Thine, only thine !

THE PRAYER IN THE WILDERNESS.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF CORREGIO'S.

In the deep wilderness unseen she pray'd,
 The daughter of Jerusalem ; alone,

With all the still small whispers of the night,
And with the searching glances of the stars,
And with her God, alone :—she lifted up
Her sweet, sad voice, and, trembling o'er her head,
The dark leaves thrill'd with prayer—the tearful prayer
Of woman's quenchless, yet repentant love.

Father of Spirits, hear !
Look on the inmost heart to thee reveal'd,
Look on the fountain of the burning tear,
Before thy sight in solitude unseal'd !

Hear, Father ! hear, and aid !
If I have loved too well, if I have shed
In my vain fondness, o'er a mortal head,
Gifts, on thy shrine my God ! more fitly laid.

If I have sought to live
But in *one* light, and made a human eye
The lonely star of mine idolatry,
Thou that art Love ! oh, pity and forgive !

Chasten'd and school'd at last,
No more, no more my struggling spirit burns,
But fix'd on thee, from that wild worship turns—
What have I said ?—the deep dream is not past !

Yet hear !—if *still* I love,
Oh ! still too fondly—if, for ever seen,
An earthly image comes, my heart between,
And thy calm glory, Father, throned above.

If still a voice is near,
(E'en while I strive these wanderings to control,)
An earthly voice, disquieting my soul
With its deep music, too intensely dear.

O Father ! draw to thee
My lost affections back !—the dreaming eyes
Clear from their mist—sustain the heart that dies,
Give the worn soul once more its pinions free !

I must love on, O God !
This bosom must love on !—but let thy breath
Touch and make pure the flame that knows not death,
Bearing it up to heaven—love's own abode !

Ages and ages past, the wilderness,
With its dark cedars, and the thrilling night,
With her clear stars, and the mysterious winds,
That waft all sound, were conscious of those prayers.
How many such hath woman's bursting heart
Since then, in silence and in darkness breathed,
Like the dim night-flower's odor, up to God !

PRISONERS' EVENING SERVICE.

A SCENE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

"From their spheres
The stars of human glory are cast down;
Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,
Princes and emperors, and the crown and palms
Of all the mighty, wither'd and consumed!
Nor is power given to lowliest innocence
Long to protect her own."—*Wordsworth.*

SCENE—*Prison of the Luxembourg, in Paris, during the Reign of Terror.*

D'AUBIGNE, an aged *Royalist*—BLANCHE, his daughter, a young girl.

Blanche. What was our doom, my father? In thine arms
I lay unconsciously through that dread hour,
Tell me the sentence! Could our judges look,
Without relenting, on thy silvery hair?
Was there not mercy, father? Will they not
Restore us to our home?

D'Aubigne. Yes, my poor child!
They send us home.

Blanche. Oh! shall we gaze again
On the bright Loire? Will the old hamlet spire,
And the grey turrent of our own chateau,
Look forth to greet us through the dusky elms?
Will the kind voices of our villagers,
The loving laughter in their children's eyes,
Welcome us back at last?—But how is this?—
Father, thy glance is clouded—on thy brow
There sits no joy!

D'Aubigne. Upon my brow, dear girl,
There sits, I trust, such deep and solemn peace
As may befit the Christian, who receives,
And recognises, in submissive awe,
The summons of his God.

Blanche. Thou dost not mean—
No, no! it cannot be!—Didst thou not say
They sent us home?

D'Aubigne. Where is the spirit's home?—
Oh! most of all, in these dark evil days,
Where should it be—but in that world serene,
Beyond the sword's reach, and the tempest's power—
Where, but in Heaven?

Blanche. My father!

D'Aubigne. *We must die.*
We must look up to God, and calmly die.—

*The last days of two prisoners in the Luxembourg, Sillery and La Source, so affectingly described by Helen Maria Williams, in her Letters from France, gave rise to this little scene. These two victims had composed a simple hymn, which they every night sung together in a low and restrained voice.

Come to my heart, and weep there !—for awhile
 Give Nature's passion way, then brightly rise
 In the still courage of a woman's heart !
 Do I not know thee ?—Do I ask too much
 From mine own noble Blanche ?

Blanche. (*falling on his bosom.*) Oh ! clasp me fast !
 Thy trembling child !—Hide, hide me in thine arms—
 Father !

D' Aubigne. Alas ! my flower, thou'rt young to go—
 Young, and so fair !—Yet were it worse, methinks,
 To leave thee where the gentle and the brave,
 The loyal-hearted and the chivalrous,
 And they that loved their God, have all been swept,
 Like the sere leaves, away.—For them no hearth
 Through the wide land was left inviolate,
 No altar holy ; therefore did they fall,
 Rojoicing to depart.—The soil is steep'd
 In noble blood ; the temples are gone down ;
 The voice of prayer is hush'd, or fearfully
 Mutter'd, like sounds of guilt.—Why, who would live ?
 Who hath not panted, as a dove, to flee,
 To quit for ever the dishonor'd soil,
 The burden'd air ?—Our God upon the cross—
 Our king upon the scaffold*—let us think
 Of *these*—and fold endurance to our hearts,
 And bravely die !

Blanche. A dark and fearful way !
 An evil doom for thy dear honor'd head !
 Oh ! thou, the kind, the gracious !—whom all eyes
 Bless'd as they look'd upon !—Speak yet again—
 Say, will they part us ?

D' Aubigne. No, my Blanche ; in death
 We shall not be divided.

Blanche. Thanks to God !
 He, by thy glance, will aid me—I shall see
 His light before me to the last.—And when—
 O pardon these weak shrinkings of thy child !—
 When shall the hour befall ?

D' Aubigne. Oh ! swiftly now,
 And suddenly, with brief dread interval
 Comes down the mortal stroke.—But of that hour
 As yet I know not.—Each low throbbing pulse
 Of the quick pendulum may usher in
 Eternity !

Blanche, (kneeling before him.) My father ! lay thy hand

* A French royalist officer, dying upon a field of battle, and hearing some one near him uttering the most plaintive lamentations, turned towards the sufferer, and thus addressed him :—My friend, whoever you may be, remember that your God expired upon the cross—your king upon the scaffold—and he who now speaks to you has had his limbs shot from under him. Meet your fate as becomes a man."

On thy poor Blanche's head, and once again
 Bless her with thy deep voice of tenderness,
 Thus breathing saintly courage through her soul,
 Ere we are call'd.

D'Aubigne. If I may speak through tears !—
 Well may I bless thee, fondly, fervently,
 Child of my heart !—thou who dost look on me
 With thy lost mother's angel eyes of love !
 Thou that hast been a brightness in my path,
 A guest of Heaven unto my lonely soul,
 A stainless lily in my widow'd house,
 There springing up—with soft light round thee shed—
 For immortality !—Meek child of God !
 I bless thee—He will bless thee !—In his love
 He calls thee now from this rude stormy world
 To thy Redeemer's breast !—And thou wilt die,
 As thou hast lived—my duteous, holy Blanche !
 In trusting and serene submissiveness,
 Humble, yet full of Heaven.

Blanche, (rising.) Now is there strength
 Infused through all my spirit.—I can rise
 And say, "Thy will be done !"

D'Aubigne, (pointing upwards.) See'st thou, my child,
 Yon faint light in the west ? The signal star
 Of our due vesper service, gleaming in
 Through the close dungeon grating !—Mournfully
 It seems to quiver ; yet shall this night pass,
This night alone, without the lifted voice
 Of adoration in our narrow cell,
 As if unworthy fear or wavering faith
 Silenced the strain !—No ! let it waft to heaven
 The prayer, the hope, of poor mortality,
 In its dark hour once more !—And we will sleep—
 Yes—calmly sleep, when our last rite is closed.

[*They sing together.*]

PRISONERS' EVENING HYMN

We see no more in thy pure skies,
 How soft, O God ! the sunset dies ;
 How every color'd hill and wood
 Seems melting in the golden flood :
 Yet, by the precious memories won
 From bright hours now for ever gone,
 Father ! o'er all thy works, we know,
 Thou still art shedding beauty's glow ;
 Still touching every cloud and tree
 With glory, eloquent of Thee ;
 Still feeding all thy flowers with light,
 Though man hath barr'd it from our sight.
 We know Thou reign'st, the Unchanging One, th' All just
 And bless thee still with free and boundless trust !

We read no more, O God! thy ways
 On earth, in these wild evil days.
 The red sword in the oppressor's hand
 Is ruler of the weeping land;
 Fallen are the faithful and the pure,
 No shrine is spared, no hearth secure.
 Yet, by the deep voice from the past,
 Which tells us these things cannot last—
 And by the hope which finds no ark,
 Save in thy breast, when storms grow dark—
 We trust thee!—As the sailor knows
 That in its place of bright repose
 His pole-star burns, though mist and cloud
 May veil it with a midnight shroud.
 We know thou reign'st—All holy one, all just!
 And bless thee still with love's own boundless trust.

We feel no more that aid is nigh,
 When our faint hearts within us die.
 We suffer—and we know our doom
 Must be one suffering till the tomb.
 Yet, by the anguish of thy Son
 When his last hour came darkly on—
 By his dread cry, the air which rent
 In terror of abandonment—
 And by his parting word, which rose
 Through faith victorious o'er all woes—
 We know that Thou may'st wound, may'st break
 The Spirit, but wilt ne'er forsake!
 Sad suppliants whom our brethren spurn,
 In our deep need to Thee we turn!
 To whom but Thee!—All merciful, all just!
 In life, in death, we yield thee boundless trust!

YMN OF THE VAUDOIS MOUNTAINEERS IN TIMES OF PERSECUTION

“Thanks be to God for the mountains.”—*Howitt*.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God!
 Thou hast made thy children mighty,
 By the touch of the mountain sod.
 Thou hast fix'd our ark of refuge
 Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod;
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God!

We are watchers of a beacon
 Whose light must never die;
 We are guardians of an altar
 'Midst the silence of the sky:
 The rocks yield founts of courage,
 Struck forth as by thy rod;

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

For the dark resounding caverns,
Where thy still, small voice is heard ;
For the strong pines of the forests,
That by thy breath are stir'd :
For the storms, on whose free pinions
Thy spirit walks abroad :
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

The royal eagle darteth
On his quarry from the heights,
And the stag that knows no master,
Seeks there his wild delights ;
But we, for *thy* communion,
Have sought the mountain sod ;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

The banner of the chieftain,
Far, far below us waves ;
The war-horse of the spearman
Cannot reach our lofty caves :
Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold
Of freedom's last abode ;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

For the shadow of thy presence,
Round our camp of rock outspread ;
For the stern defiles of battle,
Bearing record of our dead ;
For the snows and for the torrents,
For the free heart's burial-sod ;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

THE INDIAN'S REVENGE.

SCENE IN THE LIFE OF A MORAVIAN MISSIONARY.*

"But by my wrongs and by my wrath,
To-morrow Areouski's breath
That fires yon heaven with storms of death,
Shall light me to the foe !"

Indian Song in "Gertrude of Wyoming."

SCENE.—*The shore of a Lake surrounded by deep woods. A solitary cabin on its banks, overshadowed by maple and*

* Circumstances similar to those on which this scene is founded, are recorded in Carne's Narrative of the Moravian Missions in Greenland, and gave rise to the dramatic sketch.

sycamore trees. HERRMANN, *the missionary, seated alone before the cabin.* The hour is evening twilight.

Herrmann. Was that the light from some lone swift canoe
Shooting across the waters?—No, a flash
From the night's first quick fire-fly, lost again
In the deep bay of cedars. Not a bark
Is on the wave ; no rustle of a breeze
Comes through the forest. In this new, strange world,
Oh ! how mysterious, how eternal, seems
The mighty melancholy of the woods !
The desert's own great spirit, infinite !
Little they know, in mine own fatherland,
Along the castled Rhine, or e'en amidst
The wild Harz mountains, or the sylvan glades
Deep in the Odenwald, they little know
Of what is solitude ! In hours like this,
There, from a thousand nooks, the cottage-hearths
Pour forth red light through vine-hung lattices,
To guide the peasant, singing cheerily,
On the home path ; while round his lowly porch,
With eager eyes awaiting his return,
The cluster'd faces of his children shine
To the clear harvest moon. Be still, fond thoughts !
Melting my spirit's grasp from heavenly hope
By your vain earthward yearnings. O my God !
Draw me still nearer, closer unto thee,
Till all the hollow of these deep desires
May with thyself be fill'd !—Be it enough
At once to gladden and to solemnize
My lonely life, if for thine altar here
In this dread temple of the wilderness,
By prayer, and toil, and watching, I may win
The offering of one heart, one human heart,
Bleeding, repenting, loving !

Hark ! a step,
An Indian tread ! I know the stealthy sound—
'Tis on some quest of evil, through the grass
Gliding so serpent-like.

[*He comes forward, and meets an Indian warrior armed.*

Enonio, is it thou ? I see thy form
Tower stately through the dusk, yet scarce mine eye
Discerns thy face.

Enonio. My father speaks my name.

Herrmann. Are not the hunters from the chase returned ?
The night-fires lit ? Why is my son abroad ?

Enonio. The warrior's arrow knows of nobler prey
Than elk or deer. Now let my father leave
The lone path free.

Herrmann. The forest way is long
From the red chieftain's home. Rest thee awhile
Beneath my sycamore, and we will speak
Of these things further.

Enonio. Tell me not of rest !
My heart is sleepless, and the dark night swift—
I must begone.

Herrmann, (solemnly.) No, warrior, thou must stay !
The Mighty one hath given me power to search
Thy soul with piercing words—and thou must stay,
And hear me, and give answer ! If thy heart
Be grown thus restless, is it not because
Within its dark folds thou hast mantled up
Some burning thought of ill ?—

Enonio, (with sudden impetuosity.) How should I rest ?—
Last night the spirit of my brother came,
An angry shadow in the moonlight streak,
And said, "*Avenge me !*"—In the clouds this morn
I saw the frowning color of his blood—
And that, too, had a voice.—I lay at noon
Alone beside the sounding waterfall,
And through its thunder-music spake a tone—
A low tone piercing all the roll of waves—
And said "*Avenge me !*"—Therefore have I raised
The tomahawk, and strung the bow again,
That I may send the shadow from my couch,
And take the strange sound from the cataract
And sleep once more.

Herrmann. A better path, my son,
Unto the still and dewy land of sleep,
My hand in peace can guide thee—e'en the way
Thy dying brother trod.—Say, didst thou love
That lost one well ?

Enonio. Know'st thou not we grew up
Even as twin roes amidst the wilderness ?
Unto the chase we journey'd in one path ;
We stemm'd the lake in one canoe ; we lay
Beneath one oak to rest. When fever hung
Upon my burning lips, my brother's hand
Was still beneath my head ; my brother's robe
Cover'd my bosom from the chill night air.
Our lives were girdled by one belt of love
Until he turn'd him from his fathers' gods,
And then my soul fell from him—then the grass
Grew in the way between our parted homes,
And wheresoe'er I wander'd, then it seem'd
That all the woods were silent.—I went forth—
I journey'd with my lonely heart, afar,
And so return'd—and where was he ?—the earth
Own'd him no more.

Herrmann. But thou thyself, since then
Hast turn'd thee from the idols of thy tribe,
And, like thy brother, bow'd the suppliant knee
To the one God.

Enonio. Yes, I have learn'd to pray
With my white father's words, yet all the more

My heart, that shut against my brother's love,
 Hath been within me as an arrowy fire,
 Burning my sleep away.—In the night hush,
 'Midst the strange whispers and dim shadowy things
 Of the great forests, I have call'd aloud,
 "Brother! forgive, forgive!"—He answer'd not—
 His deep voice, rising from the land of souls,
 Cries but "*Avenge me!*"—and I go forth now
 To slay his murderer, that when next his eyes
 Gleam on me mournfully from that pale shore,
 I may look up, and meet their glance, and say,
 "I *have* avenged thee."

Herrmann. Oh! that human love
 Should be the root of this dread bitterness,
 Till heaven through all the fever'd being pours
 Transmuting balsam!—Stay, Enonio, stay!
 Thy brother calls thee not!—The spirit world
 Where the departed go, sends back to earth
 No visitants for evil.—'Tis the might
 Of the strong passion, the remorseful grief
 At work in thine own breast, which lends the voice
 Unto the forest and the cataract,
 The angry color to the clouds of morn,
 The shadow to the moonlight.—Stay, my son!
 Thy brother is at peace. Beside his couch,
 When of the murderer's poison'd shaft he died,
 I knelt and pray'd; he named his Saviour's name,
 Meekly, beseechingly; he spoke of thee
 In pity and in love.

Enonio, (hurriedly.) Did he not say
 My arrow should avenge him?

Herrmann. His last words
 Were all forgiveness.

Enonio. What! and shall the man
 Who pierced him with the shaft of treachery,
 Walk fearless forth in joy?

Herrmann. Was he not once
 Thy brother's friend?—Oh! trust me, not in *joy*
 He walks the frowning forest. Did keen love,
 Too late repentant of its heart estranged,
 Wake in *thy* haunted bosom, with its train
 Of sounds and shadows—and shall *he* escape?
 Enonio, dream it not!—Our God, the All Just,
 Unto himself reserves this royalty—
 The secret chastening of the guilty heart,
 The fiery touch, the scourge that purifies,
 Leave it with him!—Yet make it not thy *hope*—
 For that strong heart of thine—Oh! listen yet—
 Must, in its depths, o'ercome the very wish
 For death or torture to the guilty one
 Ere it can sleep again.

Enonio. My father speaks

Of change, for man too mighty.

Herrmann. I but speak
Of that which hath been, and again must be,
If thou would'st join thy brother, in the life
Of the bright country, where, I well believe,
His soul rejoices.—*He* had known such change.
He died in peace. He, whom his tribe once named
The Avenging Eagle, took to his meek heart,
In its last pangs, the spirit of those words
Which, from the Saviour's cross, went up to heaven—
“*Forgive them, for they know not what they do,*
Father, forgive!”—And o'er the eternal bounds
Of that celestial kingdom, undefiled,
Where evil may not enter, he, I deem,
Hath to his Master pass'd.—He waits thee there—
For love, we trust, springs heavenward from the grave,
Immortal in its holiness.—He calls
His brother to the land of golden light
And ever-living fountains—could'st thou hear
His voice o'er those bright waters, it would say,
“My brother! oh! be pure, be merciful!
That we may meet again.”

Enonio, (hesitatingly.) Can I return
Unto my tribe, and unavenged?

Herrmann. To Him,
To Him return, from whom thine erring steps
Have wander'd far and long!—Return, my son,
To thy Redeemer!—Died he not in love—
The sinless, the divine, the Son of God—
Breathing forgiveness 'midst all agonies,
And *we*, dare *we* be ruthless? By his aid
Shalt thou be guided to thy brother's place
'Midst the pure spirits. Oh! retrace the way
Back to thy Saviour! he rejects no heart
E'en with the dark stains on it, if true tears
Be o'er them shower'd.—Ay, weep thou Indian chief!
For, by the kindling moonlight, I behold
Thy proud lip's working—weep, relieve thy soul!
Tears will not shame thy manhood, in the hour
Of its great conflict.

Enonio, (giving up his weapons to Herrmann.) Father, take [the bow,
Keep the sharp arrows till the hunters call
Forth to the chase once more.—And let me dwell
A little while my father! by thy side,
That I may hear the blessed words again—
Like water brooks amidst the summer hills—
From thy true lips flow forth; for in my heart
The music and the memory of their sound
Too long have died away.

Herrmann. O, welcome back,
Friend, rescued one!—Yes, thou shalt be my guest,
And we will pray beneath my sycamore

Together, morn and eve ; and I will spread
 Thy couch beside my fire, and sleep at last—
 After the visiting of holy thoughts—
 With dewy wing shall sink upon thine eyes !—
 Enter my home, and welcome, welcome back
 To peace, to God, thou lost and found again !
 [*They go into the cabin together.*—HERRMANN, *lingering for*
a moment on the threshold, looks up to the starry skies
 Father ! that from amidst yon glorious worlds
 Now look'st on us, thy children ! make this hour
 Blessed for ever ! May it see the birth
 Of thine own image in the unfathom'd deep
 Of an immortal soul ;—a thing to name
 With reverential thought, a solemn world !
 To Thee more precious than those thousand stars
 Burning on high in thy majestic Heaven !

PRAYER AT SEA AFTER VICTORY.

"The land shall never rue,
 So England to herself do prove but true."
Shakspeare.

THROUGH evening's bright repose
 A voice of prayer arose,
 When the sea-fight was done :
 The sons of England knelt,
 With hearts that now could melt,
 For on the wave her battle had been won.
 Round their tall ship, the main
 Heaved with a dark red stain,
 Caught not from sunset's cloud ;
 While with the tide swept past
 Pennon and shiver'd mast,
 Which to the Ocean Queen that day had bow'd.
 But free and fair on high
 A native of the sky,
 Her streamer met the breeze ;
 It flow'd o'er fearless men,
 Though hush'd and child-like then,
 Before their God they gather'd on the seas.
 Oh ! did not thoughts of home
 O'er each bold spirit come
 As, from the land, sweet gales ?
 In every word of prayer
 Had not some hearth a share,
 Some bower, inviolate 'midst England's vales ?
 Yes ! bright green spots that lay
 In beauty far away,
 Hearing no billows roar ;
 Safer from touch of spoil,

EVENING SONG OF THE WEARY.—ETC.

For that day's fiery toil,
 Rose on high hearts, that now with love gush'd o'er
 A solemn scene and dread !
 The victors and the dead,
 The breathless burning sky !
 And, passing with the race
 Of waves that keep no trace,
 The wild, brief signs of human victory !
 A stern, yet holy scene !
 Billows, where strife hath been,
 Sinking to awful sleep ;
 And words, that breathe the sense
 Of God's omnipotence,
 Making a minster of that silent deep.
 Borne through such hours afar,
 Thy flag hath been a star,
 Where eagle's wing ne'er flew ;—
 England ! the unprofaned,
 Thou of the hearths unstain'd,
 Oh ! to the banner and the shrine be true !

EVENING SONG OF THE WEARY.

FATHER of heaven and earth !
 I bless thee for the night,
 The soft, still night !
 The holy pause of care and mirth,
 Of sound and light !
 Now, far in glade and dell,
 Flower-cup, and bud, and bell,
 Have shut around the sleeping woodlarks's nest—
 The bee's long murmuring toils are done,
 And I, the o'erwearied one,
 O'erwearied, and o'erwrought,
 Bless thee, O God ! O father of the oppress'd.
 With my last waking thought,
 In the still night !
 Yes, e'er I sink to rest,
 By the fire's dying light,
 Thou Lord of earth and heaven !
 I bless thee, who hast given
 Unto life's fainting travellers, the night,
 The soft still, holy night !

THE DAY OF FLOWERS.

A MOTHER'S WALK WITH HER CHILD.

“ One spirit—His
 Who wore the platted thorn with bleeding brows,

Rules universal nature.—Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, freak, or stain,
Of his unrival'd pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odors, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar.
Happy who walks with him!"—*Couper.*

COME to the woods, my boy!
Come to the streams and bowery dingles forth,
My happy child! The spirit of bright hours
Woos us in every wind; fresh wild-leaf scents
From thickets where the lonely stock-dove broods,
Enter our lattice; fitful songs of joy
Float in with each soft current of the air;
And we will hear their summons; we will give
One day to flowers, and sunshine, and glad thoughts,
And thou shalt revel 'midst free nature's wealth,
And for thy mother twine wild wreaths; while she
From thy delight, wins to her own fond heart
The vernal extasy of childhood back:
Come to the woods, my boy!

What! wouldst thou lead already to the path
Along the copsewood brook? Come, then! in truth
Meet playmate for a child, a blessed child,
Is a glad singing stream, heard or unheard,
Singing its melody of happiness
Amidst the reeds, and bounding in free grace
To that sweet chime. With what a sparkling life
It fills the shadowy dingle!—now the wing
Of some low skimming swallow shakes bright spray
Forth to the sunshine from its dimpled wave;
Now, from some pool of crystal darkness deep,
The trout springs upward, with a showery gleam
And plashing sound of waters. What swift rings
Of mazy insects o'er the shallow tide
Seem, as they glance, to scatter sparks of light
From burnish'd films! And mark yon silvery line
Of gossamer, so tremulously hung
Across the narrow current, from the tuft
Of hazels to the hoary poplar's bough!
See, in the air's transparency, how it waves,
Quivering and glistening with each faintest gale,
Yet breaking not—a bridge for fairy shapes,
How delicate, how wondrous!

Yes, my boy!
Well may we make the stream's bright winding vein
Our woodland guide, for He who made the stream
Made it a clue to haunts of loveliness,
For ever deepening. Oh, forget him not,
Dear child! that airy gladness which thou feel'st
Wafting thee after bird and butterfly,
As 'twere a breeze within thee, is not less
His gift, his blessing on thy spring-time hours,

Than this rich outward sunshine, mantling all
 The leaves, and grass, and mossy tinted stones
 With summer glory. Stay thy bounding step
 My merry wanderer! let us rest a while
 By this clear pool, where, in the shadow flung
 From alder boughs and osiers o'er its breast,
 The soft red of the flowering willow-herb
 So vividly is pictured. Seems it not
 E'en melting to a more transparent glow
 In that pure glass? Oh! beautiful are streams!
 And, through all ages, human hearts have loved
 Their music, still accordant with each mood
 Of sadness or of joy. And love hath grown
 Into vain worship, which hath left its trace
 On sculptured urn and altar, gleaming still
 Beneath dim olive boughs, by many a fount
 Of Italy and Greece. But we will take
 Our lesson e'en from erring hearts, which bless'd
 The river deities or fountain nymphs,
 For the cool breeze, and for the freshening shade,
 And the sweet water's tune. The One supreme,
 The all-sustaining, ever-present God,
 Who dower'd the soul with immortality,
 Gave also *these* delights, to cheer on earth
 Its fleeting passage; therefore let us greet
 Each wandering flower scent as a boon from Him,
 Each bird-note, quivering 'midst light summer leaves
 And every rich celestial tint unnamed,
 Wherewith transpierced, the clouds of morn and eve,
 Kindle and melt away!

And now, in love,
 In grateful thoughts rejoicing, let us bend
 Our footsteps onward to the dell of flowers
 Around the ruin'd mansion. Thou, my boy,
 Not yet, I deem, hast visited that lorn
 But lovely spot, whose loveliness for *thee*
 Will wear no shadow of subduing thought—
 No coloring from the past. This way our path
 Winds through the hazels;—mark how brightly shoots
 The dragon-fly along the sunbeam's line,
 Crossing the leafy gloom. How full of life,
 The life of song, and breezes, and free wings,
 Is all the murmuring shade! and thine, O *thine*!
 Of all the brightest and the happiest here,
 My blessed child! *my* gift of God! that makest
 My heart o'erflow with summer!

Hast thou twined
 Thy wreath so soon! yet will we loiter not,
 Though here the blue-bell wave, and gorgeously
 Round the brown twisted roots of yon scathed oak
 The heath-flower spread its purple. We must leave
 The copse and through yon broken avenue,

Shadow'd by drooping walnut foliage, reach
The ruin's glade.

And, lo! before us fair,
Yet desolate, amidst the golden day,
It stands, that house of silence! wedded now
To verdant nature by the o'er-mantling growth
Of leaf and tendril, which fond woman's hands
Once loved to train. How the rich wallflower scent
From every niche and mossy cornice floats,
Embalming its decay! The bee alone
Is murmuring from its casement, whence no more
Shall the sweet eyes of laughing children shine,
Watching some homeward footstep. See! unbound
From the old fretted stone-work, what thick wreaths
Of jasmine, borne by waste exuberance down,
Trail through the grass their gleaming stars, and load
The air with mournful fragrance, for it speaks
Of life gone hence! and the faint southern breath
Of myrtle leaves from yon forsaken porch,
Startles the soul with sweetness! Yet rich knots
Of garden flowers, far wandering, and self-sown
Through all the sunny hollow, spread around
A flush of youth and joy, free nature's joy,
Undimm'd by human change. How kindly here,
With the low thyme and daisies, they have blent!
And, under arches of wild eglantine,
Drooping from this tall elm, how strangely seems
The frail gum-cistus o'er the turf to snow
Its pearly flower-leaves down!—Go, happy boy!
Rove thou at will amidst these roving sweets,
Whilst I, beside this fallen dial-stone,
Under the tall moss rose-tree, long unpruned,
Rest where thick clustering pansies weave around
Their many-tinged mosaic, 'midst dark grass,
Bedded like jewels.

He hath bounded on,
Wild with delight!—the crimson on his cheek
Purer and richer e'en than that which lies
In this deep-hearted rose-cup!—bright moss rose!
Though now so lorn, yet surely, gracious tree!
Once thou wert cherish'd! and, by human love,
Through many a summer duly visited
For thy bloom-offerings, which o'er festal board,
And youthful brow, and e'en the shaded couch
Of long secluded sickness, may have shed
A joy, now lost.

Yet shall there still be joy,
Where God hath pour'd forth beauty, and the voice
Of human love shall still be heard in praise
Over his glorious gifts!—O Father, Lord!
The all-beneficent! I bless thy name,
That thou hast mantled the green earth with flowers,

Linking our hearts to nature ! By the love
 Of their wild blossoms, our young footsteps first
 Into her deep recesses are beguiled,
 Her minster cells ; dark glen and forest bower,
 Where thrilling with its earliest sense of thee,
 Amidst the low religious whisperings
 And shivery leaf-sounds of the solitude,
 The spirit wakes to worship, and is made
 Thy living temple. By the breath of flowers,
 Thou callest us, from city throngs and cares,
 Back to the woods, the birds, the mountain streams,
 That sing of Thee ! back to free childhood's heart,
 Fresh with the dews of tenderness !—Thou bidd'st
 The lilies of the field with placid smile
 Reprove man's feverish strivings, and infuse
 Through his worn soul a more unworldly life,
 With their soft holy breath. Thou hast not left
 His purer nature, with its fine desires,
 Uncared for in this universe of thine !
 The glowing rose attests it, the beloved
 Of poet hearts, touch'd by their fervent dreams
 With spiritual light, and made a source
 Of heaven ascending-thoughts. E'en to faint age
 Thou lend'st the vernal bliss ;—the old man's eye
 Falls on the kindling blossoms, and his soul
 Remembers youth and love, and hopefully
 Turns unto thee, who call'st earth's buried germs
 From dust to splendor ; as the mortal seed
 Shall, at thy summons, from the grave spring up
 To put on glory to be girt with power,
 And fill'd with immortality. Receive
 Thanks, blessings, love, for these, thy lavish boons,
 And, most of all, their heavenward influences,
 O Thou that gavest us flowers !

Return, my boy,
 With all thy chaplets and bright bands return !
 See, with how deep a crimson eve hath touch'd
 And glorified the ruin ! glow-worm light
 Will twinkle on the dew drops, e'er we reach
 Our home again. Come, with thy last sweet prayer
 At thy bless'd mother's knee, to-night shall thanks
 Unto our Father in his heaven arise,
 For all the gladness, all the beauty shed
 O'er one rich day of flowers.

HYMN OF THE TRAVELLER'S HOUSEHOLD ON HIS
 RETURN,

IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Joy ! the lost one is restored !
 Sunshine comes to hearth and board.
 From the far-off countries old

Of the diamond and red gold :
From the dusky archer bands,
Roamers of the fiery sands !
From the desert winds, whose breath
Smites with sudden silent death ;
He hath reach'd his home again,
Where we sing
In thy praise a fervent strain,
God our King !

Mightiest ! unto Thee he turn'd,
When the noon-day fiercest burn'd ;
When the fountain springs were far,
And the sounds of Arab war
Swell'd upon the sultry blast,
And the sandy columns past,
Unto Thee he cried ! and Thou,
Merciful ! didst hear his vow !
Therefore unto Thee again
Joy shall sing,
Many a sweet and thankful strain,
God our King !

Thou wert with him on the main,
And the snowy mountain chain,
And the rivers, dark and wide,
Which through Indian forests glide,
'Thou didst guard him from the wrath
Of the lion in his path,
And the arrows on the breeze,
And the dropping poison-trees :
Therefore from our household train
Oft shall spring
Unto thee a blessing strain,
God our King !

Thou to his lone watching wife
Hast brought back the light of life !
Thou hast spared his loving child
Home to greet him from the wild.
Though the suns of eastern skies
On his cheek have set their dyes,
Though long toils and sleepless cares
On his brow have blanch'd the hairs,
Yet the night of fear is flown,
He is living, and our own !—
Brethren ! spread his festal board,
Hang his mantle and his sword,
With the armor, on the wall—
While this long, long silent hall
Joyfully doth hear again
Voice and string
Swell to Thee the exulting strain,
God our King !

A PRAYER OF AFFECTION.

BLESSINGS, O Father ! shower,
 Father of Mercies ! round his precious head !
 On his lone walks and on his thoughtful hour,
 And the pure visions of his midnight bed,
 Blessings be shed !

Father ! I pray Thee not
 For earthly treasure to that most beloved,
 Fame, fortune, power :—oh ! be his spirit proved
 By these, or by their absence, at Thy will !
 But let Thy peace be wedded to his lot,
 Guarding his inner life from touch of ill,
 With its dove-pinion still !
 Let such a sense of Thee,
 Thy watching presence, thy sustaining love,
 His bosom guest inalienably be,
 That wheresoe'er he move,
 A heavenly light serene
 Upon his heart and mien
 May sit undimm'd ! a gladness rest his own,
 Unspeakable, and to the world unknown !
 Such as from childhood's morning land of dreams
 Remember'd faintly, gleams,
 Faintly remember'd, and too swiftly flown !

So let him walk with Thee,
 Made by Thy spirit free ;
 And when Thou call'st him from his mortal place,
 To his last hour be still that sweetness given,
 That joyful trust ! and brightly let him part,
 With lamp clear burning, and unlingering heart,
 Mature to meet in heaven
 His Saviour's face

THE PAINTER'S LAST WORK.*

"Clasp me a little longer on the brink
 Of life, while I can feel thy dear caress ;
 And when this heart hath ceased to beat, oh ! think,
 And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
 That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
 And friend to more than human friendship just—
 Oh ! by that retrospect of happiness,
 And by the hope of an immortal trust,
 God shall assuage my pangs when I am laid in dust !"

Campbel.

* Suggested by the closing scene in the life of the painter Blake
 which is beautifully related by Allan Cunningham.

The Scene is an English Cottage. The Lattice opens on a Landscape at sunset.

EUGENE—TERESA.

Teresa. The fever's hue hath left thy cheek, beloved !
Thine eyes that make the dayspring in my heart,
Are clear and still once more !—Wilt thou look forth ?
Now, while the sunset with low streaming light—
The light thou lovest—hath made the elm-wood stems
All burning bronze, the river molten gold !
Wilt thou be raised upon thy couch, to meet
The rich air fill'd with wandering scents and sounds ?
Or shall I lay thy dear, dear head once more
On this true bosom, lulling thee to rest
With our own evening hymn ?

Eugene. Not now, dear love,
My soul is wakeful—lingering to look forth,
Not on the sun, but thee !—Doth the light sleep
On the stream tenderly ? and are the stems
Of our own elm-trees, by its alchemy,
So richly changed ? and is the sweetbrier scent
Floating around ?—But I have said farewell,
Farewell to earth, Teresa !—not to thee ;
Nor yet to our deep love, nor yet awhile
Unto the spirit of mine art, which flows
Back on my soul in mastery.—One last work !
And I will shrine my wealth of glowing thoughts,
Clinging affections, and undying hopes,
All, all in that memorial !

Teresa. O, what dream
Is this, mine own Eugene ?—Waste thou not thus
Thy scarce returning strength ; keep thy rich thoughts
For happier days ! they will not melt away
Like passing music from the lute—dear friend !
Dearest of friends ! thou canst win back at will
The glorious visions.

Eugene. Yes ! the unseen land
Of glorious visions hath sent forth a voice,
To call me hence.—Oh ! be thou not deceived !
Bind to thy heart no *earthly* hope, Teresa !
I must, *must* leave thee !—Yet be strong, my love,
As thou hast still been gentle.

Teresa. O Eugene !
What will this dim world be to me, Eugene,
When wanting thy bright soul, the life of all ?
My only sunshine !—How can I bear on ?
How can we part ? We that have loved so well,
With clasping spirits link'd so long by grief,
By tears, by prayer ?

Eugene. E'en *therefore* we can part,
With an immortal trust that such high love
Is not of things to perish

Let me leave

One record still of its ethereal flame
Brightening through death's cold shadow. Once again,
Stand with thy meek hands folded on thy breast,
And eyes half veil'd, in thine own soul absorb'd,
As in thy watchings e'er I sink to sleep;
And I will give the bending flower-like grace
Of that soft form, and the still sweetness throned
On that pale brow, and in that quivering smile
Of voiceless love, a life that shall outlast
Their delicate earthly being. 'There! thy head
Bow'd down with beauty, and with tenderness,
And lowly thought—even thus—my own Teresa!
Oh! the quick-glancing radiance and bright bloom
That once around thee hung, have melted now
Into more solemn light—but holier far,
And dearer, and yet lovelier in mine eyes,
Than all that summer flush! For by my couch,
In patient and serene devotedness,
Thou hast made those rich hues and sunny smiles
Thine offering unto me. Oh! I may give
Those pensive lips, that clear Madonna brow,
And the sweet earnestness of that dark eye,
Unto the canvass;—I may catch the flow
Of all those drooping locks, and glorify
With a soft halo what is imaged thus—
But how much rests unbreathed! my faithful one!
What thou hast been to me! This bitter world,
This cold unanswering world, that hath no voice
To greet the gentle spirit, that drives back
All birds of Eden, which would sojourn here
A little while—how have I turn'd away
From its keen soulless air, and in thy heart
Found ever the sweet fountain of response
To quench my thirst for home!

The dear work grows

Beneath my hand,—the last!

Teresa, (falling on his neck in tears.)—Eugene, Eugene
Break not my heart with thine excess of love!—
Oh! must I loose thee—thou that hast been still
The tenderest—best—

Eugene. Weep, weep not thus, beloved!
Let my true heart o'er thine retain its power
Of soothing to the last!—Mine own Teresa!
Take strength from strong affection!—Let our souls,
Ere this brief parting, mingle in one strain
Of deep, full thanksgiving, for God's rich boon—
Our perfect love!—Oh! blessed have we been
In that high gift; Thousands o'er earth may pass
With hearts unfreshen'd by the heavenly dew,
Which hath kept *ours* from withering.—Kneel, true wife!
And lay thy hands in mine.

[She kneels beside the couch—he prays.

Oh, thus receive

Thy children's thanks, Creator! for the love
Which thou hast granted, through all earthly woes,
To spread heaven's peace around them; which hath bound
Their spirits to each other and to thee,
With links whereon unkindness ne'er hath breathed,
Nor wandering thought. We thank thee, gracious God!
For all its treasured memories! tender cares,
Fond words, bright, bright sustaining looks, unchanged
Through tears and joy. O Father! most of all
We thank, we bless Thee, for the priceless trust,
Through Thy redeeming Son vouchsafed, to those
That love in Thee, of union, in Thy sight,
And in Thy heavens, immortal! Hear our prayer!
Take home our fond affections, purified
To spirit radiance from all earthly stain;
Exalted, solemnized, made fit to dwell,
Father! where all things that are lovely meet,
And all things that are pure—for evermore,
With Thee and Thine!

MOTHER'S LITANY BY THE SICKBED OF A CHILD

SAVIOUR, that of woman born,
Mother-sorrow didst not scorn,
Thou, with whose last anguish strove
One dear thought of earthly love—
Hear and aid!

Low he lies, my precious child,
With his spirit wandering wild
From its gladsome tasks and play,
And its bright thoughts far away—
Saviour, aid!

Pain sits heavy on his brow,
E'en though slumber seal it now;
Round his lip is quivering strife,
In his hand unquiet life—
Aid! oh, aid!

Saviour! loose the burning chain
From his fever'd heart and brain,
Give, oh! give his young soul back,
Into its own cloudless track!
Hear and aid!

Thou that said'st, "Awake, arise!"
E'en when death had quench'd the eyes,
In this hour of grief's deep sighing,
When o'erwearied hope is dying!
Hear and aid!

494 NIGHT HYMN AT SEA.—FEMALE CHARACTERS.

Yet, oh ! make him thine, all thine,
Saviour ! whether death's or mine !
Yet, oh ! pour on human love,
Strength, trust, patience, from above !
Hear and aid !

NIGHT HYMN AT SEA.

THE WORDS WRITTEN FOR A MELODY BY FELTON

NIGHT sinks on the wave,
Hollow gusts are sighing,
Sea-birds to their cave
Through the gloom are flying.
Oh ! should storms come sweeping,
Thou, in heaven unsleeping,
O'er thy children vigil keeping,
Hear, hear, and save !

Stars look o'er the sea,
Few, and sad, and shrouded ;
Faith our light must be,
When all else is clouded.
Thou, whose voice came thrilling,
Wind and billow stilling,
Speak once more ! our prayer fulfilling—
Power dwells with Thee !

FEMALE CHARACTERS OF SCRIPTURE.

A SERIES OF SONNETS.*

"Your tents are desolate ; your stately steps,
Of all their choral dances, have not left
One trace beside the fountains ; your full cup
Of gladness and of trembling, each alike
Is broken ; yet, amidst undying things,
The mind still keeps your loveliness, and still
All the fresh glories of the early world
Hang round you in the spirit's pictured halls,
Never to change !"

I.—INVOCATION.

As the tired voyager on stormy seas
Invokes the coming of bright birds from shore,
To waft him tidings, with the gentler breeze,
Of dim sweet woods that hear no billows roar ;
So, from the depth of days, when earth yet wore
Her solemn beauty and primeval dew,
I call you, gracious Forms ! Oh ! come, restore
Awhile that holy freshness, and renew
Life's morning dreams. Come with the voice, the lyre,

* Suggested by the perusal of Mrs. Sandford's *Woman*.

Daughters of Judah ! With the timbrel rise !
 Ye of the dark prophetic eastern eyes,
 Imperial in their visionary fire ;
 Oh ! steep my soul in that old glorious time,
 When God's own whisper shook the cedars of your clime !

II.—INVOCATION CONTINUED.

AND come, ye faithful ! round Messiah seen,
 With a soft harmony of tears and light
 Streaming through all your spiritual mien,
 As in calm clouds of pearly stillness bright,
 Showers weave with sunshine, and transpierce their slight
 Ethereal cradle.—From *your* heart subdued
 All haughty dreams of power had wing'd their flight,
 And left high place for martyr fortitude,
 True faith, long suffering love.—Come to me, come !
 And, as the seas beneath your master's tread
 Fell into crystal smoothness, round him spread
 Like the clear pavement of his heavenly home ;
 So in your presence, let the soul's great deep
 Sink to the gentleness of infant sleep.

III.—THE SONG OF MIRIAM.

A SONG for Israel's God !—Spear, crest, and helm,
 Lay by the billows of the old Red Sea,
 When Miriam's voice o'er that sepulchral realm
 Sent on the blast a hymn of jubilee ;
 With her lit eye, and long hair floating free,
 Queen-like she stood, and glorious was the strain,
 E'en as instinct with the tempestuous glee
 Of the dark waters, tossing o'er the slain.

A song for God's own victory !—O, thy lays,
 Bright poesy ! were holy in their birth :—
 How hath it died, thy seraph note of praise,
 In the bewildering melodies of earth !
 Return from troubling bitter founts—return,
 Back to the life-springs of thy native urn !

IV.—RUTH.

THE plume-like swaying of the auburn corn,
 By soft winds to a dreamy motion fann'd,
 Still brings me back thine image—Oh ! forlorn,
 Yet not forsaken, Ruth !—I see thee stand
 Lone, 'midst the gladness of the harvest band—
 Lone, as a wood-bird on the ocean's foam,
 Fall'n in its weariness. Thy fatherland
 Smiles far away ! yet to the sense of home,
 That finest, purest, which can recognise
 Home in affection's glance, for ever true

Beats thy calm heart ; and if thy gentle eyes
 Gleam tremulous through tears, 'tis not to rue
 Those words, immortal in their deep love's tone,
" Thy people and thy God shall be mine own !"

V.—THE VIGIL OF RIZPAH.

" And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven ; and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night."
 2 SAM. XXI. 10.

WHO watches on the mountain with the dead,
 Alone before the awfulness of night ?—
 A seer awaiting the deep spirit's might ?
 A warrior guarding some dark pass of dread ?
 No, a lorn woman !—On her drooping head,
 Once proudly graceful, heavy beats the rain ;
 She recks not—living for the unburied slain,
 Only to scare the vulture from their bed.

So, night by night, her vigil hath she kept
 With the pale stars, and with the dews hath wept ;—
 Oh ! surely some bright Presence from above
 On those wild rocks the lonely one must aid !—
 E'en so ; a strengthener through all storm and shade,
 Th' unconquerable angel, mightiest love !

VI.—REPLY OF THE SHUNAMITE WOMAN.

" And she answered, I dwell among mine own people."
 2 KINGS IV. 13.

" I DWELL among mine own,"—Oh ! happy thou !
 Not for the sunny clusters of the vine,
 Not for the olives on the mountain's brow ;
 Nor the flocks wandering by the flowery line
 Of streams, that make the green land where they shine
 Laugh to the light of waters—not for these,
 Nor the soft shadow of ancestral trees,
 Whose kindly whisper floats o'er thee and thine—
 Oh ! not for *these* I call thee richly blest,
 But for the meekness of thy woman's breast,
 Where that sweet depth of still contentment lies ;
 And for thy holy household love, which clings
 Unto all ancient and familiar things,
 Weaving from each some link for home's dear charities.

VII.—THE ANNUNCIATION.

LOWLIEST of women, and most glorified !
 In thy still beauty sitting calm and lone,
 A brightness round thee grew—and by thy side
 Kindling the air, a form ethereal shone,
 Solemn, yet breathing gladness. From her throne

A queen had risen with more imperial eye,
 A stately prophetess of victory
 From her proud lyre had struck a tempest's tone,
 For such high tidings as to *thee* were brought,
 Chosen of Heaven ! that hour :—but thou, O thou !
 E'en as a flower with gracious rains o'erfraught,
 Thy virgin head beneath its crown didst bow,
 And take to thy meek breast th' all holy word,
 And own thyself *the handmaid of the Lord.*

VIII.—THE SONG OF THE VIRGIN.

YET as a sunburst flushing mountain snow,
 Fell the celestial touch of fire ere long
 On the pale stillness of thy thoughtful brow,
 And thy calm spirit lighten'd into song.
 Unconsciously, perchance, yet free and strong
 Flow'd the majestic joy of tuneful words,
 Which living harps the choirs of Heaven among
 Might well have link'd with their divinest chords.
 Full many a strain, borne far on glory's blast,
 Shall leave, where once its haughty music pass'd,
 No more to memory than a reed's faint sigh ;
 While thine, O childlike virgin ! through all time
 Shall send its fervent breath o'er every clime,
 Being of God, and therefore not to die.

IX.—THE PENITENT ANOINTING CHRIST'S FEET.

THERE was a mournfulness in angel eyes,
 That saw thee, woman ! bright in this world's train,
 Moving to pleasure's airy melodies,
 Thyself the idol of the enchanted strain.
 But from thy beauty's garland, brief and vain,
 When one by one the rose-leaves had been torn.
 When thy heart's core had quiver'd to the pain
 Through every life-nerve sent by arrowy scorn ;
 When thou didst kneel to pour sweet odors forth
 On the Redeemer's feet, with many a sigh,
 And showering tear-drop, of yet richer worth,
 Than all those costly balms of Araby ;
 Then was there joy, a song of joy in heaven,
 For thee, the child won back, the penitent forgiven !

X.—MARY AT THE FEET OF CHRIST.

OH ! bless'd beyond all daughters of the earth !
 What were the Orient's thrones to that low seat
 Where thy hush'd spirit drew celestial birth ?
 Mary ! meek listener at the Saviour's feet !
 No feverish cares to that divine retreat
 Thy woman's heart of silent worship brought,
 But a fresh childhood, heavenly truth to meet,
 With love, and wonder, and submissive thought.

Oh! for the holy quiet of thy breast,
 'Midst the world's eager tones and footsteps flying
 Thou, whose calm soul was like a well-spring, lying
 So deep and still in its transparent rest,
 That e'en when noontide burns upon the hills,
 Some one bright solemn star all its lone mirror fills.

XI.—THE SISTERS OF BETHANY AFTER THE DEATH OF LAZARUS.

ONE grief, one faith, O sisters of the dead!
 Was in your bosoms—thou, whose steps, made fleet
 By keen hope fluttering in the heart which bled,
 Bore thee, as wings, the Lord of Life to greet;
 And thou, that duteous in thy still retreat
 Didst wait the summons—then with reverent love
 Fall weeping at the bless'd Deliverer's feet,
 Whom e'en to heavenly tears thy woe could move
 And which to *Him*, the All Seeing and All Just,
 Was loveliest, that quick zeal, or lowly trust?
 Oh! question not, and let no law be given
 To those unveilings of its deepest shrine,
 By the wrung spirit made in outward sign:
 Free service from the heart is all in all to Heaven.

XII.—THE MEMORIAL OF MARY.

"Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."—*Matthew*, xxvi. 13.—See also *John*, xii. 3.

THOU hast thy record in the monarch's hall;
 And on the waters of the far mid sea;
 And where the mighty mountain-shadows fall,
 The alpine hamlet keeps a thought of thee:
 Where'er, beneath some oriental tree,
 The Christian traveller rests—where'er the child
 Looks upward from the English mother's knee,
 With earnest eyes in wondering reverence mild,
 There art thou known—where'er the Book of light
 Bears hope and healing, there, beyond all blight,
 Is borne thy memory, and all praise above:
 Oh! say what deed so lifted thy sweet name,
 Mary! to that pure silent place of fame?
 One lowly offering of exceeding love.

XIII.—THE WOMEN OF JERUSALEM AT THE CROSS.

LIKE those pale stars of tempest hours, whose gleam
 Waves calm and constant on the rocking mast
 Such by the cross doth your bright lingering seem,
 Daughters of Zion! faithful to the last!
 Ye, through the darkness o'er the wide earth cast
 By the death-cloud within the Saviour's eye,

E'en till away the heavenly spirit pass'd,
 Stood in the shadow of his agony.
 O blessed faith! a guiding lamp, that hour
 Was lit for woman's heart; to her, whose dower
 Is all of love and suffering from her birth;
 Still hath your act a voice—through fear, through strife,
 Bidding her bind each tendril of her life,
 To that which her deep soul hath proved of holiest worth.

XIV.—MARY MAGDALENE AT THE SEPULCHRE.

WEEPER! to thee how bright a morn was given
 After thy long, long vigil of despair,
 When that high voice which burial rocks had riven,
 Thrill'd with immortal tones the silent air!
 Never did clarion's royal blast declare
 Such tale of victory to a breathless crowd,
 As the deep sweetness of *one* word could bear
 Into thy heart of hearts, O woman! bow'd
 By strong affection's anguish! one low word—
 "*Mary!*"—and all the triumph wrung from death
 Was thus reveal'd! and thou, that so hadst err'd,
 So wept, and been forgiven, in trembling faith
 Didst cast thee down before the all conquering Son,
 Awed by the mighty gift thy tears and love had won!

XV.—MARY MAGDALENE BEARING TIDINGS OF THE RESURRECTION.

THEN was a task of glory all thine own,
 Nobler than e'er the still small voice assign'd
 To lips, in awful music making known
 The stormy splendors of some prophet's mind.
 "Christ is arisen!"—by thee, to wake mankind,
 First from the sepulchre those words were brought!
 Thou wert to send the mighty rushing wind
 First on its way, with those high tidings fraught—
 "*Christ is arisen!*"—Thou, *thou*, the sin enthral'd,
 Earth's outcast, Heaven's own ransom'd one, wert call'd
 In human hearts to give that rapture birth:
 Oh! raised from shame to brightness!—*there* doth lie
 The tenderest meaning of *His* ministry,
 Whose undespairing love still own'd the spirit's worth.

THE TWO MONUMENTS.*

"Oh! bless'd are they who live and die like 'him,'
 Loved with such love, and with such sorrow mourn'd!"
Wordsworth.

BANNERS hung drooping from on high
 In a dim cathedral's nave,

* Suggested by a passage in Captain Sherer's "Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany."

Making a gorgeous canopy
O'er a noble, noble grave !

And a marble warrior's form beneath,
With helm and crest array'd
As on his battle-bed of death,
Lay in their crimson shade.

Triumph yet linger'd in his eye,
Ere by the dark night seal'd,
And his head was pillow'd haughtily
On standard and on shield.

And shadowing that proud trophy pile
With the glory of his wing,
An eagle sat ;—yet seem'd the while
Panting through heaven to spring.

He sat upon a shiver'd lance,
There by the sculptor bound ;
But in the light of his lifted glance
Was *that* which scorn'd the ground.

And a burning flood of gem-like hues
From a storied window pour'd,
There fell, there centred, to suffice
The conqueror and his sword.

A flood of hues ; but *one* rich dye
O'er all supremely spread,
With a purple robe of royalty
Mantling the mighty dead.

Meet was that robe for *him* whose name
Was a trumpet note in war,
His pathway still the march of fame,
His eye the battle star.

But faintly, tenderly was thrown,
From the color'd light, one ray,
Where a low and pale memorial stone
By the couch of glory lay.

Few were the fond words chisell'd *there*,
Mourning for parted worth ;
But the very heart of love and prayer
Had given their sweetness forth.

They spoke of one whose life had been
As a hidden streamlet's course,
Bearing on health and joy unseen,
From its clear mountain-source :

Whose young pure memory, lying deep
'Midst rock, and wood, and hill,
Dwelt in the homes where poor men sleep,*
A soft light meek and still :

* Love had he seen in huts where poor men lie.—*Wordsworth*.

Whose gentle voice, too early call'd
Unto Music's land away,
Had won for God the earth's enthrall'd,
By words of silvery sway.

These were *his* victories—yet enroll'd
In no high song of fame,
The pastor of the mountain-fold
Left but to heaven his name.

To heaven and to the peasant's hearth,
A blessed household sound—
And finding lowly love on earth,
Enough, enough, he found!

Bright and more bright before me gleam'd
That sainted image still;
Till one sweet moonlight memory seem'd
The regal fane to fill.

Oh! how my silent spirit turn'd
From those proud trophies nigh!
How my full heart within me burn'd
Like *Him* to live and die!

THE COTTAGE GIRL.

A CHILD beside a hamlet's fount at play,
Her fair face laughing at the sunny day;
A gush of waters tremulously bright
Kindling the air to gladness with their light;
And a soft gloom beyond of summer trees,
Darkening the turf, and shadow'd o'er by these,
A low, dim, woodland cottage—this was all!
What had the scene for memory to recall
With a fond look of love! What secret spell
With the heart's pictures made its image dwell?
What but the spirit of the joyous child,
That freshly forth o'er stream and verdure smiled,
Casting upon the common things of earth
A brightness, born and gone with infant mirth!

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

I LOOK'D on the field, where the battle was spread,
When thousands stood forth in their glancing array;
And the beam from the steel of the valiant was shed
Through the dun-rolling clouds that o'ershadow'd the fray.
I saw the dark forest of lances appear,
As the ears of the harvest unnumber'd they stood,
I heard the stern shout as the foemen drew near,
Like the storm that lays low the proud pines of the wood.

Afar, the harsh notes of the war-drum were roll'd,
 Uprousing the wolf from the depth of his lair ;
 On high to the gust stream'd the banner's red fold,
 O'er the death-close of hate, and the scowl of despair.

I look'd on the field of contention again,
 When the sabre was sheath'd and the tempest had past ;
 And the wild weed and thistle grew rank on the plain,
 And the fern softly sigh'd in the low wailing blast.

Unmoved lay the lake in its hour of repose,
 And bright shone the stars through the sky's deepen'd blue ;
 And sweetly the song of the night-bird arose.
 Where the fox-glove lay gemm'd with its pearl-drops of dew

But where swept the ranks of that dark frowning host,
 As the ocean in might—as the storm-cloud in speed !
 Where now were the thunders of victory's boast—
 The slayer's dread wrath, and the strength of the steed ?

Not a time-wasted cross, not a mouldering stone,
 To mark the lone scene of their shame or their pride ;
 One grass-cover'd mound told the traveller alone,
 Where thousands lay down in their anguish, and died !

Oh, glory ! behold thy famed guerdon's extent :
 For this, toil thy slaves through their earth-wasting lot ;
 A name like the mist, when the night-beams are spent—
 A grave with its tenants unwept and forgot !

A PENITENT'S RETURN.

" Can guilt or misery ever enter here ?
 Ah ! no, the spirit of domestic peace,
 Though calm and gentle as the brooding dove,
 And ever murmuring forth a quiet song,
 Guards, powerful as the sword of cherubim,
 The hallow'd porch. She hath a heavenly smile,
 That sinks into the sullen soul of vice,
 And wins him o'er to virtue."—*Wilson*.

My father's house once more,
 In its own moonlight beauty ! Yet around,
 Something amidst the dewy calm profound,
 Broods, never mark'd before !

Is it the brooding night,
 Is it the shivery creeping on the air,
 That makes the home, so tranquil and so fair,
 O'erwhelming to my sight ?

All solemnized it seems,
 And still'd, and darken'd in each time-worn hue,
 Since the rich clustering roses met my view,
 As now, by starry gleams.

And this high elm, where last
I stood and linger'd—where my sisters made
Our mother's bower—I deem'd not that it cast
So far and dark a shade!

How spirit-like a tone
Sighs through yon tree! My father's place was there
At evening hours, while soft winds waved his hair!
Now those grey locks are gone!

My soul grows faint with fear!
Even as if angel steps had mark'd the sod.
I tremble where I move—the voice of God
Is in the foliage here!

Is it indeed the night
That makes my home so awful! Faithless hearted!
'Tis that from thine own bosom hath departed
The inborn gladd'ning light!

No outward thing is changed;
Only the joy of purity is fled,
And, long from nature's melodies estranged,
Thou hear'st their tones with dread.

Therefore the calm abode,
By thy dark spirit, is o'erhung with shade;
And therefore, in the leaves, the voice of God
Makes thy sick heart afraid!

The night-flowers round that door
Still breathe pure fragrance on the untainted air;
Thou, thou alone art worthy now no more
To pass, and rest thee there.

And must I turn away?—
Hark, hark!—it is my mother's voice I hear—
Sadder than once it seem'd—yet soft and clear—
Doth she not seem to pray?

My name!—I caught the sound!
Oh! blessed tone of love—the deep, the mild—
Mother, my mother! Now receive thy child,
Take back the lost and found!

A THOUGHT OF PARADISE.

"We receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live;
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud;
And, would we aught behold of higher worth
Than that inanimate cold world allow'd
To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,
Enveloping the earth;
And from the soul itself must there be sent

A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element."—*Coleridge*

GREEN spot of holy ground !
If thou couldst yet be found,
Far in the deep woods, with all thy starry flowers ;
If not one sully'ing breath
Of time, or change, or death,
Had touch'd the vernal glory of thy bowers ;

Might our tired pilgrim-feet,
Worn by the desert's heat,
On the bright freshness of thy turf repose ?
Might our eyes wander there
Through heaven's transparent air,
And rest on colors of the immortal rose ?

Say, would thy balmy skies
And fountain-melodies
Our heritage of lost delight restore ?
Could thy soft honey-dews
Through all our veins diffuse
The early, child-like, trustful sleep once more ?

And might we, in the shade
By thy tall cedars made,
With angel voices high communion hold ?
Would their sweet solemn tone
Give back the music gone,
Our Being's harmony, so jarr'd of old ?

Oh ! no—thy sunny hours
Might come with blossom showers,
All thy young leaves to spirit lyres might thrill ;
But *we*—should we not bring
Into thy realms of spring
The shadows of our souls to haunt us still ?

What could *thy* flowers and airs
Do for our earth-born cares ?
Would the world's chain melt off and leave us free ?
No !—past each living stream,
Still would some fever dream
Track the lorn wand'ers, meet no more for thee !

Should we not shrink with fear,
If angel steps were near,
Feeling our burden'd souls within us die ?
How might our passions brook
The still and searching look,
The starlike glance of seraph purity ?

Thy golden-fruited grove
Was not for pining love ;
Vain sadness would but dim thy crystal skies !
Oh ! *Thou* wert but a part

Of what man's exiled heart
Hath lost—the dower of *inborn* Paradise!

LET US DEPART.

[It is mentioned by Josephus, that, a short time previously to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, the priests, going by night into the inner court of the temple to perform their sacred ministrations at the feast of Pentecost, felt a quaking, and heard a rushing noise, and, after that, a sound as of a great multitude saying, "Let us depart hence."]

NIGHT hung on Salem's towers,
And a brooding hush profound
Lay where the Roman eagle shone,
High o'er the tents around,

The tents that rose by thousands,
In the moonlight glimmering pale;
Like white waves of a frozen sea,
Filling an Alpine vale.

And the temple's massy shadow
Fell broad, and dark, and still,
In peace, as if the Holy One
Yet watched his chosen kill.

But a fearful sound was heard
In that old fane's deepest heart,
As if mighty wings rush'd by,
And a dread voice raised the cry,
"Let us depart!"

Within the fated city
E'en then fierce discord raved,
Though o'er night's heaven the comet sword
Its vengeful token waved.

There were shouts of kindred warfare
Through the dark streets ringing high,
Though every sign was full which told
Of the bloody vintage nigh.

Though the wild red spears and arrows
Of many a meteor host,
Went flashing o'er the holy stars,
In the sky now seen, now lost.

And that fearful sound was heard
In the Temple's deepest heart,
As if mighty wings rush'd by,
And a voice cried mournfully,
"Let us depart!"

But within the fated city
 There was revelry that night ;
 The wine-cup and the timbrel note,
 And the blaze of banquet light.

The footsteps of the dancer
 Went bounding through the hall,
 And the music of the dulcimer
 Summon'd to festival.

While the clash of brother weapons
 Made lightning in the air,
 And the dying at the palace gates
 Lay down in their despair

And that fearful sound was heard
 At the Temple's thrilling heart,
 As if mighty wings rush'd by,
 And a dread voice raised the cry,
" Let us depart ! "

ON A PICTURE OF CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS.

PAINTED BY VALASQUEZ.*

By the dark stillness brooding in the sky,
 Holiest of sufferers ! round thy path of woe,
 And by the weight of mortal agony
 Laid on thy drooping form and pale meek brow,
 My heart was awed : the burden of thy pain
 Sank on me with a mystery and a chain.

I look'd once more, and, as the virtue shed
 Forth from thy robe of old, so fell a ray
 Of victory from thy mien ! and round thy head,
 The halo, melting spirit-like away,
 Seem'd of the very soul's bright rising born,
 To glorify all sorrow, shame, and scorn

And upwards, through transparent darkness gleaming,
 Gazed in mute reverence, woman's earnest eye,
 Lit, as a vase whence inward light is streaming,
 With quenchless faith and deep love's fervency ;
 Gathering, like incense, round some dim-veil'd shrine,
 About the form, so mournfully divine !

Oh ! let thine image, as e'en then it rose,
 Live in my soul forever, calm and clear,
 Making itself a temple of repose,
 Beyond the breath of human hope or fear !
 A holy place, where through all storms may lie
 One living beam of dayspring from on high.

* This picture is in the possession of the Viscount Harborton, Merion Square, Dublin.

COMMUNINGS WITH THOUGHT.

"Could we but keep our spirit's to that height,
We might be happy; but this clay will sink
Its spark immortal."—*Byron*.

RETURN my thoughts, come home!
Ye wild and wing'd! what do ye o'er the deep?
And wherefore thus the abyss of time o'ersweep,
As birds the ocean foam?

Swifter than shooting star,
Swifter than lances of the northern light,
Upspringing through the purple heaven of night,
Hath been your course afar!

Through the bright battle-clime,
Where laurel boughs make dim the Grecian streams,
And reeds are whispering of heroic themes,
By temples of old time:

Through the north's ancient halls,
Where banners thrill'd of yore—where harp-strings rung;
But grass waves now o'er those that fought and sung—
Hearth-light hath left their walls!

Through forests old and dim,
Where o'er the leaves dread magic seems to brood;
And sometimes on the haunted solitude
Rises the pilgrim's hymn:

Or where some fountain lies,
With lotus-cups through orient spice-woods gleaming!
There have ye been, ye wanderers! idly dreaming
Of man's lost paradise!

Return, my thoughts, return!
Cares wait your presence in life's daily track,
And voices, not of music, call you back—
Harsh voices, cold and stern!

Oh! no, return ye not!
Sill farther, loftier let your soarings be!
Go, bring me strength from journeyings bright and free,
O'er many a haunted spot.

Go, seek the martyr's grave,
'Midst the old mountains, and the deserts vast;
Or, through the ruin'd cities of the past,
Follow the wise and brave!

Go, visit cell and shrine!
Where woman hath endured!—through wrong, through [scorn,
Uncheer'd by fame, yet silently upborne
By promptings more divine!

Go, shoot the gulf of death!
Track the pure spirit where no chain can bind,

Where the heart's boundless love its rest may find,
Where the storm sends no breath!

Higher, and yet more high!
Shake off the cumbering chain which earth would lay
On your victorious wings—mount, mount!—Your way
Is through eternity!

SONNETS,

DEVOTIONAL AND MEMORIAL.

I.—THE SACRED HARP.

How shall the harp of poesy regain
That old victorious tune of prophet-years,
A spell divine o'er guilt's perturbing fears,
And all the hovering shadows of the brain?
Dark evil wings took flight before the strain,
And showers of holy quiet, with its fall,
Sank on the soul. Oh! who may now recall
The mighty music's consecrated reign?
Spirit of God! whose glory once o'erhung
A throne, the ark's dread cherubim between,
So let thy presence brood, though now unseen,
O'er those two powers by whom the harp is strung,
Feeling and Thought! till the rekindled chords
Give the long-buried tone back to immortal words.

II.—TO A FAMILY BIBLE.

WHAT household thoughts around thee, as their shrine,
Cling reverently?—of anxious looks beguiled
My mother's eyes, upon thy page divine,
Each day were bent—her accents, gravely mild,
Breathed out thy lore: whilst I, a dreamy child,
Wandered on breeze-like fancies oft away,
To some lone tuft of gleaming spring-flowers wild,
Some fresh discover'd nook for woodland play,
Some secret nest: yet would the solemn Word,
At times, with kindlings of young wonder heard,
Fall on my wakened spirit, there to be
A seed not lost;—for which, in darker years,
O Book of Heaven! I pour, with grateful tears,
Heart blessings on the holy dead and thee!

III.—REPOSE OF A HOLY FAMILY.

FROM AN OLD ITALIAN PICTURE.

UNDER a palm-tree, by the green old Nile,
Lull'd on his mother's breast, the fair child lies,

With dove-like breathings, and a tender smile,
 Brooding above the slumber of his eyes.
 While, through the stillness of the burning skies,
 Lo ! the dread works of Egypt's buried kings,
 Temple and pyramid, beyond him rise,
 Regal and still as everlasting things !—
 Vain pomps ! from him, with that pure flowery cheek,
 Soft shadow'd by his mother's drooping head,
 A new-born spirit, mighty, and yet meek,
 O'er the whole world like vernal air shall spread !
 And bid all earthly grandeurs cast the crown,
 Before the suffering and the lowly, down.

IV.—PICTURE OF THE INFANT CHRIST WITH
 FLOWERS.

ALL the bright hues from eastern garlands glowing,
 Round the young child luxuriantly are spread ;
 Gifts, fairer far than Magian kings, bestowing
 In adoration, o'er his cradle shed.
 Roses, deep-filled with rich midsummer's red,
 Circle his hands ; but, in his grave sweet eye,
 Thought seems e'en now to wake, and prophecy
 Of ruder coronals for that meek head.
 And thus it was ! a diadem of thorn
 Earth gave to Him who mantled her with flowers,
 To Him who pour'd forth blessings in soft showers
 O'er all her paths, a cup of bitter scorn !
 And *we* repine, for whom that cup He took,
 O'er blooms that mock'd our hope, o'er idols that forsook !

V.—ON A REMEMBERED PICTURE OF CHRIST

AN ECCE HOMO, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

I MET that image on a mirthful day
 Of youth ; and, sinking with a still'd surprise,
 The pride of life, before those holy eyes,
 In my quick heart died thoughtfully away,
 Abash'd to mute confession of a sway,
 Awful, though meek ; and now, that from the strings
 Of my soul's lyre, the tempest's mighty wings
 Have struck forth tones which then awaken'd lay ;
 Now, that around the deep life of my mind,
 Affections, deathless as itself, have twined,
 Oft does the pale bright vision still float by ;
 But more divinely sweet, and speaking *now*
 Of One whose pity, throned on that sad brow,
 Sounded all depths of love, grief, death, humanity !

VI.—THE CHILDREN WHOM JESUS BLESSED.

HAPPY were they, the mothers, in whose sight
 Ye grew, fair children! hallow'd from that hour
 By your Lord's blessing! surely thence a shower
 Of heavenly beauty, a transmitted light
 Hung on your brows and eyelids, meekly bright,
 Through all the after years, which saw ye move
 Lowly, yet still majestic, in the might,
 The conscious glory of the Saviour's love!
 And honor'd be all childhood, for the sake
 Of that high love! Let reverential care
 Watch to behold the immortal spirit wake,
 And shield its first bloom from unholy air;
 Owning, in each young suppliant glance, the sign
 Of claims upon a heritage divine.

VII.—MOUNTAIN SANCTUARIES.

"He went up to a mountain apart to pray."

A CHILD 'midst ancient mountains I have stood,
 Where the wild falcons make their lordly nest
 On high. The spirit of the solitude
 Fell solemnly upon my infant breast,
 Though then I pray'd not; but deep thoughts have press'd
 Into my being since it breathed that air,
 Nor could I *now* one moment live the guest
 Of such dread scenes, without the springs of prayer
 O'erflowing all my soul. No minsters rise
 Like them in pure communion with the skies,
 Vast, silent, open unto night and day:
 So might the o'erburden'd Son of Man have felt,
 When, turning where inviolate stillness dwelt,
 He sought high mountains, there apart to pray.

VIII.—THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

"Consider the lilies of the field."

FLOWERS! when the Saviour's calm benignant eye
 Fell on your gentle beauty—when from you
 That heavenly lesson for all hearts he drew,
 Eternal, universal, as the sky—
 Then, in the bosom of your purity,
 A voice He set, as in a temple-shrine,
 That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by,
 Unwarn'd of that sweet oracle divine,
 And though too oft its low, celestial sound,
 By the harsh notes of work-day Care is drown'd,

And the loud steps of vain unlistening Haste,
 Yet, the great ocean hath no tone of power
 Mightier to reach the soul, in thought's hush'd hour,
 Than yours, ye Lilies! chosen thus and graced?

IX.—THE BIRDS OF THE AIR.

"And behold the birds of the air."

YE too, the free and fearless Birds of air,
 Were charged that hour, on missionary wing,
 The same bright lesson o'er the seas to bear,
 Heaven-guided wanderers, with the winds of spring
 Sing on, before the storm and after, sing!
 And call us to your echoing woods away
 From worldly cares; and bid our spirits bring
 Faith to imbibe deep wisdom from your lay.
 So may those blessed vernal strains renew
 Childhood, a childhood yet more pure and true
 E'en than the first, within th' awaken'd mind;
 While sweetly, joyously, they tell of life,
 That knows no doubts, no questionings, no strife,
 But hangs upon its God, unconsciously resign'd.

X.—THE RAISING OF THE WIDOW'S SON.

"And he that was dead sat up and began to speak."

He that was dead rose up and spoke—He spoke!
 Was it of that majestic world unknown?
 Those words, which first the bier's dread silence broke,
 Came they with revelation in each tone?
 Were the far cities of the nations gone,
 The solemn halls of consciousness or sleep,
 For man uncurtain'd by that spirit lone,
 Back from their portal summon'd o'er the deep?
 Be hush'd, my soul! the veil of darkness lay
 Still drawn: thy Lord call'd back the voice departed,
 To spread his truth, to comfort his weak-hearted,
 Not to reveal the mysteries of its way.
 Oh! take that lesson home in silent faith,
 Put on submissive strength to *meet*, not *question* death!

XI.—THE OLIVE-TREE.

THE Palm—the Vine—the Cedar—each hath power
 To bid fair Oriental shapes glance by,
 And each quick glistening of the Laurel bower
 Wafts Grecian images o'er fancy's eye.
 But thou, pale Olive!—in *thy* branches lie
 Far deeper spells than prophet grove of old

Might e'er enshrine :—I could not hear the sigh
 To the wind's faintest whisper, nor behold
 One shiver of thy leaves' dim silvery green,
 Without high thoughts and solemn, of that scene
 When, in the garden, the Redeemer pray'd—
 When pale stars look'd upon his fainting head,
 And angels, minist'ring in silent dread,
 Trembled, perchance, within *thy* trembling shade.

XII.—THE DARKNESS OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

ON Judah's hills a weight of darkness hung,
 Felt shudderingly at noon :—the land had driven
 A Guest divine back to the gates of heaven,
 A life, whence all pure founts of healing sprung,
 All grace, all truth :—and, when to anguish wrung,
 From the sharp cross th' enlightening spirit fled,
 O'er the forsaken earth a pall of dread
 By the great shadow of that death was flung.
 O Saviour ! O Atoner ! thou that fain
 Wouldst make thy temple in each human breast,
 Leave not such darkness in my soul to reign,
 Ne'er may thy presence from its depths depart,
 Chased thence by guilt ! Oh ! turn not *thou* away
 The bright and morning star, my guide to perfect day !

XIII.—PLACES OF WORSHIP.

“God is a spirit.”

SPIRIT ! whose life-sustaining presence fills
 Air, ocean, central depths by man untried,
 Thou for thy worshippers hast sanctified
 All place, all time ! The silence of the hills
 Breathes veneration :—founts and choral rills
 Of thee are murmuring :—to its inmost glade
 The living forest with thy whisper thrills,
 And there is holiness on every shade.
 Yet must the thoughtful soul of man invest
 With dearer consecration those pure fanes,
 Which, sever'd from all sound of earth's unrest,
 Hear naught but suppliant or adoring strains
 Rise heavenward.—Ne'er may rock or cave possess
 Their claim on human hearts to solemn tenderness.

XIV —OLD CHURCH IN AN ENGLISH PARK.*

CROWNING a flowery slope it stood alone
 In gracious sanctity. A bright rill wound,

* Fawsley Park, Near Daventry.

Caressingly, about the holy ground;
 And warbled, with a never-dying tone,
 Amidst the tombs. A hue of ages gone
 Seem'd, from that ivied porch, that solemn gleam
 Of tower and cross, pale quivering on the stream,
 O'er all th' ancestral woodlands to be thrown,
 And something yet more deep. The air was fraught
 With noble memories, whispering many a thought
 Of England's fathers; loftily serene,
 They that had toil'd, watch'd, struggled, to secure,
 Within such fabrics, worship free and pure,
 Reign'd there, the o'ershadowing spirits of the scene.

 XV.—A CHURCH IN NORTH WALES.*

BLESSINGS be round it still! that gleaming fane,
 Low in its mountain-glen! old mossy trees
 Mellow the sunshine through the untinted pane,
 And oft, borne in upon some fitful breeze,
 The deep sound of the ever-pealing seas,
 Filling the hollows with its anthem-tone,
 There meets the voice of psalms!—yet not alone,
 For memories lulling to the heart as these,
 I bless thee, 'midst thy rocks, grey house of prayer!
 But for *their* sakes who unto thee repair
 From the hill-cabins and the ocean-shore.
 Oh! may the fisher and the mountaineer,
 Words to sustain earth's toiling children hear,
 Within thy lowly walls for evermore!

 XVI.—LOUISE SCHEPLER.

[Louise Schepler was the faithful servant and friend of the pastor Oberlin. The last letter addressed by him to his children for their perusal after his decease, affectingly commemorates her unwearied zeal in visiting and instructing the children of the mountain hamlets, through all seasons, and in all circumstances of difficulty and danger.]

A FEARLESS journeyer o'er the mountain snow
 Wert thou, Louise! the sun's decaying light,
 Oft, with its latest melancholy glow,
 Redden'd thy steep wild way: the starry night
 Oft met thee, crossing some lone eagle's height,
 Piercing some dark ravine: and many a dell
 Knew, through its ancient rock-recesses well,
 Thy gentle presence, which hath made them bright
 Oft in mid-storms; oh! not with beauty's eye,
 Nor the proud glance of genius keenly burning;
 No! pilgrim of unwearying charity!
 Thy spell was *love*—the mountain deserts turning

* That of Aber, near Bangor.

To blessed realms, where stream and rock rejoice
When the glad human soul lifts a thanksgiving voice!

XVII.—TO THE SAME.

For thou a holy shepherdess and kind,
Through the pine forests, by the upland rills,
Didst roam to seek the children of the hills,
A wild neglected flock! to seek, and find,
And meekly win! there feeding each young mind
With balms of heavenly eloquence: not *thine*,
Daughter of Christ! but his, whose love divine
Its own clear spirit in thy breast had shrined,
A burning light! Oh! beautiful, in truth,
Upon the mountains are the feet of those
Who bear his tidings! From thy morn of youth,
For this were all thy journeyings, and the close
Of that long path, Heaven's own bright sabbath-rest,
Must wait thee, wanderer! on thy Saviour's breast.

THE WATER-LILY.

"The Water-Lilies, that are serene in the calm clear water, but
no less serene among the black and scowling waves."

Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life

Oh! beautiful thou art,
Thou sculpture-like and stately river-queen!
Crowning the depths, as with the light serene
Of a pure heart.

Bright lily of the wave!
Rising in fearless grace with every swell,
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave
Dwelt in thy cell:

Lifting alike thy head
Of placid beauty, feminine yet free,
Whether with foam or pictured azure spread
The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower,
The gentle and the firm? thus bearing up
To the blue sky that alabaster cup,
As to the shower?

Oh! love is most like thee,
The love of woman! quivering to the blast
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast
'Midst life's dark sea.

And faith—O, is not faith
Like thee, too, lily, springing into light,
Still buoyantly, above the billows' might,
Through the storm's breath?

Yes, link'd with such high thought
 Flower, let thine image in my bosom lie!
 Till something there of its own purity
 And peace be wrought:
 Something yet more divine
 Than the clear, pearly, virgin lustre shed
 Forth from thy breast upon the river's bed
 As from a shrine.

RECORDS OF THE SPRING OF 1834.

These Sonnets, written in the months of April, May, and June, were intended, together with the Records of the Autumn of 1834, to form a continuation of the series entitled "Sonnets, Devotional and Memorial."]

I.—A VERNAL THOUGHT.

O FESTAL Spring! 'midst thy victorious glow,
 Far-spreading o'er the kindled woods and plains,
 And streams, that bound to meet thee from their chains,
 Well might there lurk the shadow of a woe
 For human hearts, and in the exulting flow
 Of thy rich song a melancholy tone,
 Were we of mould all earthly; *we* alone,
 Sever'd from thy great spell, and doom'd to go
 Farther, still farther, from our sunny time,
 Never to feel the breathings of our prime,
 Never to flower again!—But we, O Spring!
 Cheer'd by deep spirit-whispers not of earth,
 Press to the regions of thy heavenly birth,
 As here thy flowers and birds press on to bloom and sing.

II.—TO THE SKY.

FAR from the rustlings of the poplar bough,
 Which o'er my opening life wild music made,
 Far from the green hills with their heathery glow
 And flashing streams whereby my childhood play'd;
 In the dim city, 'midst the sounding flow
 Of restless life, to thee in love I turn
 O thou rich sky! and from thy splendors learn
 How song-birds come and part, flowers wane and blow.
 With thee all shapes of glory find their home,
 And thou hast taught me well, majestic dome!
 By stars, by sunsets, by soft clouds which rove
 Thy blue expanse, or sleep in silvery rest,
 That Nature's God hath left *no* spot unblest
 With founts of beauty for the eye of love.

III.—ON RECORDS OF IMMATURE GENIUS.*

OH! judge in thoughtful tenderness of those,
 Who, richly dower'd for life, are called to die,
 Ere the soul's flame, through storms, hath won repose
 In truth's divinest ether, still and high!
 Let their mind's riches claim a trustful sigh!
 Deem them but sad sweet fragments of a strain,
 First notes of some yet struggling harmony,
 By the strong rush, the crowding joy and pain
 Of many inspirations met, and held
 From its true sphere:—Oh! soon it might have swell'd
 Majestically forth!—Nor doubt, that He,
 Whose touch mysterious may on earth dissolve
 Those links of music, elsewhere will evolve
 Their grand consummate hymn, from passion-gusts made free!

IV —ON WATCHING THE FLIGHT OF A SKY-LARK.

UPWARD and upward still!—in pearly light
 The clouds are steep'd; the vernal spirit sighs
 With bliss in every wind, and crystal skies
 Woo thee, O bird! to thy celestial height;
 Bird piercing Heaven with music! thy free flight
 Hath meaning for all bosoms; most of all
 For those wherein the rapture and the might
 Of poesy lie deep, and strive, and burn,
 For their high place: O heirs of genius! learn
 From the sky's bird your way!—No joy may fill
 Your hearts, no gift of holy strength be won
 To bless *your* songs, ye children of the sun!
 Save by the unswerving flight—upward and upward still!

V.—A THOUGHT OF THE SEA.

My earliest memories to thy shores are bound,
 Thy solemn shores, thou ever-chanting main!
 The first rich sunsets, kindling thought profound
 In my lone being, made thy restless plain
 As the vast shining floor of some dread fane,
 All paved with glass and fire. Yet, O blue deep!
 Thou that no trace of human hearts dost keep,
 Never to thee did love with silvery chain
 Draw my soul's dream, which through all nature sought
 What waves deny; some power of *steadfast* bliss,
 A *home* to twine with fancy, feeling, thought,
 As with sweet flowers:—But chasten'd hope for this
 Now turns from earth's green valleys, as from thee, [sea.]
 To that sole changeless world, where "there is no more

* Written after reading the Memorials of the late Mrs. Tighe

VI.—DISTANT SOUND OF THE SEA AT EVENING.

YET, rolling far up some green mountain dale,
 Oft let me hear, as oft-times I have heard,
 Thy swell, thou deep ! when evening calls the bird
 And bee to rest ; when summer tints grow pale,
 Seen through the gathering of a dewy veil,
 And peasant steps are hastening to repose,
 And gleaming flocks lie down, and flower-cups close
 To the last whisper of the falling gale,
 Then, 'midst the dying of all other sound,
 When the soul hears thy distant voice profound,
 Lone-worshipping, and knows that through the night
 'Twill worship still, then most its anthem tone
 Speaks to our being of the Eternal One,
 Who girds tired nature with unslumbering might.

VII.—THE RIVER CLWYD IN NORTH WALES.

O CAMBRIAN river, with slow music gliding
 By pastoral hills, old woods and ruin'd towers ;
 Now 'midst thy reeds and golden willows hiding,
 Now gleaming forth by some rich bank of flowers ;
 Long flow'd the current of my life's clear hours
 Onward with thine, whose voice yet haunts my dream,
 Though time and change, and other mightier powers,
 Far from thy side have borne me. Thou, smooth stream !
 Art winding still thy sunny meads along,
 Murm'ring to cottage and grey hall thy song,
 Low, sweet, unchanged. My being's tide hath pass'd
 Through rocks and storms ; yet will I not complain,
 If thus wrought free and pure from earthly stain,
 Brightly its waves may reach their parent-deep at last.

VIII.—ORCHARD BLOSSOMS.

DOETH thy heart stir within thee at the sight
 Of orchard blooms upon the mossy bough ?
 Doth their sweet household smile waft back the glow
 Of childhood's morn ?—the wondering fresh delight
 In earth's new coloring, then all strangely bright,
 A joy of fairyland ?—Doth some old nook,
 Haunted by visions of thy first-loved book,
 Rise on thy soul, with faint-streak'd blossoms white,
 Shower'd o'er the turf, and the lone primrose knot,
 And robin's nest, still faithful to the spot,
 And the bee's dreamy chime ?—O gentle friend !
 The world's cold breath, not *Time's*, this life bereaves
 Of vernal gifts—*Time* hallows what he leaves,
 And will for us endear spring memories to the end.

IX.—TO A DISTANT SCENE.

STILL are the cowslips from thy bosom springing
 O far-off grassy dell?—and dost thou see,
 When southern winds first wake the vernal singing,
 The star-gleam of the wood anemone?
 Doth the shy ring-dove haunt thee yet—the bee
 Hang on thy flowers as when I breathed farewell
 To their wild blooms? and round my beechen tree
 Still, in green softness, doth the moss-bank swell?
 —Oh! strange illusion by the fond heart wrought,
 Whose own warm life suffuses nature's face!
 —*My* being's tide of many-colored thought
 Hath pass'd from thee, and now, rich, leafy place!
 I paint thee oft, scarce consciously, a scene,
 Silent, forsaken, dim, shadow'd by what hath been.

X.—A REMEMBRANCE OF GRASMERE.

O VALE and lake, with your mountain-urn
 Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep!
 Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,
 Coloring the tender shadows of my sleep
 With light Elysian; for the hues that steep
 Your shores in melting lustre, seem to float
 On golden clouds from spirit-lands remote,
 Isles of the blest; and in our memory keep
 Their place with holiest harmonies: fair scene,
 Most loved by evening and her dewy star!
 Oh! ne'er may man, with touch unhallow'd, jar
 The perfect music of thy charm serene!
 Still, still unchanged, may *one* sweet region wear
 Smiles that subdue the soul to love, and tears, and prayer

XI.—THOUGHTS CONNECTED WITH TREES.

TREES, gracious trees! how rich a gift ye are,
 Crown of the earth! to human hearts and eyes!
 How doth the thought of home, in lands afar,
 Link'd with your forms and kindly whisperings rise!
 How the whole picture of a childhood lies
 Oft 'midst your boughs forgotten, buried deep!
 Till gazing through them up the summer skies
 As hush'd we stand, a breeze perchance may creep
 And old sweet leaf-sounds reach the inner world
 Where memory coils—and lo! at once unfurl'd
 The past, a glowing scroll, before our sight,
 Spreads clear! while gushing from their long-seal'd urn
 Young thoughts, pure dreams, undoubting prayers return,
 And a lost mother's eye gives back its holy light.

XII.—THE SAME.

AND ye are strong to shelter!—all meek things,
 All that need home and covert, love your shade!
 Birds, of shy song, and low-voiced quiet springs,
 And nun-like violets, by the wind betray'd.
 Childhood beneath your fresh green tents hath play'd
 With his first primrose-wealth: there love hath sought
 A veiling gloom for his unutter'd thought;
 And silent grief, of day's keen glare afraid,
 A refuge for her tears; and oftentimes there
 Hath lone devotion found a place of prayer,
 A native temple, solemn, hush'd, and dim;
 For wheresoe'er your murmuring tremors thrill
 The woody twilight, there man's heart hath still
 Confess'd a spirit's breath, and heard a ceaseless hymn.

XIII.—ON READING PAUL AND VIRGINIA IN
CHILDHOOD.

O GENTLE story of the Indian isle!
 I loved thee in my lonely childhood well
 On the sea-shore, when day's last purple smile
 Slept on the waters, and their hollow swell
 And dying cadence lent a deeper spell
 Unto thine ocean-pictures. 'Midst thy palms
 And strange bright birds, my fancy joy'd to dwell,
 And watch the southern cross through midnight calms,
 And track the spicy woods. Yet more I bless'd
 Thy vision of sweet love; kind, trustful, true,
 Lighting the citron groves—a heavenly guest,
 With such pure smiles as Paradise once knew.
 Even then my young heart wept o'er the world's power,
 To reach and blight that holiest Eden flower.

XIV.—A THOUGHT AT SUNSET.

STILL that last look is solemn! though thy rays,
 O sun! to-morrow will give back, we know,
 The joy to nature's heart. Yet through the glow
 Of clouds that mantle thy decline, our gaze
 Tracks thee with love half fearful; and in days
 When earth too much adored thee, what a swell
 Of mournful passion, deepening mighty lays,
 Told how the dying bade thy light farewell,
 O sun of Greece! O glorious, festal sun!
 Lost, lost!—for them thy golden hours were done,
 And darkness lay before them! Happier far
 Are we, not thus to thy bright wheels enchain'd,
 Not thus for thy last parting unsustain'd,
 Heirs of a purer day, with its unsetting star.

XV.—IMAGES OF PATRIARCHAL LIFE.

CALM scenes of patriarch life !—how long a power
 Your unworn pastoral images retain
 O'er the true heart, which in its childhood's hour
 Drank their pure freshness deep ! The camels' train
 Winding in patience o'er the desert plain—
 The tent, the palm-tree, the reposing flock,
 The gleaming fount, the shadow of the rock,
 Oh ! by how subtle, yet how strong a chain,
 And in the influence of its touch how bless'd,
 Are these things link'd, in many a thoughtful breast,
 To household memories, for all change endear'd !
 The matin bird, the ripple of a stream
 Beside our native porch—the hearth-light's gleam
 The voices, earliest by the soul revered !

XVI.—ATTRACTION OF THE EAST

WHAT secret current of man's nature turns
 Unto the golden east with ceaseless flow ?
 Still, where the sunbeam at its fountain burns,
 The pilgrim spirit would adore and glow ;
 Rapt in high thoughts, though weary, faint and slow,
 Still doth the traveller through the deserts wind
 Led by those old Chaldean stars, which know
 Where pass'd the shepherd fathers of mankind.
 Is it some quenchless instinct, which from far
 Still points to where our alienated home
 Lay in bright peace ? O thou true eastern star
 Saviour ! atoning Lord ! where'er we roam,
 Draw still our hearts to thee ; else, else how vain
 Their hope, the fair lost birthright to regain !

XVII.—TO AN AGED FRIEND.*

Nor long thy voice amongst us may be heard,
 Servant of God !—thy day is almost done ;
 The charm now lingering in thy look and word
 Is that which hangs about thy setting sun,
 That which the spirit of decay hath won
 Still from revering love. Yet doth the sense
 Of life immortal—progress but begun—
 Pervade thy mien with such clear eloquence,
 That hope, not sadness, breathes from thy decline ;
 And the loved flowers which round thee smile farewell
 Of more than vernal glory seem to tell,
 By thy pure spirit touch'd with light divine ;

* The late Dr. Percival of Dublin.

While we, to whom its parting gleams are given,
Forget the grave in trustful thoughts of heaven.

XVIII.—FOLIAGE.

COME forth, and let us through our hearts receive
The joy of verdure !—see, the honied lime
Showers cool green light o'er banks where wildflowers weave
Thick tapestry ; and woodbine tendrils climb
Up the brown oak from buds of moss and thyme.
The rich deep masses of the sycamore
Hang heavy with the fulness of their prime,
And the white poplar, from its foliage hoar,
Scatters forth gleams like moonlight, with each gale
That sweeps the boughs :—the chestnut flowers are past,
The crowning glories of the hawthorn fail,
But arches of sweet eglantine are cast
From every hedge :—Oh ! never may we lose,
Dear friend ! our fresh delight in simplest nature's hues !

June 2d.

XIX.—A PRAYER.

FATHER in Heaven ! from whom the simplest flower
On the high Alps or fiery desert thrown,
Draws not sweet odor or young life alone,
But the deep virtue of an inborn power
To cheer the wanderer in his fainting hour,
With thoughts of Thee ; to strengthen, to infuse
Faith, love, and courage, by the tender hues
That speak thy presence ; oh ! with such a dower
Grace thou my song !—the precious gift bestow
From thy pure Spirit's treasury divine,
To wake one tear of purifying flow,
To soften one wrung heart for Thee and thine ;
So shall the life breathed through the lowly strain,
Be as the meek wildflower's—if transient, yet not vain.

XX.—PRAYER CONTINUED.

“ What in me is dark
Illumine ; what is low raise and support.”—*Milton.*

FAR are the wings of intellect astray,
That strive not, Father ! to thy heavenly seat ;
They rove, but mount not ; and the tempests beat
Still on their plumes :—O source of mental day !
Chase from before my spirit's track the array
Of mists and shadows, raised by earthly care
In troubled hosts that cross the purer air,
And veil the opening of the starry way.

Which brightens on thee !—Oh ! guide thou right
 My thought's weak pinion, clear mine inward sight,
 The eternal springs of beauty to discern,
 Welling beside thy throne ; unseal mine ear,
 Nature's true oracles in joy to hear :
 Keep my soul wakeful still to listen and to learn.

XXI.—MEMORIAL OF A CONVERSATION.

Yes ! all things tell us of a birthright lost,
 A brightness from our nature pass'd away !
 Wanderers we seem, that from an alien coast,
 Would turn to where their Father's mansion lay,
 And but by some lone flower, that 'midst decay
 Smiles mournfully, or by some sculptured stone,
 Revealing dimly, with grey moss o'ergrown,
 The faint-worn impress of its glory's day,
 Can trace their once-free heritage ; though dreams
 Fraught with its picture, oft in startling gleams
 Flash o'er their souls.—But One, oh ! *One* alone,
 For us the ruin'd fabric may rebuild,
 And bid the wilderness again be fill'd,
 With Eden-flowers—One, mighty to atone !

*June 27th**

RECORDS OF THE AUTUMN OF 1834.

I.—THE RETURN TO POETRY.

ONCE more the eternal melodies from far
 Woo me like songs of home : once more discerning
 Through fitful clouds the pure majestic star,
 Above the poet's world serenely burning,
 Thither my soul, fresh-wing'd by love is turning,
 As o'er the waves the wood-bird seeks her nest,
 For those green heights of dewy stillness yearning,
 Whence glorious minds o'erlook this earth's unrest.
 —Now be the spirit of Heaven's truth my guide
 Through the bright land !—that no brief gladness found
 In passing bloom, rich odor, or sweet sound,
 May lure my footsteps from their aim aside :
 Their true, high quest—to seek, if ne'er to gain,
 The inmost, purest shrine of that august domain.

September 9th.

II.—TO SILVIO PELLICO, ON READING HIS "PRIGIONE."

THERE are who climb the mountain's heathery side,
 Or, in life's vernal strength triumphant, urge

The bark's fleet rushing through the crested surge,
 Or spur the courser's fiery race of pride
 Over the green savannas, gleaming wide
 By some vast lake ; yet thus, on foaming sea,
 Or chainless wild, reign far less nobly free,
 Than *thou*, in that lone dungeon, glorified
 By thy brave suffering.—Thou from its dark cell
 Fierce thought and baleful passion didst exclude,
 Filling the dedicated solitude
 With God ; and where *His* Spirit deigns to dwell,
 Though the worn frame in fetters withering lie,
 There throned in *peace* divine is liberty !

III.—TO THE SAME, RELEASED.

How flows thy being now ?—like some glad hymn,
 One strain of solemn rapture ?—doth thine eye
 Wander through tears of voiceless feeling dim,
 O'er the crown'd Alps, that, 'midst the upper sky,
 Sleep in the sunlight of thine Italy ?
 Or is thy gaze of reverent love profound,
 Unto these dear parental faces bound,
 Which, with their silvery hair, so oft glanced by,
 Haunting thy prison-dreams ?—Where'er thou art,
 Blessings be shed upon thine inmost heart,
 Joy, from kind looks, blue skies, and flowery sod,
 For that pure voice of thoughtful wisdom sent
 Forth from thy cell, in sweetness eloquent,
 Of love to man, and quenchless trust in God !

IV.—ON A SCENE IN THE DARGLE.*

'TWAS a bright moment of my life when first,
 O thou pure stream through rocky portals flowing !
 That temple-chamber of thy glory burst
 On my glad sight !—thy pebbly couch lay glowing
 With deep mosaic hues : and, richly throwing
 O'er thy cliff-walls a tinge of autumn's vest,
 High bloom'd the heath-flowers, and the wild wood's crest
 Was touch'd with gold.—Flow ever thus, bestowing
 Gifts of delight, sweet stream ! on all who move
 Gently along thy shores ; and oh ! if love,
 —True love, in secret nursed, with sorrow fraught—
 Should sometimes bear his treasured grief to thee,
 Then full of kindness let thy music be,
 Singing repose to every troubled thought !

* A beautiful valley in the county of Wicklow.

V.—ON READING COLERIDGE'S EPITAPH.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"Stop, Christian passer-by! stop child of God!
 And read with gentle breast;—Beneath this sod
 A Poet lies, or that which once seemed he;
 Oh! lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C.!
 That He, who once in vain, with toil of breath,
 Found death in life, may here find life in death!
 Mercy, for praise; to be forgiven, for Fame,
 He ask'd and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same!"

SPIRIT! so oft in radiant freedom soaring,
 High through seraphic mysteries unconfined,
 And oft, a diver through the deep of mind,
 Its caverns, far below its waves, exploring;
 And oft such strains of breezy music pouring,
 As, with the floating sweetness of their sighs,
 Could still all fevers of the heart, restoring
 Awhile that freshness left in Paradise;
 Say, of those glorious wanderings what the goal?
 What the rich fruitage to man's kindred soul
 From wealth of thine bequeathed? O strong and high,
 And sceptred intellect! thy goal confess'd
 Was the Redeemer's Cross—thy last bequest
 One lesson breathing thence profound humility!

VI.—ON THE DATURA ARBOREA.

MAJESTIC plant! such fairy dreams as lie
 Nursed, where the bee sucks in the cowslip's bell,
 Are not *thy* train:—those flowers of vase-like swell
 Clear, large, with dewy moonlight fill'd from high,
 And in their monumental purity
 Serenely drooping, round thee seem to draw
 Visions link'd strangely with that silent awe
 Which broods o'er Sculpture's works.—A meet ally
 For those heroic forms, the simply grand
 Art thou: and worthy, carved by plastic hand,
 Above some kingly poet's tomb to shine
 In spotless marble; honoring one, whose strain
 Soar'd upon wings of thought that knew no stain
 Free through the starry heavens of truth divine.

VII.—DESIGN AND PERFORMANCE.

THEY float before my soul, the fair designs
 Which I would body forth to Life and Power,
 Like clouds, that with their wavering hues and lines
 Portray majestic buildings:—Dome and tower,
 Bright spire, that through the rainbow and the shower
 Points to th' unchanging stars; and high arcade

Far-sweeping to some glorious altar, made
 For holiest rites:—meanwhile the waning hour
 Melts from me, and by fervent dreams o'erwrought,
 I sink ;—O friend ! O link'd with each high thought
 Aid me, of those rich visions to detain
 All I may grasp ; until thou see'st fulfill'd,
 While time and strength allow, my hope to build
 For lowly hearts devout, but *one* enduring fane !

VIII.—HOPE OF FUTURE COMMUNION WITH NATURE.

If e'er again my spirit be allow'd
 Converse with nature in her chambers deep,
 Where lone, and mantled with the rolling cloud,
 She broods o'er new-born waters, as they leap
 In sword-like flashes down the heathery steep
 From caves of mystery ;—if I roam once more
 Where dark pines quiver to the torrent's roar,
 And voiceful oaks respond ;—shall I not reap
 A more ennobling joy, a loftier power,
 Than e'er was shed on life's more vernal hour,
 From such communion ?—yes ! I then shall know,
 That not in vain have sorrow, love and thought,
 Their long still work of preparation wrought,
 For that more perfect sense of God reveal'd below.

IX.—DREAMS OF THE DEAD.

OfT in still night-dreams a departed face
 Bends o'er me with sweet earnestness of eye,
 Wearing no more of earthly pains a trace,
 But all the tender pity that may lie
 On the clear brow of Immortality,
 Calm, yet profound. Soft rays illume that mien,
 Th' unshadow'd moonlight of some far-off sky
 Around it floats transparently serene
 As a pure veil of waters. O rich sleep !
 Thou hast strong spirits in thy regions deep
 Which glorify with reconciling breath,
 Effacing, brightening, giving forth to shine
 Beauty's high truth, and how much more divine
 Thy power when link'd in this, with thy stern brother—Death

X.—THE POETRY OF THE PSALMS.

NOBLY thy song, O minstrel ! rush'd to meet
 Th' Eternal on the pathway of the blast,
 With darkness round him, as a mantle, cast,
 And cherubim to waft his flying seat ;

Amidst the hills that smoked beneath his feet,
 With trumpet-voice thy spirit call'd aloud,
 And bade the trembling rocks his name repeat,
 And the bent cedars, and the bursting cloud.
 But far more gloriously to earth made known
 By that high strain than by the thunder's tone,
 The flashing torrents, or the ocean's roll,
 Jehovah spake, through the imbreathing fire,
 Nature's vast realms for ever to inspire
 With the deep worship of a living soul.

DESPONDENCY AND ASPIRATION.*

"Per correr miglior acqua alza le vele,
 Omai la navicella del mio Intelletto."—*Dante*.

My soul was mantled with dark shadows, born
 Of lonely Fear, disquieted in vain:
 Its phantoms hung around the star of morn,
 A cloud-like weeping train;
 Through the long day they dimm'd the autumn gold
 On all the glistening leaves; and wildly roll'd,
 When the last farewell flush of light was glowing,
 Across the sunset sky;
 O'er its rich isles of vaporous glory throwing
 One melancholy dye.
 And when the solemn Night
 Came rushing with her might
 Of stormy oracles from caves unknown,
 Then with each fitful blast
 Prophetic murmurs pass'd,
 Wakening or answering some deep Sibil tone,
 Far buried in my breast, yet prompt to rise
 With every gusty wail that o'er the wind-harp flies.
 "Fold, fold thy wings," they cried, "and strive no more,
 Faint spirit, strive no more!—for thee too strong
 Are outward ill and wrong,
 And inward wasting fires!—Thou canst not soar
 Free on a starry way
 Beyond their blighting sway,
 At Heaven's high gate serenely to adore!
 How shouldst *thou* hope Earth's fetters to unbind?
 O passionate, yet weak! O trembler to the wind!
 "Never shall aught but broken music flow
 From joy of thine, deep love, or fearful woe;
 Such homeless notes as through the forest sigh,
 From the reeds hollow shaken,
 When sudden breezes waken

* Partly composed during the Author's last illness.

Their vague wild symphony :
 No power is theirs, and no abiding-place
 In human hearts ; their sweetness leaves no trace—
 Born only so to die !

“ Never shall aught but perfume, faint and vain,
 On the fleet pinion of the changeful hour,
 From thy bruised life again
 A moment's essence breathe ;
 Thy life, whose trampled flower
 Into the blessed wreath

Of household charities no longer bound,
 Lies pale and withering on the barren ground.

“ So fade, fade on ! thy gift of love shall cling,
 A coiling sadness, round thy heart and brain,
 A silent, fruitless, yet undying thing,
 All sensitive to pain !

And still the shadow of vain dreams shall fall
 O'er thy mind's world, a daily darkening pall.
 Fold, then, thy wounded wing, and sink subdued,
 In cold and unrepining quietude ! ”

Then my soul yielded ; spells of numbing breath
 Crept o'er it heavy with a dew of death,
 Its powers, like leaves before the night rain, closing ;
 And, as by conflict of wild sea-waves toss'd
 On the chill bosom of some desert coast,
 Mutely and hopelessly I lay reposing.

When silently it seem'd
 As if a soft mist gleam'd
 Before my passive sight, and, slowly curling,
 To many a shape and hue
 Of vision'd beauty grew,
 Like a wrought banner, fold by fold unfurling.
 Oh ! the rich scenes that o'er mine inward eye
 Unrolling then swept by,
 With dreamy motion ! Silvery seas were there
 Lit by large dazzling stars, and arch'd by skies
 Of southern midnight's most transparent dyes,
 And gemm'd with many an island, wildly fair,
 Which floated past me into orient day,
 Still gathering lustre on th' illumin'd way,
 Till its high groves of wondrous flowering trees
 Color'd the silvery seas.

And then a glorious mountain-chain uprose,
 Height above spiry height !
 A soaring solitude of woods and snows,
 All steep'd in golden light !
 While as it pass'd, those regal peaks unveiling,
 I heard, methought, a waving of dread wings
 And mighty sounds, as if the vision hailing,
 From lyres that quiver'd through ten thousand strings :

Or as it waters forth to music leaping,
 From many a cave, the Alpine Echo's hall,
 On their bold way victoriously were sweeping,
 Link'd in majestic anthems ! while through all
 That billowy swell and fall,
 Voices, like ringing crystal, fill'd the air
 With inarticulate melody, that stirr'd
 My being's core ; then, moulding into word
 Their piercing sweetness, bade me rise and bear
 In that great choral strain my trembling part
 Of tones, by love and faith struck from a human heart.

Return no more, vain bodings of the night !
 A happier oracle within my soul
 Hath swell'd to power ;—a clear unwavering light
 Mounts through the battling clouds that round me roll,
 And to a new control
 Nature's full harp gives forth rejoicing tones,
 Wherein my glad sense owns
 The accordant rush of elemental sound
 To one consummate harmony profound ;
 One grand Creation Hymn,
 Whose notes the seraphim
 Lift to the glorious height of music wing'd and crown'd.

Shall not those notes find echoes in my lyre,
 Faithful though faint ?—Shall not my spirit's fire,
 If slowly, yet unswervingly, ascend
 Now to its fount and end ?
 Shall not my earthly love, all purified,
 Shine forth a heavenward guide ?
 An angel of bright power ?—and strongly bear
 My being upward into holier air,
 Where fiery-passion-clouds have no abode,
 And the sky's temple-arch o'erflows with God ?

The radiant hope new-born
 Expands like rising morn
 In my life's life : and as a ripening rose,
 The crimson shadow of its glory throws
 More vivid, hour by hour, on some pure stream ;
 So from that hope are spreading
 Rich hues, o'er nature shedding,
 Each day, a clearer, spiritual gleam.

Let not those rays fade from me—once enjoy'd,
 Father of spirits ! let them not depart !
 Leaving the chill'd earth, without form and void,
 Darken'd by mine own heart !
 Lift, aid, sustain me ! Thou, by whom alone
 All lovely gifts and pure
 In the soul's grasp endure ;
 Thou to the steps of whose eternal throne

All knowledge flows—a sea for evermore
 Breaking its crested waves on that sole shore—
 O consecrate my life! that I may sing
 Of Thee with joy that hath a living spring,
 In a full heart of music!—Let my lays
 Through the resounding mountains waft thy praise,
 And with that theme the wood's green cloisters fill,
 And make their quivering leafy dimness thrill
 To the rich breeze of song! Oh! let me wake
 The deep religion, which hath dwelt from yore,
 Silently brooding by lone cliff and lake,
 And wildest river shore!
 And let me summon all the voices dwelling
 Where eagles build, and cavern'd rills are welling,
 And where the cataract's organ-peal is swelling,
 In that one spirit gather'd to adore!

Forgive, O Father! if presumptuous thought
 Too daringly in aspiration rise!
 Let not thy child all vainly have been taught
 By weakness, and by wanderings, and by sighs
 Of sad confession!—lowly be my heart,
 And on its penitential altar spread
 The offerings worthless, till Thy grace impart
 The fire from Heaven, whose touch alone can shed
 Life, radiance, virtue!—let that vital spark
 Pierce my whole being, wilder'd else and dark!

Thine are all holy things—O make *me* Thine,
 So shall I, too, be pure—a living shrine
 Unto that Spirit, which goes forth from Thee,
 Strong and divinely free,
 Bearing thy gifts of wisdom on its flight,
 And brooding o'er them with a dovelike wing,
 Till thought, word, song, to Thee in worship spring,
 Immortally endow'd for liberty and light.

THOUGHTS DURING SICKNESS.

I.—INTELLECTUAL POWERS.

O THOUGHT! O Memory! gems for ever heaping
 High in the illumined chambers of the mind,
 And thou, divine Imagination! keeping
 Thy lamp's lone star 'mid shadowy hosts enshrined;
 How in one moment rent and disentwined,
 At Fever's fiery touch, apart they fall,
 Your glorious combinations!—broken all,
 As the sand-pillars by the desert's wind

Scatter'd to whirling dust !—Oh, soon uncrown'd !
 Well may your parting swift, your strange return,
 Subdue the soul to lowliness profound,
 Guiding its chasten'd vision to discern
 How by meek Faith Heaven's portals must be pass'd
 Ere it can hold your gifts inalienably fast.

II.—SICKNESS LIKE NIGHT.

THOU art like Night, O Sickness ! deeply stilling
 Within my heart the world's disturbing sound,
 And the dim quiet of my chamber filling
 With low sweet voices by Life's tumult drown'd,
 Thou art like awful Night !—thou gather'st round
 The things that are unseen—though close they lie,—
 And with a truth, clear, startling, and profound,
 Givest their dread presence to our mental eye.
 —Thou art like starry, spiritual Night !
 High and immortal thoughts attend thy way,
 And revelations, which the common light
 Brings not, though wakening with its rosy ray
 All outward life :—Be welcome then thy rod,
 Before whose touch my soul unfolds itself to God.

III.—ON RETZSCH'S DESIGN OF THE ANGEL OF DEATH.*

WELL might thine awful image thus arise
 With that high calm upon thy regal brow,
 And the deep, solemn sweetness in those eyes,
 Unto the glorious Artist !—Who but thou
 The fleeting forms of beauty can endow
 For Him with permanency ?—who make those gleams
 Of brighter life, that color his lone dreams,
 Immortal things ?—Let others *trembling* bow,
 Angel of Death ! before thee.—Not to those,
 Whose spirits with Eternal Truth repose,
 Art thou a fearful shape !—and oh ! for *me*,
 How full of welcome would thine aspect shine,
 Did not the chords of strong affection twine
 So fast around my *soul*, it *cannot* spring to thee !

* This sonnet was suggested by the following passage out of Mrs Jameson's *Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad*, in a description she gives of a visit paid to the artist Retzsch, near Dresden :—"Afterwards he placed upon his easel a wondrous face, which made me shrink back—not with terror, for it was perfectly beautiful,—but with awe, for it was unspeakably fearful : the hair streamed back from the pale brow—the orbs of sight appeared at first two dark, hollow, unfathomable spaces, like those in a skull ; but when I drew nearer and looked attentively, two lovely living eyes looked at me again out of the depth of the shadow, as if from the bottom of an abyss. The mouth was divinely sweet, but sad, and the softest repose rested on every feature. This, he told me, was the ANGEL OF DEATH."

IV.—REMEMBRANCE OF NATURE.

O, NATURE! thou didst rear me for thine own,
With thy free singing birds and mountain brooks;
Feeding my thoughts in primrose-haunted nooks,
With fairy fantasies and wood-dreams lone;
And thou didst teach me every wandering tone
Drawn from thy many-whispering trees and waves,
And guide my steps to founts and sparry caves,
And where bright mosses wove thee a rich throne
'Midst the green hills:—and now, that far estranged
From all sweet sounds and odors of thy breath,
Fading I lie, within my heart unchanged,
So glows the love of thee, that not for Death
Seems that pure passion's fervor—but ordain'd
To meet on brighter shores thy Majesty unstain'd.

V.—FLIGHT OF THE SPIRIT.

WHITHER, oh! whither wilt thou wing thy way?
What solemn region first upon thy sight
Shall break, unveil'd for terror or delight?
What hosts magnificent in dread array?
My spirit! when thy prison-house of clay,
After long strife is rent?—fond, fruitless guest!
The unfledged bird, within his narrow nest
Sees but a few green branches o'er him play,
And through their parting leaves by fits reveal'd,
A glimpse of summer sky:—Nor knows the field
Wherein his dormant powers must yet be tried.
—Thou art that bird!—of what beyond thee lies
Far in the untrack'd, immeasurable skies,
Knowing but this—that thou shalt find thy Guide!

VI.—FLOWERS.

WELCOME, O pure and lovely forms, again
Unto the shadowy stillness of my rooin!
For not alone ye bring a joyous train
Of summer-thoughts attendant on your bloom—
Visions of freshness, of rich bowery gloom,
Of the low murmurs filling mossy dells,
Of stars that look down on your folded bells
Through dewy leaves, of many a wild perfume
Greeting the wanderer of the hill and grove
Like sudden music; more than this ye bring—
Far more; ye whisper of the all-fostering love,
Which thus hath clothed you, and whose dove-like wing
Broods o'er the sufferer, drawing fever'd breath,
Whether the couch be that of life or death.

VII.—RECOVERY *

BACK then, once more to breast the waves of life,
 To battle on against the unceasing spray,
 To sink o'erwearied in the stormy strife,
 And rise to strife again ; yet on my way,
 Oh ! linger still, thou light of better day,
 Born in the hours of loneliness, and you,
 Ye childlike thoughts, the holy and the true,
 Ye that came bearing, while subdued I lay,
 The faith, the insight of life's vernal morn
 Back on my soul, a clear bright sense, new-born,
 Now leave me not ! but as, profoundly pure,
 A blue stream rushes through a darker lake
 Unchang'd, e'en thus with me your journey take, [secure.
 Wafting sweet airs of heaven through this low world ob-

SABBATH SONNET.

COMPOSED BY MRS. HEMANS A FEW DAYS BEFORE HER DEATH, AND
 DEDICATED TO HER BROTHER.

How many blessed groups this hour are bending,
 Through England's primrose meadow-paths, their way
 Towards spire and tower, midst shadowy elms ascending,
 Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallow'd day !
 The halls from old heroic ages grey
 Pour their fair children forth ; and hamlets low,
 With those thick orchard-blooms the soft winds play,
 Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
 Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread
 With them those pathways,—to the feverish bed
 Of sickness bound ; yet, oh, my God ! I bless
 Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath fill'd
 My chasten'd heart, and all its throbbings still'd
 To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

CRITICAL ANNOTATIONS.

"WE cannot allow these verses to adorn, with a sad beauty, the pages of this Magazine—more especially as they are the last composed by their distinguished writer, and that only a few days before her death—without at least a passing tribute of regret over an event which has cast a shadow of gloom through the sunshiny fields of contemporary literature. But two months ago, the beautiful lyric entitled 'Despondency and Aspiration,' appeared in these pages, and now the sweet fountain of music from which that prophetic strain gushed has ceased to flow. The highly gifted and accomplished, the patient, the meek, and long-suffering FELICIA HEMANS, is no more

* Written under the false impression occasioned by a temporary improvement in strength.

She died on the night of Saturday, the 16th of May 1835, at Dublin, and met her fate with all the calm resignation of a Christian, conscious that her spirit was winging its flight to another and a better world, where 'the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

"Without disparagement of the living, we scarcely hesitate to say, that in Mrs. Hemans our female literature has lost perhaps its brightest ornament. To Joanna Baillie she might be inferior, not only in vigor of conception, but in the power of metaphysically analysing those sentiments and feelings which constitute the basis of human actions;—to Mrs. Jameson in the critical perception which, from detached fragments of spoken thought, can discriminate the links which bind all into a distinctive character;—to Miss Landon in eloquent facility;—to Caroline Bowles in simple pathos;—and to Mary Mitford in power of thought;—but as a female writer, influencing the female mind, she has undoubtedly stood, for some bypast years, the very first in the first rank; and this pre-eminence has been acknowledged, not only in her own land, but wherever the English tongue is spoken, whether on the banks of the eastern Ganges or the western Mississippi. Her path was her own; and shoals of imitators have arisen, alike at home and on the other side of the Atlantic, who, destitute of her animating genius, have mimicked her themes, and parodied her sentiments and language, without being able to reach its height. In her poetry, religious truth and intellectual beauty meet together; and assuredly it is not the less calculated to refine the taste and exalt the imagination, because it addresses itself almost exclusively to the better feelings of our nature alone. Over all her pictures of humanity are spread the glory and the grace reflected from purity of morals, delicacy of perception and conception, sublimity of religious faith, and warmth of patriotism; and, turning from the dark and degraded, whether in subject or sentiment, she seeks out those verdant oases in the desert of human life on which the affections may most pleasantly rest. Her poetry is intensely and entirely feminine—and, in our estimation, this is the highest praise which could be awarded it:—it could have been written by a woman only; for, although in the 'Records,' of her sex, we have the female character delineated in all the varied phases of baffled passion and of ill-requited affection; of heroic self-denial, and of withering hope deferred; of devotedness tried in the furnace of affliction, and of

'Gentle feelings long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long;

yet its energy resembles that of the dove, 'pecking the hand that hovers o'er its mate,' and its exaltation of thought is not of the daring kind, which doubts and derides, or even questions, but which clings to the anchor of hope, and looks forward with faith and reverential fear.

"Mrs. Hemans has written much, and as with all authors in like predicament, her strains are of various degrees of excellence. Independently of this, her different works will be differently estimated, as to their relative value, by different minds; but among the lyrics of the English language which can scarcely die, we hesitate not to assign places to 'The Hebrew Mother'—'The Treasures of the Deep'—'The Spirit's Return'—'The Homes of England'—'The Better Land'—'The Hour of Death'—'The Trumpet'—and 'The Graves of a Household.' In these 'gems of purest ray serene,' the peculiar genius of Mrs. Hemans breathes, and burns, and shines pre-eminent; for her forte lay in depicting whatever tends to beautify and embellish domestic life—the gentle overflowings of love and friendship—homebred delights and heartfelt happiness—the associations of ocal attachment—and the influences of religious feelings over the

soul, whether arising from the varied circumstances and situations of man, or from the aspects of external nature. We would only here add, by way of remark, that the writings of Mrs. Hemans, seem to divide themselves into two pretty distinct portions—the first comprehending her ‘Modern Greece,’ ‘Wallace,’ ‘Dartmoor,’ ‘Sceptic,’ ‘Historic Scenes,’ and other productions, up to the publication of ‘The Forest Sanctuary;’ and the latter comprehending that volume ‘The Records of Woman,’ ‘The Scenes and Hymns of Life,’ and all her subsequent productions. In her earlier works, she follows the classic model, as contradistinguished from the Romantic, and they are inferior in that polish of style and almost gorgeous richness of language, in which her maturer compositions are set. It is evident that new stores of thought were latterly opened up to her, in a more extended acquaintance with the literature of Spain and Germany, as well as by a profounder study of the writings of our great poetical regenerator—Wordsworth.”—DELTA, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, July 1835.

“Did we not know this world to be but a place of trial—our bitter probation for another and for a better—how strange in its severity would seem the lot of genius in a woman. The keen feeling—the generous enthusiasm—the lofty aspiration—and the delicate perception—are given but to make the possessor unfitted for her actual position. It is well: such gifts, in their very contrast to the selfishness and the evil with which they are surrounded, inform us of another world—they breathe of their home, which is heaven; the spiritual and the inspired in this life but fit us to believe in that which is to come. With what a sublime faith is this divine reliance expressed in all Mrs. Hemans’ later writings. As the clouds towards nightfall melt away on a fine summer evening into the clear amber of the west, leaving a soft and unbroken azure whereon the stars may shine; so the troubles of life, its vain regrets and vainer desires, vanished before the calm close of existence—the hopes of heaven rose steadfast at last—the light shone from the windows of her home, as she approached unto it.

‘No tears for thee!—though light be from us gone
With thy soul’s radiance, bright and restless one—
No tears for thee!
They that have loved an exile must not mourn
To see him parting for his native bourne
O’er the dark sea.’

“We have noticed this yearning for affection—unsatisfied, but still unsubdued—as one characteristic of Mrs. Hemans’ poetry: the rich picturesque was another. Highly accomplished, the varied stores that she possessed were all subservient to one master science. Mistress both of German and Spanish, the latter country appears to have peculiarly captivated her imagination. At that period when the fancy is peculiarly alive to impression—when girlhood is so new, that the eagerness of childhood is still in its delights—Spain was, of all others, the country on which public attention was fixed—victory after victory carried the British flag from the ocean to the Pyrenees; but, with that craving for the ideal which is so great a feature in her writings, the present was insufficient, and she went back upon the past;—the romantic history of the Moors was like a storehouse, with treasures gorgeous like those of its own Alhambra.

“It is observable in her minor poems, that they turn upon an incident rather than a feeling. Feelings, true and deep, are developed; but one single emotion is never the original subject. Some graceful or touching anecdote or situation catches her attention, and its poetry is developed in a strain of mourning melody, and a vein of gentle moralizing. I always wish, in reading my favorite poets, to know

what first suggested my favorite poems. Few things would be more interesting than to know under what circumstances they were composed—how much of individual sentiment there was in each, or how, on some incident seemingly even opposed, they had contrived to ingraft their own associations. What a history of the heart would such annals reveal! Every poem is in itself an impulse.

"Besides the ideal and the picturesque, Mrs. Hemans is distinguished by her harmony. I use the word harmony advisedly, in contradistinction to melody. Melody implies something more careless, more simple, than belongs to her style: it is song by snatches; our English ballads are remarkable for it. To quote an instance or two. There is a verse in that of *Yarrow Water* :—

O wind that wandereth from the south,
Seek where my love repaireth,
And blow a kiss to his dear mouth
And tell me how he fareth.'

Nothing can exceed the tender sweetness of these lines; but there is no skill. Again, in *Faire Rosamonde*, the verse that describes the cruelty of Eleanor,—

'With that she struck her on the mouth,
So dyed double red;
Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
Soft were the lips that bled.'

How musical is the alliteration! but it is music which, like that of the singing brook, has sprung up of itself. Now, Mrs. Hemans has the most perfect skill in her science; nothing can be more polished than her versification. Every poem is like a piece of music, with its eloquent pauses, its rich combinations, and its swelling chords. Who that has ever heard, can forget the exquisite flow of 'The Voice of Spring'?

'I come! I come!—ye have call'd me long;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds that tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.'

It is like the finest order of Italian singing—pure, high, and scientific.

"I can never sufficiently regret that it was not my good fortune to know Mrs. Hemans personally: it was an honor I should have estimated so highly—a happiness that I should have enjoyed so keenly. I never even met with an acquaintance of hers but once; that once, however, was much. I knew Miss Jewsbury, the late lamented Mrs. Fletcher. She delighted in speaking of Mrs. Hemans: she spoke of her with the appreciation of one fine mind comprehending another, and with the earnest affection of a woman and a friend. She described her conversation as singularly fascinating—full of poetry, very felicitous in illustration by anecdote, happy, too, in quotation, and very rich in imagery; 'in short, her own poem on "The Treasures of the Deep," would best describe it.' She mentioned a very striking simile to which a conversation on Mrs. Hemans' own poem of 'The Sceptic' had led: 'Like Sinbad, the Sailor, we are often shipwrecked on a strange shore. We despair; but hope comes when least expected. We pass through the gloomy caverns of doubt into the free air and blessed sunshine of conviction and belief.' I asked her if she thought Mrs. Hemans a happy person; and she said, 'No; her enjoyment is feverish, and she desponds. She is like a lamp whose oil is consumed by the very light which it yields.' What a cruel thing is the weakness of memory! How little can its utmost efforts recall of conversation that was once an instruction and a delight!

"To the three characteristics of Mrs. Hemans' poetry which have already been mentioned—viz., the ideal, the picturesque, and the harmonious—a fourth must be added,—the moral. Nothing can be more pure, more feminine and exalted, than the spirit which pervades the whole; it is the intuitive sense of right, elevated and strengthened into a principle. It is a glorious and a beautiful memory to bequeath; but she who left is little to be envied. Open the volumes which she has left, legacies from many various hours, and what a record of wasted feelings and disappointed hopes may be traced in their sad and sweet complainings! Yet Mrs. Hemans was spared some of the keenest mortifications of a literary career. She knew nothing of it as a profession which has to make its way through poverty, neglect, and obstacles; she lived apart in a small, affectionate circle of friends. The high-road of life, with its crowds and contention—its heat, its noise, and its dust that rests on all—was for her happily at a distance; yet even in such green nest, the bird could not fold its wings, and sleep to its own music. Their came the aspiring, the unrest, the aching sense of being misunderstood, the consciousness that those a thousand times inferior were yet more beloved. Genius places a woman in an unnatural position: notoriety frightens away affection; and superiority has for its attendant fear, not love. Its pleasantest emotions are too vivid to be lasting: hope may sometimes,

'Raising its bright face,
With a free gush of sunny tears, erase
The characters of anguish;'

but, like the azure glimpses between thunder-showers, the clouds gather more darkly around for the passing sunshine. The heart sinks back on its solitary desolation. In every page of Mrs. Hemans' writings is this sentiment impressed; what is the conclusion of 'Corinne crowned at the Capitol?'

'Radiant daughter of the sun!
Now thy living wreath is won.
Crown'd of Rome! Oh, art thou not
Happy in that glorious lot?
Happier, happier far than thou
With the laurel on thy brow,
She that makes the humblest hearth
Lovely but to one on earth.'

"What is poetry, and what is a poetical career? The first is to have an organization of extreme sensibility, which the second exposes bareheaded to the rudest weather. The original impulse is irresistible—all professions are engrossing when once begun; and acting with perpetual stimulus, nothing takes more complete possession of its follower than literature. But never can success repay its cost. The work appears—it lives in the light of popular applause; but truly might the writer exclaim,—

It is my youth—it is my bloom—it is my glad free heart
I cast away for thee—for thee—ill-fated as thou art.'

If this be true even of one sex, how much more true of the other! Ah! Fame to a woman is indeed but a royal mourning in purple for happiness."—Miss LONDON, in *New Monthly Magazine* for August, 1835.

"Though respect for the memory of the dead, and delicacy towards the living, enjoin us to be brief in alluding to the events of her life, we may speak freely, and at length, of the history of her mind, and the circumstances of her literary career, in the course of which she deserved and acquired a European reputation as the first of our poetesses living, and still before the public. Few have writ-

ten so much, or written so well as Mrs. Hemans: few have entwined the genuine fresh thoughts and impressions of their own minds, so intimately with their poetical fancies, as she did; few have undergone more arduous and reverential preparation for the service of song; for, from childhood, her thirst for knowledge was extreme, and her reading great and varied. Those who, while admitting the high-toned beauty of her poetry, accused it of monotony of style and subject, (they could not deny to it the praise of originality, seeing that it founded a school of imitators in England, and a yet larger in America,) little knew to what historical research she had applied herself—how far and wide she had sought for food with which to fill her eager mind. It is true that she used only a part of the mass of information which she had collected—for she never wrote on calculation, but from the strong impulse of the moment, and it was her nature intimately to take home to herself and appropriate only what was high-hearted, imaginative, and refined;—but the writer of this notice has seen manuscript collections of extracts made in the course of these youthful studies, sufficient of themselves to justify his assertion; if her poems (like those of every genuine poet) did not contain a still better record of the progress of her mind. Her knowledge of classic literature may be distinctly traced in her ‘Sceptic,’ her ‘Modern Greece,’ and a hundred later lyrics based upon what Bulwer so happily calls ‘the Graceful Superstition.’ Her study and admiration of the works of ancient Greek and Roman art, strengthened into an abiding love of the beautiful, which breathes both in the sentiment and in the structure of every line she wrote (for there are few of our poets more faultlessly musical in their versification;) and when, subsequently, she opened for herself the treasures of Spanish and German legend and literature, how thoroughly she had imbued herself with their spirit, may be seen in her ‘Siege of Valencia,’ in her glorious and chivalresque ‘Songs of the Cid,’ and in her ‘Lays of Many Lands,’ the idea of which was suggested by Herder’s ‘Stimmen der Völker in Liedern.’

“But, though her mind was enriched by her wide acquaintance with the poetical and historical literature of other countries, it possessed a strong and decidedly marked character of its own, which colored all her productions—a character which, though any thing but feeble or sentimental, was essentially feminine. An eloquent modern critic (Mrs. Jameson) has rightly said, ‘that Mrs. Hemans’ poems could not have been written by a man;’ their love is without selfishness, their passion without a stain of his world’s coarseness, their high heroism (and to illustrate this assertion we would mention ‘Clotilda,’ ‘the Lady of Provence,’ and the ‘Switzer’s Wife,’) unsullied by any grosser alloy of mean ambition. Her religion, too, is essentially womanly, fervent, clinging to belief, and, ‘hoping on, hoping ever,’ in spite of the peculiar trials appointed to her sex, so exquisitely describe in the ‘Evening Prayer in a Girl’s School;’

——— Silent tears to weep
And patient smiles to wear through suffering’s hour,
And sunless riches from affection’s deep
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower.
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship’———

“If such was the *mind* of her works, the manner in which she wrought out her conceptions was equally individual and excellent.—Her imagination was rich, chaste, and glowing; those who saw only published fruits little guessed at the extent of its variety.

“It is difficult to enumerate the titles of her principal works. Her first childish efforts were published when she was only thirteen, and we can speak of her subsequent poems, ‘Wallace,’ ‘Dartmoor,’ ‘The Restor-

ation of the Works of Art to Italy,' and her 'Dramatic Scenes,' only from memory. These were, probably written in the happiest period of her life, when her mind was rapidly developing itself, and its progress was aided by judicious and intelligent counsellors; among whom may be mentioned Bishop Heber. A favorable notice of one of these poems will be found in Lord Byron's letters; and the fame of her opening talent had reached Shelley, who addressed a very singular correspondence to her. With respect to the world in general, her name began to be known by the publication of her 'Welsh Melodies,' her 'Siege of Valencia,' and the scattered lyrics which appeared in the New Monthly Magazine, then under the direction of Campbell. She had previously contributed a series of prose papers, on Foreign Literature, to Constable's Edinburgh Magazine, which, with little exception, are the only specimens of that style of writing ever attempted by her. To the 'Siege of Valencia,' succeeded rapidly her 'Forest Sanctuary,' her 'Records of Woman,' (the most successful of her works,) her 'Songs of the Affections,' (containing, perhaps, her finest poem, 'The Spirit's Return,') her 'National Lyrics and Songs for Music,' (most of which have been set to music by her sister, and become popular,) and her 'Scenes and Hymns of Life.' A few words with respect to the direction of her powers in later days, may be worthily extracted from a letter of hers which lies now before us. She had been urged by a friend to undertake a prose work, and a series of 'Artistic Novels,' something after the manner of Tieck, and Goethe's *Kunst-Romanen*, as likely to be congenial to her own tastes and habits of mind, and to prove most acceptable to the public.

"I have now," she says, 'passed through the feverish and somewhat *visionary* state of mind often connected with the passionate study of art in early life; deep affections and deep sorrows seem to have solemnized my whole being, and I now feel as if bound to higher and holier tasks, which, though I may occasionally lay aside, I could not long wander from without some sense of dereliction. I hope it is no self-delusion, but I cannot help sometimes feeling as if it were my true task to enlarge the sphere of sacred poetry, and extend its influence. When you receive my volume of "Scenes and Hymns," you will see what I mean by enlarging its sphere, though my plan as yet is very imperfectly developed.'

"Besides the works here enumerated, we should mention her tragedy, 'the Vespers of Palermo,' which, though containing many fine thoughts and magnificent bursts of poetry, was hardly fitted for the stage; and the songs which she contributed to Colonel Hodges' 'Peninsular Melodies;' and we cannot but once more call the attention of our readers to her last lyric, 'Despondency and Aspiration,' published in 'Blackwood's Magazine' for May 1835. It is the song of the swan—its sweetest and its last!'"*—H. F. CHORLEY, in the *Athenæum*, No. 395

ON THE POETRY OF MRS. HEMANS.

BY PROFESSOR NORTON.

"WE have now received the last of the imperishable gifts of Mrs. Hemans's genius. The period of her spirit's trials and sufferings, and its glorious course on earth, has been completed. She has left an unclouded fame; and we may say, in her own words:—

'No tears for thee!—though light be from us gone
With thy soul's radiance!
No tears for thee!

*It has already been shown that this was not the case

They that have loved an exile, must not mourn
To see him parting for his native bourne
O'er the dark sea.'

"As this, therefore, will be the last time that we shall review any productions of Mrs. Hemans, we may be permitted to recall, with a melancholy pleasure, the admiration and delight with which we have followed the progress of her genius. The feelings with which her works are now generally regarded, have been expressed in no publication earlier, more frequently, or more warmly, than in our own. Without repeating what we have already said, we shall now endeavor to point out some of their features, considered in relation to that moral culture in which alone such writings can exist.

"Mrs. Hemans may be considered as the representative of a new school of poetry, or, to speak more precisely, her poetry discovers characteristics of the highest kind, which belong almost exclusively to that of later times, and have been the result of the gradual advance, and especially the moral progress, of mankind. It is only when man, under the influence of true religion, feels himself connected with whatever is infinite, that his affections and powers are fully developed. The poetry of an immortal being must be of a different character from that of an earthly being. But, in recurring to the classic poetry of antiquity, we find that, in their conceptions, the elements of religious faith was wanting. Their mythology was to them no object of sober belief; and, had it been so, was adapted not to produce but to annihilate devotion. They had no thought of regarding the universe as created, animated, and ruled by God's all-powerful and omniscient goodness. To them it was a world of matter.—

'The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring
Or chasms and watery depths,'

never existed except in the imagination of modern poets. The beings intended were the 'fair humanities' of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, whose attributes, derived from the baser parts of our nature, were human passions lawlessly indulged, accompanied with more than mortal power. Gibbon, who was any thing rather than what he affected to be—a philosopher—speaks of 'the elegant mythology of the Greeks.' The great fountains of their popular and poetical mythology were Homer and Hesiod. Hesiod does not surpass Homer in the agreeable or moral character of his fictions, and, as regards the elegance of the mythology found in the great epic poet, a single passage, if we had no other means of judging, might settle the question, the address of Jupiter to Juno at the commencement of the Fifteenth Book of the *Iliad* :—

—'Oh, versed in wiles,
Juno! thy mischief-teeming mind perverse
Hath plotted this; thou hast contrived the hurt
Of Hector, and hast driven his host to flight.
I know not but thyself mayst chance to reap
The first-fruits of thy cunning, scourged by me.
Hast thou forgotten how I hung thee once
On high, with two huge anvils at thy feet,
And bound with force-defying cord of gold
Thy wrists together? In the heights of heaven
Did I suspend thee. With compassion moved,
The assembled gods thy painful sufferings saw,
But help could yield thee none; for whom I seized,
Hurl'd through the portal of the skies, he reach'd
The distant earth, and scarce survived the fall'

'I thus remind thee now, that thou mayst cease
Henceforth from artifice, and mayst be taught
How little all the dalliance and the love

Which, stealing down from heaven, thou hast by fraud
Obtain'd from me, shall favor thy designs.*

"It may be incidentally remarked, that these lines illustrate not merely the features of the ancient mythology, but also the condition of woman as treated by the heroes of Homer and by his contemporaries. We happen just to have opened upon another striking example of the *elegance* of the ancient mythology during the Augustan age. It is a passage of Ovid, almost too indecent and silly to be alluded to, though Addison was not ashamed to translate it, beginning—

'Fortè Jovem memorant, diffusum nectare, curas
Seposuisse graves, vacuâque agitasse remissos
Cum Junone jocos.' †

"From the passage referred to, we may judge something of the convivial manners of the Romans, and of the habits of intercourse between the sexes.

"It is remarkable, that in all religious and moral conceptions, the noblest materials of poetry, the philosophers were very far in advance of the poets. 'The Fables of Hesiod and Homer,' says Plato, 'are especially to be censured. They have uttered the greatest falsehoods concerning the greatest beings.' Referring to the loathsome and abominable fables about Cœlus, Saturn, and Jupiter, he says—'We must not tell our youth that he who commits the greatest iniquity does nothing strange, nor he who inflicts the most cruel punishment upon his father when injured by him; but that he is only doing what was done by the first and greatest of the gods.' A little after he subjoins, 'The chaining of Juno by her son, the throwing of Vulcan from heaven by his father, because he attempted to defend his mother from being beaten, and the battles of the gods described by Homer, are not fictions to be allowed in our city, whether explained allegorically or not.' 'Though we praise many things in Homer,' he says, 'we shall not praise him when he represents Jupiter as sending a lying dream to Agamemnon, nor Æschylus when he makes Thetis complain of having been deceived by Apollo.' 'When any one thus speaks of the gods we are indignant, we grant no permission for such writings, nor shall we suffer teachers to use them in the instruction of youth.†

"The poets of this nation did not, in Plato's opinion, represent their heroes as more amiable or respectable than their gods. 'We shall not,' he says, 'suffer those of whom we have the charge to believe that Achilles, the son of a goddess, was so full of evil passions as to unite in himself two opposite vices, avaricious meanness, and insolence towards gods and men. Nor shall we allow it to be said that Theseus, the son of Neptune, and Perithous, the son of Jove, rushed forth to the commission of such abominable robberies, or that any son of a god or any hero committed those abominable and impious acts which are now imputed to them in the fictions of the poets.' 'Such fictions are pernicious to those who hear them; for every bad man finds a license for himself, in the belief that those nearly related to the gods do and have done such deeds. They are, then, to be suppressed, lest they produce a strong tendency to wickedness in our youth.' ‡

"Such were the sentiments of the most poetical of Grecian philosophers concerning the religious and moral character of the poets of his nation; and he remarks in addition upon the gloomy fancies of Homer concerning the state of departed souls, as neither true nor useful, but adapted to produce unmanly fears, and therefore not to

* "It is related that Jove chanced, being exhilarated by nectar, to lay aside his weighty cares, and interchange pleasant jokes with idle Juno."

† See *De Republica*, Lib. II. pp. 373-383.

‡ See *De Republica*, Lib. III. p. 391.

be listened to by those who, as freemen, should dread slavery more than death. During the period between Homer and Virgil, a misty brightness had spread over the poetic ideas of the future abodes of the blessed; but the Elysium and Tartarus of poetry were but fictions, awakening no serious hopes nor fears, and having no power over the heart. These imaginations of a future life were connected with no just and ennobling conceptions of the purposes of our existence, of the spiritual nature of man, or of that endless progress to which we may look forward. The heroes of Elysium found their delight in the meaner pleasures of this life.—

‘Quæ gratia currûm

Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes

Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repôstos.

Conspicit, ecce. alios dextrâ lævâque per herbam

Vescentes, lætumque chora pœana canentes.’*

“Thus the ancient poets were shut out from the whole sphere of religious sentiment; and all those numberless conceptions and feelings that spring from our knowledge of God, and the sense of our own immortality, are absent from their writings, while this whole exhaustless domain has been laid open to the poets of later times. A single example may illustrate what has been said. Let us take the concluding verses of Mrs. Hemans’s *Fountain of Oblivion* :—

Fill with forgetfulness!--there are, there are
Voices whose music I have loved too well;
Eyes of deep gentleness—but they are far—
Never! oh!--never in my home to dwell!
Take their soft looks from off my yearning soul—
Fill high th’ oblivious bowl!

Yet pause again;—with memory wilt thou cast
The undying hope away, of memory born?
Hope of re-union; heart to heart at last;
No restless doubt between, no rankling thorn?
Wouldst thou erase all records of delight
That make such visions bright?

‘Fill with forgetfulness, fill high!--yet stay--
’Tis from the past we shadow forth the land
Where smiles, long lost, again shall light our way,
And the soul’s friends be wreathed in one bright band
--Pour the sweet waters back on their own rill,
I *must* remember still.

‘For their sake, for the dead--whose image nought
May dim within the temple of my breast--
For their love’s sake, which now no earthly thought
May shake or trouble with its own unrest,
Though the past haunt me as a spirit--yet
I ask not to forget.’

“The whole train of emotion and thought in these verses is of a character wholly unknown to the classic days of Greece and Rome. To imagine any thing corresponding to it in the work of an ancient poet, is to bring together conceptions the most incongruous.

“Here it may be worth while, in order to prevent ourselves from being misunderstood, to observe, that we do not mean to depreciate the value of the study of the ancient poets. After those inquiries by which the truths of religion are established, there are none of more interest or importance than such as relate to the mind and heart of man, and open to us a knowledge of what he has been, and what he may be on earth. But, to attain this knowledge, we must ac-

* “The love of horses which they had alive,
And care of chariots, after death survive.
In bands reclining on the grassy plain,
They feasted and pour’d forth a joyful strain.”
See *Dryden’s Virgil*.

quaint ourselves with the moral and intellectual characters of our race, as it has existed, and exists, under influences and forms of society very unlike each other. In this research, no period can be compared in interest with a few centuries in the history of Athens and Rome, which have left traces still so deeply impressed upon the civilized world. Thus, in studying the history of human nature, the Grecian and Roman poets furnish some of our most important materials. We may discover in them a source of sentiments and opinions that still affect men's minds. Homer carries us back to remote Pagan antiquity, on which his writings shed a light afforded by no other; and, at the same time, having been regarded as the undisputed master poet by his countrymen, (for this Plato himself does not question,) he shows us what were the topics by which their imaginations were most affected during the period of their greatest civilization. The dramatic poets of Athens reflect the Athenian character; and in Virgil, Horace, and Ovid, we find the lineaments of the Augustan age. But the value which thus attaches to their works is not to be confounded with the absolute value of those works as poems adapted through their intrinsic beauties to give delight at the present day. In estimating their naked worth, we must likewise separate from them the interest connected with their antiquity, and all those accidental associations that have been gathering round them for many centuries. We must even put out of view the native genius of the writer, if this genius have been exerted under circumstances so unfavorable as to render it ineffectual to produce what may give pleasure to a pure and highly-cultivated mind. Notwithstanding the traditionary enthusiasm that has existed on the subject, it may well be doubted whether their power of giving vivid pleasure merely as poetical compositions, forms a principal recommendation of the study of the ancient poets. They were not acquainted with the richest realms of mind. It is a mistake to address them as 'bards illustrious, born in happier days.' But, to return to our immediate subject.

"After the revival of letters, the forms of what was called Christianity, both among Catholics and Protestants, were in many respects so abhorrent to reason, or feeling, or both, that they could combine in no intimate union with our higher nature, however they might operate on men's passions or fears. Religious truth was, however, sometimes contemplated in greater purity by minds of the better class; and we early begin to find in poetry some expressions of true religious sentiment. But what advance had been actually made even in the seventeenth century, we may learn from the great work of Milton. It is based on a system of mythology more sublime than the Pagan, and less adapted to degrade the moral feelings, but scarcely less offensive to reason, and spreading all but a Manichaean gloom and blight over the creation of God. Putting forth his vast genius, he struggles with it as he can, moulding it into colossal forms that repel our human sympathies, and lavishing upon it gorgeous treasures of imagination, but even his powers yield and sink at times before its intrinsic incongruity and essential falsehood. Whoever rightly apprehends the character of God, or contemplates as he ought the invisible world, will turn to but few pages of the *Paradise Lost*, with the hope of finding expressions correspondent to his thoughts and emotions. We feel with pain the inappreciable contrast between the genius displayed in the poetical execution of the work, and the absurdity of its prose story. It is the opposition which this story presents to the most ennobling truths, even more than 'the want of human interest,' on which Johnson remarks, that gives to the poem the unattractive character of which he speaks, and which we believe is felt by almost all its readers.

"Doubtless pure religious sentiment breaks out in this and in the

other poems of Milton. The concluding line of his Sonnet on his Blindness,

'They also serve who only stand and wait,'

and numerous other passages of similar beauty, have, we may believe, found an answering feeling in many hearts. But in speaking of those causes which have given a new character to the poetry of later times it is not our purpose to trace their influence historically. Going back to the days of Grecian and Roman civilization, we shall take only a few illustrations that may serve to show more clearly the contrast produced by their absence on one hand, or their operation on the other.

"In proportion as we contemplate the world from the height to which true religion conducts us, we perceive the circle of moral action widening indefinitely. Our duties toward the inferior animals are few and low, compared with those which we lie under to our fellow-men; and our duties toward our fellow-men become far more extensive, and assume a far more solemn character, when we regard them not as born to perish upon earth, but as commencing here an unending existence. Our obligations to others correspond to our means of serving them; and we are introduced to a higher class of virtues, as soon as we recognise in those around us beings forming characters for a different mode of existence, to whom the highest service that can be rendered is to assist their progress in virtue, and to whom some influence, good or evil, is continually flowing out from us, and diverging into channels of which we cannot see the termination. All interest in the spiritual and imperishable good of our fellow-men must depend upon our regarding them as spiritual and imperishable. It is only under a sense of our true nature, that man is capable of reaching the sublime thought of assimilating himself to God, by devoting his powers to the moral welfare of his fellow-men

'Yet, yet sustain me, Holiest!—I am vowed
To solemn service high:

And shall the spirit, for thy tasks endowed,
Sink on the threshold of the sanctuary,
Fainting beneath the burden of the day,

Because no human tone
Unto the altar stone

Of that pure spousal fane inviolate,
Where it should make eternal truth its mate,
May cheer the sacred solitary way?

'Oh! be the whisper of thy voice within
Enough to strengthen! Be the hope to win
A more deep-seeing homage for thy name,
Far, far beyond the burning dream of fame
Make me thine only! Let me add but one
To those refulgent steps all undefiled,

Which glorious minds have piled
Through bright self-offering, earnest, child-like, lone,
For mounting to thy throne
And let my soul, upborne
On wings of inner morn,
Find, in illumined secrecy, the sense
Of that blest work, its own high recompense.

"But there is more to be considered. The conduct which would be wise and right for man if immortal, would not be wise and right for him if viewed as a perishing animal. It is true that moral good is always good, and moral evil always evil; but with an essential change in our nature and relations, there must likewise be an essential change in what is morally good or evil. If all human hopes were limited to this world, it would be folly for any one to act as if he and others were to exist for ever. The whole plan of life and of its duties formed by a wise man, would be quite different in one case

from what it would be in the other; and the course of life actually pursued by the generality, if destitute of all religious belief, would be still more unlike that of men under its influence.

'Sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces.'*

'Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa ?'†

'Lætus in præsens, animus quod ultra est
Oderit curare, et amara lento
Temperet risu.'‡

In the absence of religious faith, this is true philosophy. If this life were the limit of our being, its pleasures and pains would be the only objects of our concern. Nothing would be virtuous which tended not the attainment and communication of those limited and perishing pleasures we might here partake; nothing morally evil, but what lessened our own capacity for enjoying them, or tended to prevent others from sharing them with us. There would be no sphere for the exercise of those powers, no object for those capacities of happiness, that belong to the imperishable part of our nature. There would be nothing to prompt one to great sacrifices or acts of moral heroism; for these have their source in the consciousness of immortality, in a sense of our connexion with the infinite, our look forward to good for ourselves and others beyond the limits of life. Earthly motives afford no soil in which the nobler virtues can strike their roots. It is true that the ancients, particularly the ancient philosophers, were not without the influence of truly religious conceptions, and under almost any forms of opinion the better nature of man will of itself occasionally break out into exhibitions, of excellence. But the religious sentiment being so weak and perverted among the ancient poets, we find little in their works that can be regarded as morally noble, and scarcely an indistinct recognition of those deep feelings and unearthly virtues which have their source in our spiritual nature. The same remark is almost equally applicable to a large proportion of the modern poets: for true religion has been little understood or felt by them. Where, in any age preceeding our own, may we hope to find such expressions of sentiment as in the following verses from Mrs. Hemans' 'Vaudois Wife.'§

'But calm thee! Let the thought of death
A solemn peace restore;
The voice that must be silent soon,
Would speak to thee once more,
That thou may'st bear its blessing on
Through years of after life,—
A token of consoling love,
Even from this hour of strife.

'I bless thee for the noble heart,
The tender and the true,
Where mine hath found the happiest rest
That e'er fond woman's knew;
I bless thee, faithful friend and guide,
For my own, my treasured share,
In the mournful secrets of thy soul,
In thy sorrow, in thy prayer.

* * * *

Be wise, pour out your wine, and contract your hopes within life's narrow compass.

† Why in so short a life, do we, in our bravery, aim at so much?

‡ Joyous during the present hour, the mind should reject all care for what is beyond, and temper what is bitter with a gentle smile.

§ 'The wife of a Vaudois leader, in one of the attacks made on the Protestant hamlets, received a mortal wound, and died in her husband's arms, exhorting him to courage and endurance.'

- 'I bless thee for the last rich boon
 Won from affection tried,
 The right to gaze on death with thee,
 To perish by thy side;
 And yet more for the glorious hope
 Even to *these* moments given;—
 Did not *thy* spirit ever lift
 The trust of *mine* to Heaven?
- 'Now be *thou* strong! Oh! knew we not
 Our path must lead to this?
 A shadow and a trembling still
 Were mingled with our bliss;
 We plighted our young hearts when storms
 Were dark upon the sky,
 In full, deep knowledge of their task
 To suffer and to die!
- 'Be strong; I leave the living voice
 Of this, my martyr'd blood,
 With the thousand echoes of the hills,
 With the torrent's foaming flood,—
 A spirit 'midst the caves to dwell,
 A token on the air,
 To rouse the valiant from repose,
 The fainting from despair.
- 'Hear it, and bear thou on, my love;
 Ay, joyously endure;
 Our mountains must be altars yet,
 Inviolable and pure;
 There must our God be worshipp'd still
 With the worship of the free;—
 Farewell! there's but *one* pang in death,
 One only,—leaving thee!"

"With this, may be compared the speech of Alcestis in Euripides, when dying in the presence of her husband, under circumstances adapted to call forth all that power of expressing the tender emotions, for which Euripides has been thought to be distinguished.

"Under the influence of religion, we are acted upon by new motives, through the sense created within us, of the worth of our fellow-men. Religion invests them with a new character, strips off the disguise with which the accidents of mortality, its imperfections, weaknesses, follies, miseries, and crimes hide their essential nature from our view, and presents them before us with all the interests and capacities of immortal beings. They who are dear to us, are worthy of all love and self-devotion, worthy of affections unlimited by death or time. They are members with us of the imperishable family of God, in whose company we are to exist for ever, and with whom our union will become more entire, as we grow purer and disinterested.

"Thus in later days there has been a growth of sentiments and affections, almost unknown before. Our better feelings toward our fellow-men have acquired far more strength, and assumed new forms. In other times, man has been comparatively an insulated being. Domestic life, that life in which now almost all our joys or sorrows are centred, was scarcely known to the ancients; and has had but a sickly and artificial existence even in modern ages, through the operation of false notions of domestic government and discipline, and of the mutual relations of husband and wife, parents and children. Religion, by teaching us justly to estimate what is truly excellent in our nature, what is intellectual, moral, and ever-enduring, has given to woman the rank to which she is entitled. It has made her the friend of man; and our feelings are in harmony with the poet when he speaks of

'A perfect woman, nobly plann'd
 To warn, to comfort, and command,

And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of an angel light.*

But man has never regarded woman with respect and true love, except so far as he has regarded her as a spiritual and immortal being. Without this, no conception can exist of that inseparable union which blends all the interests and affections of one being with those of another. The poetry of the ancients that expresses any sentiments toward the female sex is, with rare exceptions, of the grossest kind, sensual, coarse, indecent, brutal. We can pick out only a few passages from the mass, which shadow forth any thing like real affection. The same character has continued to cleave to much of our modern poetry, rendering it at once pernicious and disgusting. But wherever the power of true religion has been felt, there woman, more disinterested, more pure, and more moral than man, has exerted a constant influence to raise the character of society. Where it has not been felt, woman has been treated as a mere creature of this earth, an object only of sensual passion, courted, wronged, and insulted; her character has sunk, and the infection of the evil has spread itself every where. It would be difficult, in a few words, to suggest to a reflecting mind, a more melancholy picture of the state of society at Athens, than that of which Aristotle affords us a glimpse in a short passage of his 'Art of Poetry,' where he remarks with his usual brevity and dryness, that 'the manners (character) of a woman or slave may be good; though in general perhaps, women are rather bad than good, and slaves altogether bad.'* Where women are thus estimated, the domestic charities, our best school of virtue, cannot exist; those affections which are at once the gentlest and the strongest have no place; nor will there be any true refinement, nor quick and generous feeling in the intercourse between man and man. The first and strongest link in the chain of human sympathy is wanting.

"When Jesus Christ pronounced these words, '*What God has joined together, let not man put assunder,*' he laid down the fundamental law of human civilisation. But it would have been impossible to render marriage the most solemn and indissoluble of connexions, if his religion had not at the same time restored to woman the character designed for her by nature, and raised her to that place she now holds, wherever the truths he taught have had somewhat of their proper influence.

"When the feelings that give sanctity to marriage are wanting, the parental affections operate but feebly. The new-born child, instead of being regarded as a gift and a trust from God, a new creature with whom we have become for ever connected, and a living bond of common interest to strengthen the union of its parents, is either looked at, on the one hand, as a present encumbrance, or on the other, as a probable future support. The whole history of the domestic relations of the ancients establishes this truth. What must have been the state of parental affection among those who practised and tolerated the destruction of infants as a common custom? The absence of such affection is not to be estimated by the number of victims to that custom, but by the fact of its being generally viewed with horror or reprobation. It was a shocking trait of barbarity in the character of the elder Cato, that he recommended that worn-out and disabled slaves should be exposed to perish; but an exposure more inhuman, which showed that man had lost even the feelings of the

* "What Aristotle says," observes his able translator, Mr. Twining, "is, I fear, but too conformable to the manner in which the ancients usually speak of the sex in general. At least he is certainly consistent with himself: witness the following very curious character of women in his '*History of Animals*' which I give the reader by no means for his assent, but for his wonder or his diversion." Mr. Twining's remarks sufficiently imply of what nature this character is, and we forbear to quote it.

lower animals, was constantly going on, and was enjoined, under certain circumstances, both by Plato and Aristotle, as a law of their imagined republic. There is a famous saying in one of the comedies of Terence, which has been often quoted as a fine expression of philanthropy; *Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto*.* It is put into the mouth of a man whose wife is afterwards represented as in fear before him, because she had not destroyed her female infant as he had commanded, but given it a chance for preservation by causing it to be exposed alive. Maternal love cannot be wholly extinguished; but it is the glow of modern feeling only which pours its beauty over the following lines, to which nothing parallel can be found in the poets of Greece or Rome, though Mrs. Hemans apostrophizes the Elysium of their imagining.

Calm, on its leaf-strewn bier,
Unlike a gift of nature to decay,
Too rose-like still, too beautiful, too dear,
The child at rest before the mother lay,
E'en so to pass away,
With its bright smile! Elysium what wert thou
To her, who wept, o'er that young slumberer's brow?

Thou hadst no home, green land!
For the fair creature from her bosom gone,
With life's fresh flowers just opening in its hand,
And all the lovely thoughts and dreams unknown,
Which, in its clear eye shone
Like spring's first awakening! but that light was past;—
Where went the dew-drop swept before the blast?"

"The ancient popular faith was indeed destitute of consolation; but in the absence of those associations which shed a holy light round an infant, such consolation is less needed. Even the fountain of maternal affection flows with but a scanty and interrupted stream.

"Thus religion, by making man of more worth to man, and by strengthening our assurance in each other's sympathy and virtue, has called forth affections which lay folded up in our nature, or had put forth only a stunted growth. The finer productions of modern poetry are colored throughout with expressions of their beauty and strength. Moral qualities, good or bad, as they exist in men, unformed directly or indirectly by religion, owe their strength principally to impulse and passion, or depend, like the inconsistent hospitality of the Arab, or the pride of the Roman, on what he thought the glory of his country, upon prejudices, which spring partly from generous feelings and partly from selfish regards, and are made strong and binding upon the individual by universal consent. It is only when quickened by religious sentiment, that the human character displays all its complicated variety of feelings. Then affections, which had before seemed almost powerless, become essential elements of our being. Associations, till then unknown, link together their invisible chains; and the feeling with which they thrill us when touched, presents a new phenomenon in our nature. The love of our youthful home may seem to us an universal sentiment, likely to appear in the poetry of all times; yet how little reference to it do we find in any poetry before our own age, and especially how little reference, like the following, to its moral power?

"Hast thou come with the heart of thy childhood back?
The free, the pure, the kind?"
--So murmur'd the trees in my homeward track,
As they play'd to the mountain-wind.

"Hath thy soul been true to its early love?"

Whisper'd my native streams;

"Hath the spirit, nursed amidst hill and grove,
Still revered its first high dreams?" &c.

* I am a man; whatever concerns other men, I think my concern

"It is under the continued influence of Christianity, however imperfect that influence may have been, that the human character, which had before manifested itself partially and irregularly in the rudeness and inconsistency of its elementary passions, has begun to struggle towards its full development. It has become alive to feelings, and is putting forth powers, which belong to its immortal nature. We may perceive this unfolding of man in the very structure of language, which, enlarged as it has been with new terms, yet presents so imperfect a means for expressing the different qualities and shades of character, and the modes and combinations of feeling. The study of human nature has thus become a science of far more interest and complexity. Many forms of character now appear, that belong to no period in the progress of the human race, preceding that to which we have arrived. To the eye of the poet, man presents himself in new aspects of strength and weakness in multiform relations to the finite and the infinite, and with all the variety of sentiments resulting from the change in his prospects and hopes. He is now 'a traveller between life and death;' his highest interests connect him with the boundless, the unearthly, and the mysterious; with all that has most power to affect the imagination, and excite the strongest and deepest feelings. It is only through his relations to God and eternity, that man becomes an exhaustless subject of high poetry. When thus viewed, his ruined home may be repeopled with thought and images such as these :

'Thou hast heard many sounds, thou hearth,
Deserted now by all!
Voices at eve here met in mirth,
Which eve may ne'er recall.
Youth's buoyant step, and woman's tone,
And childhood's laughing glee,
And song and prayer have all been known,
Hearth of the dead! to thee.

'Thou hast heard blessings fondly poured
Upon the infant head,
As if in every fervent word
The living soul were shed.
Thou hast seen partings,—such as bear
The bloom from life away,—
Alas! for love in changeful air,
Where nought beloved can stay!' &c.

"The recognition of the higher relations of man has given a characteristic to modern poetry, particularly English poetry, through which it has peculiar power over the heart. Expressions and descriptions of human suffering, instead of depressing us with melancholy, become sublime or touching, when that suffering is brought into direct or indirect contrast with man's nature and hopes as an immortal being, or is represented as calling into exercise those virtues which can exist in such a being alone. There is no pathos in the mere lamentations of an individual over his own particular lot, or over the condition of a race to which he feels it an unhappiness to belong. There is nothing that excites any tender or elevating feeling in such verses as the following from an ancient poet:—

'Is there a man just, honest, nobly born?
Malice shall hunt him down. Does wealth attend him?
Trouble is hard behind. Conscience direct?
Beggary is at his heels.
Account that day
Which brings no new mischance, a day of rest.
For what is man? What matter is he made of?
How born? What is he, and what shall he be?
What an unnatural parent is this world,

To foster none but villains, and destroy
All who are benefactors to mankind !* †

"The sufferings to which we are here exposed cease to be a subject that leads to any grateful or ennobling state of mind, when man regards the pleasures of this life as his only good. Among the ancient poets, the contemplation of its evils, when viewed at a distance, is associated with sentiments simply disheartening, or altogether superficial and trifling. Let us take for example a famous ode of Horace. It begins :—

'Eheu ! fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni; nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectæ
Afferet, indomitæque morti. †

It ends :

'Absumet hæres Cæcuba dignior,
Servata centum clavibus; et mero
Tinget pavementum superbo
Pontificum potiore cœnis.' †

"No modern poet would, or rather could, construct verses after this fashion.

"It is in representations of the triumph of our immortal nature over the ills of mortality, of the patience with which they are borne, of the power by which they are overcome—in one word, of the moral qualities which suffering alone brings into action, and in those touches that awaken our best and tenderest affections for the sufferings of others, especially the innocent and helpless, that the sources of the highest pathos are to be found. All that is morally sublime springs upward from our severer trials; and then, only when man feels the nobleness of his nature. Present the calamity nakedly to our view, and its contemplation is merely distressing; picture it in connection with some effort of virtue, and a glory is spread over the whole. In the fall of d'Assas by Mrs. Hemans, (not one of the most remarkable of her productions,) a young officer, full of the thoughts of his home and the scenes of his earlier years, is represented as surprised and massacred by his enemies. The simple narrative of such a death naturally excites painful emotion, but this emotion is so wholly overborne, as but to give additional strength to the exaltation of feeling produced by the concluding verses :

"Silence !" in under-tones they cry—
"No whisper—not a breath !
The sound that warns thy comrades nigh
Shall sentence thee to death !"
—Still, at the bayonet's point he stood,
And strong to meet the blow;
And shouted, 'midst his rushing blood,
"Arm, arm, Auvergne ! the foe !"
The stir, the tramp, the bugle-call,
He heard their tumults grow;
And sent his dying voice through all,—
"Auvergne, Auvergne ! the foe !"[†]

* The original is ascribed to Sotades. See Cumberland's "Observer," No. 147. Cumberland says, "There is a melancholy grandeur in these sentiments, with a simplicity of expression, which prove to us that these authors (the Greek comic writers) occasionally diverged from the gay spirit of comedy into passages not only of the most serious, but sublimest cast." Cumberland is one of those critics who have regarded themselves as privileged in writing any sort of laudatory nonsense about the ancient poets.

† Alas ! my friend, the rapid years
Are gliding on; no prayers delay
Approaching wrinkles, age, and tears,
Or wrest from death's all-conquering sway.
‡ With wine your hundred locks secure,
Some worthier heir your floors will stain,
Lavish of draughts more rich and pure
Than our high priests are wont to drain.

"We may compare the poem just quoted, with a passage from Virgil, which refers to circumstances somewhat similar, and has been praised as very pathetic, in the episode of Nisus and Euryalus, where Nisus perceives that Euryalus has fallen into the hands of his foes, and is just about to be slain.

Tum vero, exterritus, amens,
Conclamat Nisus; nec se celare tenebris
Amplius, aut tantum potuit perferre dolorem:
"Me, me, adsum qui feci, in me convertite ferrum,
O Rutuli! mea fraus omnis: nihil iste nec ausus,
Nec potuit; cælum hoc et conscia sidera testor.
Tantum infelicem nimium dilexit amicum."
Talia dicta dabat; sed viribus ensis adactus
Transiit costas.

"However conspicuous such a passage may be in an ancient poet, it would not, we believe, be regarded with great admiration in a modern.

"In one of Miss Edgeworth's little stories for children, which are far better worth reading than most books for grown people, she says of the cottage of some poor woman, that *it was as clean as misery could make it*. There is a pathos in these few words, not unusual in her writings, but such as we can find in but a scanty number of writers before our own age. It has not been well understood, that the indirect expressions of suffering are far more powerful than the direct, and that we are much more affected by suppressed, than by unrestrained emotion. In but little of the poetry of past times is there any trace of quickness or delicacy of perception in regard to the modes or expressions of human feeling and passion; for man himself had not become sufficiently refined for the exercise of such observation. Plato objects to Homer and the tragic poets of Greece, that they degraded men's minds by representing their heroes, when suffering, as pouring forth long lamentations, singing their sorrows, and beating their breasts. So far as they did so, there was nothing pathetic in their writings. Who indeed, in modern times, was ever able to imagine himself affected by the sorrows of Achilles for the death of Patroclus, or those of his mother, Thetis, in consequence?

"From the want of sentiment and of moral associations, the descriptive language of the ancient poets is, in general, scanty and poor. It is for the most part drawn immediately from the perceptions of the senses, and has little to do with the invisible feelings and images, of which outward things become the symbols to a reflecting mind. It rarely gives them a moral being; its epithets are seldom imaginative; it paints to the eye; it calls up recollections of bodily rest and pleasure; but it does not often address the heart.

"Horace begins one of his odes thus:—

Vides, ut ultra siet nive candidum
Soracte; nec jam sustineant onus
Sylvæ laborantes, geluque
Flumina constiterint acuto?*

"The epithets *white* mountain, *deep* snow, *sharp* frost, are all taken without addition immediately from the perception of the senses; nor, considering the common prosaic use of *laboro*, in a similar sense, is the epithet *laboring* much more poetical; yet the passage is as striking of its kind as most that may be found in Latin poetry. The lines are thus rendered by Dryden.

'Behold yon mountain's hoary height
Made higher with new mounts of snow;
Again behold the winter's weight
Oppress the laboring woods below;
And streams with icy fetters bound
Benumb'd and cramp'd to solid ground.'

* See how Soracte stands white with deep snow; the laboring woods cannot bear up under their load, and the streams are stopped by the sharp frost.

"Dryden was not eminent for his love of nature or power of describing its beauties; and a poet of livelier perceptions would hardly have changed the name of Soracte for the faint generalization, 'yon mountain;' yet something of the difference which we wish to point out between ancient and modern poetry, is here perceptible. Let us take from Mrs. Hemans an example of the richly imaginative character of that of later times. We will give the beginning of the verses in which she describes herself as reading in an arbor, 'The Talisman' of Scott. A particular interest attaches to them from the circumstance, that in the best portrait of her she is represented in this real or imaginary situation.

* There were thick leaves above me and around,
And low sweet sighs, like those of childhood's sleep,
Amidst their dimness, and a fitful sound
As of soft showers on water; dark and deep
Lay the oak shadows o'er the turf, so still
They seem'd but pictured glooms: a hidden rill
Made music, such as haunts us in a dream,
Under the fern tufts: and a tender gleam
Of soft green light, as by the glowworm shed,
Came pouring through the woven beech-boughs down,
And steep'd the magic page wherein I read
Of royal chivalry and old renown,
A tale of Palestine.*--Meanwhile the bee
Swept past me with a tone of summer hours,
A drowsy bugle, wafting thoughts of flowers,
Blue skies, and amber sunshine; brightly free,
On filmy wings: the purple dragon-fly
Shot glancing like a fairy javelin by;
And a sweet voice of sorrow told the dell
Where sat the lone wood-pigeon.[†]

"Every subject becomes rich in proportion to the wealth of the mind by which it is contemplated. The intellectual light that shines upon it gives it its colors. Deficient as the ancient poets were in so many sources of thought and feeling that exist in modern times, they discover as imperfect a sensibility to most of the other pleasures of a refined taste, as to those derived from the objects of nature. There is to be found, for instance, in their works, scarcely a single passage, perhaps not one, in which the power of music, as blending in intimate union sensible and intellectual pleasures, is described with strong expression; yet what a treasury of glowing images and solemn thoughts this subject has opened to modern poets. We need not quote for illustration Mrs. Hemans's *Triumphant Music*.

"Through our strong sympathy with our fellow men, we are deeply interested in the remains of antiquity, in the ruins that recall it to our thoughts, and in the histories which have come down to us, or rather in those histories as fashioned anew by our imagination, effacing and softening, filling up the rude outline, and coloring and embellishing at pleasure. In proportion as we have a more vivid conception of the virtues and excellences of which man is capable, so man, as such, becomes more an object of our regard. In looking back through the obscurity of time, the depravity that would have shocked us, if forced upon our observation, is partially lost in the darkness, and the bright traits of character shine out more distinctly. The dead of past ages are regarded with something of the same tenderness that we feel toward the dead whom we have known. At least we consent for a time to sacrifice our philosophy to an illusion, and instead of the Richard Cœur-de-Lion of history, whose only marked characteristics were bodily strength and brutal hardihood, with those few gleams of goodness which nothing but the grossest sensuality can utterly extinguish, we consent for a time to take the

* * Palestine.--Tales of the Crusaders."

Richard of Scott's *Ivanhoe*; or in fancying the Augustan age, are willing to forget that it took its name from

'him who murder'd Tully,
That cold villain, Octavius.'

"Conformably to the laws of our better nature, our imagination is most readily attracted by what is most excellent in man. While viewing a beautiful tract of country with which we are not familiar, we can hardly refrain from idealizing its supposed inhabitants, and giving them somewhat of a poetical character, or, in other words, a character agreeable to our best feelings. So it is in casting our view over past ages. Our sympathies are excited for the hopes and fears, and the virtues, such as they were, of those who have lost all power to injure; and we may even fashion dim images of what they now are, as existing somewhere in the creation of God, divested, perhaps, of the evil that clung to them on earth. The idea of that moral purification and development, which, we believe, is continually going on in the universe, may thus mingle with the contemplation of the past. It is in transferring us into a world in which grateful imaginations are blended with truth, and the harshness of present reality is shut out, that the poetic interest of antiquity principally consists.

"Of this, modern poetry and fiction have abundantly availed themselves. But though a shadowy antiquity lay as a background to Greek and Roman civilization, yet it was rarely resorted to by the ancient poets as a source of pleasing or solemn emotions. To them the remoter ages were little more than a desert abounding with monstrous fictions, with licentious and savage divinities, half-brutal demigods, and heroes, and chiefs hardly human, whose fabulous deeds and sufferings present nothing to recommend them to our sense of beauty. In the period following, history assumed at least an air of truth, and men appeared on the stage with human feelings, passions, and virtues. But in looking back upon their earlier history, the ancients seem to have felt but slightly those peculiar sentiments and trains of feeling, which the contemplation of antiquity now awakens in our breasts. In no ancient poet is there a celebration of a hero of his country to be compared with Mrs. Hemans's lines on the Scottish patriot, Wallace, beginning

'Rest with the brave, whose names belong
To the high sanctity of song.'

There is no appeal to the deeds of their fathers equal to her Spanish war-song,—

'Fling forth the proud banner of Leon again
Let the high word 'Castile' go resounding through Spain.'—

No poetic conception of antiquity is to be found resembling the introduction of her 'Cathedral Hymn,'—

'A dim and mighty minster of old time,
A temple shadowy with remembrances
Of the majestic past.'

And above all, there is nothing so morally ennobling, so adapted to raise the character of a people, as the verses by which she has conferred a great obligation on our country, her 'Pilgrim Fathers.'

"But, beside the advantages afforded to a modern poet by the religious and moral improvement of our race, which it has been principally our object to point out, there are others at which we may glance. He may look back over many ages, and around upon all countries, and acquaint himself with man, as he has existed and exists under circumstances the most dissimilar. He may possess himself of all that knowledge of human nature, which has been gathered

from long experience, and wide observation, and multiplied opportunities of comparison. He may, like Southey, construct poems, as wild and wondrous, and as morally beautiful as 'Thalaba,' or as rich with barbaric splendor as 'The Curse of Kehama,' from the rude materials of Arabian fiction or Hindoo mythology. The treasures of learning and science, so poor in ancient times, have, through succeeding ages, been accumulating to furnish him with thoughts, illustrations, and images. Our conceptions are enlarged, our views raised, the physical as well as the moral universe has been continually opening to the view of man, and knowledge unfolding her ever-lengthening scroll, of which the ancients had scarcely read the first lines. It was a dream, ridiculed by Plato,* of the extravagant admirers of Homer, that all human and divine learning was to be found in his writings.

"In the nature of things art is progressive; its theory and practice are gradually better understood, errors are discovered and corrected, new objects of attainment proposed, and visions of higher excellence revealed to the mind; and thus we may believe, that the character, principles, purposes, and means of poetry are now comprehended more justly than they were in former times.

"But it may be said, that in perfection of language, at least, the poets of Greece and Rome must remain unsurpassed. It may be doubted, however, whether we are qualified to pronounce this judgment in their favor. The harmonious flow of articulate sounds in the Greek and Latin languages, particularly in the Latin, is not to be readily attained in some of the principal languages of literary Europe. But if we speak of poetical beauty of expression and harmony of thought, we must recollect, that it is necessary to be acquainted with the train of shadowy associations which follow the direct meaning of a poetical word, before we can determine that word to be well chosen. But such acquaintance implies an intimate knowledge of the use of language and of the state of mind in those addressed, which, as regards the poetry of the ancients, it is very difficult to acquire, and, in many particulars, impossible, yet without which we are liable to fall into great mistakes, and may often be left in much uncertainty. Take, for example, the line,—

* *Quadrupedante outrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.*†

It has been admired from the consonance of the sound with the sense. We understand the epithet *putris* to mean *dusty*,—the dusty plain; but this epithet is elsewhere applied to a rich, mellow soil, easily broken up, or to a sandy plain. According to either of these uses, it is apparently an epithet unsuitable from its associations to be given to a field described as shaken and resounding with the trampling of a body of horse. As respects, likewise, the epithet *quadrupedans*, we may doubt whether any modern critic can explain why *quadrupedante sonitu* is more poetical in Virgil, than its equivalent, 'the sound of quadrupeds,' would be in a modern poet, if used to express the sound of horses.

"Let us take another example:

* *Pastor cum traheret per freta navibus
Idæis Helenam perfidus hospitam.*†

* *De Republica, Lib. x. p. 598, seq.*

† "Repeated peals of shouts are heard around:
The neighing coursers answer to the sound,
And shake with horny hoofs the solid ground."—*Dryden.*

Loud shouts arise; the thundering coursers bound
Through clouds of dust, and paw the trembling ground."—*Pitt*

† When the perfidious shepherd was bearing away, in Idæan ships through narrow seas, Helen, the wife of his host —.

"Why is the word *traheret* used, which, as employed elsewhere, would imply the taking away of Helen against her will? Does it refer to one version of the story according to which Paris did bear her away by force? Were this the case, one would naturally expect, considering the reproachful and denunciatory character of the ode, to find that idea brought out more distinctly. Is it intended to express the reluctance with which, though yielding to her love for Paris, she left her husband and her home? This conception is too refined for an ancient poet to trust to its being made apparent by so light a touch, if indeed we may suppose it to have entered his mind. Was *traheret* then intended, by its associations with an act of violence, to denote the rapidity and fear of the flight of Paris? Or was it merely employed *abusively*, to use a technical term, only with reference to a part of its signification, as words are not unfrequently used in poetry, though it is always an imperfection?

"Such cases are very numerous, in which no modern reader can pronounce with just confidence upon the character of the poetical language of the ancients. Instances are frequently occurring in which, if we admire at all, we must admire at second hand, upon trust. The meaning and effect of words have undergone changes which it is often not easy, and often not possible, to ascertain with precision. Even in our own language this is the case. Shakspeare says,—

'Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark
To cry, Hold! Hold!'

"Here Johnson understands him as presenting the ludicrous conception of 'the ministers of vengeance peeping through a blanket;' and Coleridge, as we see by his *Table-Talk*, conjectured that instead of 'blanket,' 'blank height' was perhaps written by Shakspeare. But by 'Heaven' we conceive to be meant not the ministers of vengeance, but the 'lights of heaven;' and it is not unpoetical to speak of the noon and stars as peeping through clouds. With the word 'blanket,' our associations are trivial and low; but understand it merely as denoting a thick covering of darkness which closely enwraps the lights of heaven, and it suits well to its place. But our associations with the word are accidental, there is nothing intrinsically more mean in a blanket than a sheet, yet none would object to the expression of 'a sheet of light.' The fortunes of the words only have been different, and that, in all probability, since the time of Shakspeare, considering his use of this word, and the corresponding use of the word *rug* by Drayton.*

"If such be the character of poetical language, it is clear that to judge with critical accuracy of that of a distant age or even a foreign land, requires uncommon knowledge and discrimination, as well as an accurate taste; while, unfortunately, profound scholarship and cultivated and elegant habits of mind, have very rarely been united in the study of the ancient poets. The supposition of a peculiar felicity of expression in their writings is to be judged of, in most cases, rather by extrinsic probabilities, which do not favor it, than by any direct and clear evidence of it that can be produced. We are very liable in this particular to be biassed by prepossession and authority; our imaginations often deceive us; we create the beauty which we fancy that we find.

"There is perhaps no poet, in whose productions the characteristics of which we have spoken as giving a superiority to the poetry of later times over that which has preceded, appear more strikingly than in those of Mrs. Hemans. When, after reading such works as she has written, we turn over the volumes of a collection of English poetry, like that of Chalmers, we cannot but perceive that the greater

* See examples, in the notes to Shakspeare.

part of it appears more worthless and distasteful than before. Much is evidently the work of barren and unformed, vulgar and vicious minds, of individuals without any conception of poetry as the glowing expression of what is most noble in our nature, and often with no title to the name of poet, but from having put into metre thoughts too mean for prose. Such writings as those of Mrs. Hemans at once afford evidence of the advance of our race, and are among the most important means of its further purification and progress. The minds, which go forth from their privacy to act with strong moral power upon thousands and ten thousands of other minds, are the real agents, in advancing the character of man, and improving his condition. They are instruments of the invisible operations of the Spirit of God."

—From the *Christian Examiner* of January, 1836.

SELECTIONS FROM JUVENILE POEMS.

[In this collected edition of the various writings of Mrs. Hemans, chronological arrangement has been adhered to, in so far as any useful purpose has been attained by it; and, when departed from, it has only been to a small extent, and that for the purpose of giving to each volume a greater degree of variety.]

In a very general point of view, the intellectual career of Mrs. Hemans may be divided, as we have already hinted, into two separate eras,—the first of which may be termed the *classical*, and comprehends the productions of her pen, from "the Restoration of the works of Art to Italy" and "Modern Greece," down to the "Historic Scenes" and the "Translations from Camoens,"—and the last the *romantic*, which commences with the "Forest Sanctuary," and includes "Records of Woman," together with nearly all her later efforts.

In point of poetical merit, there can be little doubt that the last section far transcends the first, and forms the groundwork—whether we regard conception or execution—on which her peculiar fame will be tested by posterity. The former series of poems, however, must be always reckoned valuable, not only in themselves as compositions, but as showing the progress of an intrinsically poetical mind towards its maturity.

But as noonday has its morning, so even these were only the blossoms from antecedent buds; and, as matter of literary curiosity, we have appended a selection from Mrs. Hemans's really juvenile efforts, sufficient to show the first expansions of that genius, which time and exertion afterwards ripened into "the bright consummate flower." Even after the early poetical attempts of Cowley and Pope, of Chatterton, Kirke White, and Byron, some of the following outpourings of poetical sentiment may be read with no common interest.]

JUVENILE POEMS,

BY FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE.

From a Volume of Poems by FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE, published in 1808, containing Pieces written between the ages of eight and thirteen.

ON MY MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF EIGHT.

CLAD in all their brightest green,
This day the verdant fields are seen;

The tuneful birds begin their lay,
To celebrate thy natal day.

The breeze is still, the sea is calm,
And the whole scene combines to charm;
The flowers revive, this charming May,
Because it is thy natal day.

The sky is blue, the day serene,
And only pleasure now is seen;
The rose, the pink, the tulip gay,
Combine to bless thy natal day.

A PRAYER.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF NINE.

Oh! God, my Father and my Friend,
Ever thy blessing to me send;
Let me have Virtue for my guide,
And Wisdom always at my side;
Thus cheerfully through life I'll go,
Nor ever feel the sting of woe!
Contented with the humblest lot,
Happy, though in the meanest cot.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN.

THE infant muse, Jehovah! would aspire
To swell the adoration of the lyre:
Source of all good, oh! teach my voice to sing
Thee, from whom Nature's genuine beauties spring;
Thee, God of truth, omnipotent and wise,
Who saidst to Chaos, "let the earth arise."
Oh! author of the rich luxuriant year,
Love, Truth, and Mercy, in thy works appear:
Within their orbs the planets dost Thou keep,
And e'en hast limited the mighty deep.
Oh! could I number thy inspiring ways,
And wake the voice of animated praise!
Ah, no! the theme shall swell a cherub's note;
To Thee celestial hymns of rapture float.
'Tis not for me, in lowly strains to sing
Thee, God of mercy, heaven's immortal King.
Yet to that happiness I'd fain aspire;
Oh! fill my heart with elevated fire;
With angel-songs an artless voice shall blend,
The grateful offering shall to Thee ascend.
Yes! Thou wilt breathe a spirit o'er my lyre,
And "fill my beating heart with sacred fire!"

And when to Thee my youth, my life, I've given,
Raise me, to join Eliza,* blest in Heaven.

SONNET TO MY MOTHER.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF TWELVE.

To thee maternal guardian of my youth,
I pour the genuine numbers free from art;
The lays inspired by gratitude and truth,
For thou wilt prize the effusion of the heart
Oh! be it mine, with sweet and pious care,
To calm thy bosom in the hour of grief;
With soothing tenderness to chase the tear,
With fond endearments to impart relief.
Be mine thy warm affection to repay
With dutious love in thy declining hours;
My filial hand shall strew unfading flowers,
Perennial roses to adorn thy way;
Still may thy grateful children round thee smile,
Their pleasing care affliction shall beguile.

SONNET.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.

'Tis sweet to think the spirits of the blest
May hover round the virtuous man's repose:
And oft in visions animate his breast,
And scenes of bright beatitude disclose.
The ministers of Heaven with pure control,
May bid his sorrow and emotion cease,
Inspire the pious fervor of his soul,
And whisper to his bosom hallow'd peace.
Ah! tender thought, that oft with sweet relief
May charm the bosom of a weeping friend,
Beguile with magic power the tear of grief,
And pensive pleasure with devotion blend;
While oft he fancies music, sweetly faint,
The airy lay of some departed saint.

RURAL WALKS.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.

Oh! may I ever pass my happy hours
In Cambrian valleys and romantic bowers;
For every spot in sylvan beauty drest,
And every landscape charms my youthful breast.

* A sister whom the author had lost.

And much I love to hail the vernal morn,
 When flowers of spring the mossy seat adorn ;
 And sometimes through the lonely wood I stray,
 To cull the tender rosebuds in my way ;
 And seek in every wild secluded dell,
 The weeping cowslip and the azure bell ;
 With all the blossoms, fairer in the dew,
 To form the gay festoon of varied hue.
 And oft I seek the cultivated green,
 The fertile meadow, and the village scene ;
 Where rosy children sport around the cot,
 Or gather woodbine from the garden spot.
 And there I wander by the cheerful rill,
 That murmurs near the osiers and the mill ;
 To view the smiling peasants turn the hay,
 And listen to their pleasing festive lay.
 I love to loiter in the spreading grove,
 Or in the mountain scenery to rove ;
 Where summits rise in awful grace around,
 With hoary moss and tufted verdure crown'd ;
 Where cliffs in solemn majesty are piled,
 " And frown upon the vale " with grandeur wild :
 And there I view the mouldering tower sublime,
 Array'd in all the blending shades of Time.

The airy upland and the woodland green,
 The valley, and romantic mountain scene ;
 The lowly hermitage, or fair domain,
 The dell retired, or willow-shaded lane ;
 " And every spot in sylvan beauty drest,
 And every landscape, charms my youthful breast."

SONNET.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.

I LOVE to hail the mild and balmy hour,
 When evening spreads around her twilight veil ;
 When dews descend on every languid flower,
 And sweet and tranquil is the summer gale.
 Then let me wander by the peaceful tide,
 While o'er the wave the breezes lightly play ;
 To hear the waters murmur as they glide,
 To mark the fading smile of closing day.
 There let me linger, blest in visions dear,
 Till the soft moonbeams tremble on the seas ;
 While melting sounds decay on fancy's ear,
 Of airy music floating on the breeze.
 For still when evening sheds the genial dews,
 That pensive hour is sacred to the muse.

From "*The Domestic Affections and Other Poems*," by FELICIA
DOROTHEA BROWNE. Published in 1812.

TO MY MOTHER.

If e'er for human bliss or woe
I feel the sympathetic glow ;
If e'er my heart has learn'd to know
 The gen'rous wish or prayer ;
Who sow'd the germ with tender hand ?
Who mark'd its infant leaves expand ?
 My mother's fostering care.

And if *one* flower of charms refined
May grace the garden of my mind ;
 'Twas she who nursed it there :
She loved to cherish and adorn
 Each blossom of the soil ;
To banish every weed and thorn,
 That oft opposed her toil !

And oh ! if e'er I sigh'd to claim,
The palm, the living palm of Fame,
 The glowing wreath of praise ;
If e'er I wish'd the glittering stores,
That Fortune on her fav'rite pours ;
'Twas but that wealth and fame, if mine,
Round *Thee*, with streaming rays might shine,
 And gild thy sun-bright days !

Yet not that splendor, pomp, and power.
Might then irradiate every hour ;
For these, my mother ! well I know,
On thee no raptures could bestow ;
But could thy bounty, warm and kind,
Be, like thy wishes, *unconfined* ;
And fall, as manna from the skies,
And bid a train of blessings rise,
 Diffusing joy and peace ;
The tear-drop, grateful, pure, and bright,
For thee would beam with softer light,
Than all the diamond's crystal rays,
Than all the emerald's lucid blaze ;
And joys of heaven would thrill thy heart,
To bid one bosom-grief depart,
 One tear, one sorrow cease !

Then, oh ! may Heaven, that loves to bless,
Bestow the *power* to cheer distress ;
Make *Thee* its minister below,
To light the cloudy path of woe ;
To visit the deserted cell,
Where indigence is doom'd to dwell ;

To raise, when drooping to the earth,
The blossoms of neglected worth ;
And round, with liberal hand, dispense
The sunshine of beneficence !

But ah ! if Fate should still deny
Delights like these, too rich and high ;
If grief and pain thy steps assail,
In life's remote and wintry vale ;
Then, as the wild Æolian lyre,
Complains with soft entrancing number,
When the lone storm awakes the wire,
And bids enchantment cease to slumber ;
So filial love, with soothing voice,
E'en then, shall teach thee to rejoice ;
E'en *then*, shall sweeter, milder sound,
When sorrow's tempest raves around ;
While dark misfortune's gales destroy,
The frail mimosa-buds of hope and joy !

TO MY YOUNGER BROTHER.

On his return from Spain, after the fatal retreat under Sir John Moore, and the battle of Corunna.

THOUGH dark are the prospects and heavy the hours,
Though life is a desert, and cheerless the way ;
Yet still shall affection adorn it with flowers,
Whose fragrance shall never decay !

And lo ! to embrace thee, my Brother ! she flies,
With artless delight, that no words can bespeak ;
With a sunbeam of transport illuming her eyes,
With a smile and a glow on her cheek !

From the trophies of war, from the spear and the shield,
From scenes of destruction, from perils unblest ;
Oh ! welcome again, to the grove and the field,
To the vale of retirement and rest.

Then warble, sweet muse ! with the lyre and the voice,
Oh ! gay be the measure and sportive the strain ;
For light is my heart, and my spirits rejoice,
To meet thee, my Brother ! again.

When the heroes of Albion, still valiant and true,
Were bleeding, were falling, with victory crown'd
How often would fancy present to my view
The horrors that waited thee round !

How constant, how fervent, how pure was my prayer,
That Heaven would protect thee from danger and harm ;
That angels of mercy would shield thee with care,
In the heat of the combat's alarm !

How sad and how often descended the tear,
 (Ah! long shall remembrance the image retain)
 How mournful the sigh, when I trembled with fear
 I might never behold thee again!

But the prayer was accepted, the sorrow is o'er,
 And the tear-drop is fled, like the dew on the rose;
 Thy dangers, our tears, have endear'd thee the more,
 And my bosom with tenderness glows!

And oh! when the dreams, the enchantments of youth,
 Bright and transient, have fled, like the rainbow, away;
 My affection for thee, still unfading in truth,
 Shall never, oh! never decay!

No time can impair it, no change can destroy,
 Whate'er be the lot I am destined to share;
 It will smile in the sunshine of hope and of joy
 And beam through the cloud of despair!

TO MY ELDEST BROTHER,

(*With the British Army in Portugal.*)

How many a day, in various hues array'd,
 Bright with gay sunshine, or eclipsed with shade,
 How many an hour, on silent wing is past,
 O my loved Brother! since we saw thee last!
 Since *then* has childhood ripen'd into youth,
 And fancy's dreams have fled from sober truth;
 Her splendid fabrics melting into air,
 As sage experience waved the wand of oarc!
 Yet *still* thine absence wakes the tender sigh,
 And the tear trembles in affection's eye!
 When shall we meet again!—with glowing ray,
 Heart-soothing hope illumines some future day;
 Checks the sad thought, beguiles the starting tear,
 And sings benignly still—*that* day is near!
 She, with bright eye, and soul-bewitching voice,
 Wins us to smile, inspires us to rejoice;
 Tells, that the hour approaches, to restore
 Our chris'd wanderer to his home once more;
 Where sacred ties his manly worth endear,
 To faith still true, affection still sincere!
 Then the past woes, the future's dubious lot,
 In that blest meeting shall be *all* forgot!
 And joy's full radiance gild that sun-bright hour,
 Though all around th' impending storm should lower.

Now distant far, amidst the intrepid host,
 Albion's firm sons, on Lusitania's coast,
 (That gallant band, in countless dangers tried,
 Where glory's pole-star beams their constant guide,)
 Say, do *thy* thoughts, my Brother, fondly stray
 To Cambria's vales and mountains far away?

Does fancy oft in busy day-dreams roam,
 And paint the greeting that awaits at home?
 Does memory's pencil oft, in mellowing hue,
 Dear social scenes, departed joys renew;
 In softer tints delighting to retrace,
 Each tender image and each well-known face?
 Yes! wanderer, yes! thy spirit flies to those,
 Whose love, unalter'd, warm and faithful glows.

Oh! could that love, through life's eventful hours
 Illume thy scenes and strew thy path with flowers!
 Perennial joy should harmonize thy breast,
 No struggle rend thee, and no cares molest!
 But though our tenderness can but bestow
 The wish, the hope, the prayer, averting woe;
 Still shall it live, with pure, unclouded flame,
 In storms, in sunshine, far and near—the same!
 Still dwell enthroned within th' unvarying heart,
 And firm and *vital*—but with life depart!

Bronwylfa, Feb. 8th, 1811.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE MEMOIRS OF ELIZABETH SMITH

Oh, thou! whose pure, exalted mind,
 Lives in this record, fair and bright;
 Oh, thou! whose blameless life combined,
 Soft female charms and grace refined,
 With science and with light!
 Celestial maid! whose spirit soar'd
 Beyond this vale of tears;
 Whose clear, enlighten'd eye explored
 The lore of years!

Daughter of Heaven! if *here*, e'en *here*,
 The wing of towering thought was thine
 If, on *this* dim and mundane sphere,
 Fair truth illumed thy bright career,
 With morning-star divine;
 How must thy bless'd ethereal soul,
 Now kindle in her noon-tide ray;
 And hail unfetter'd by control,
 The Fount of Day!

E'en *now*, perhaps, thy seraph eyes,
 Undimm'd by doubt, nor veil'd by fear,
 Behold a chain of wonders rise;
 Gaze on the noon-beam of the skies,
 Transcendent, pure and clear!
 E'en *now*, the fair, the good, the true,
 From mortal sight conceal'd,
 Bless in one blaze thy raptur'd view,
 In light reveal'd!

If *here*, the lore of distant time,
 And learning's flowers were all thine own ;
 How must thy mind ascend sublime,
 Matured in heaven's empyreal clime,
 To light's unclouded throne !
 Perhaps, e'en *now*, thy kindling glance,
 Each orb of living fire explores ;
 Darts o'er creation's wide expanse,
 Admires—adores !

Oh ! if that lightning-eye surveys
 This dark and sublunary plain ;
 How must the wreath of human praise,
 Fade, wither, vanish, in thy gaze,
 So dim, so pale, so vain !
 How, like a faint and shadowy dream,
 Must quiver learning's brightest ray !
 While on thine eyes, with lucid stream,
 The sun of glory pours his beam,
 Perfection's day !

THE SILVER LOCKS.

ADDRESSED TO AN AGED FRIEND

THOUGH youth may boast the curls that flow
 In sunny waves of auburn glow ;
 As graceful on thy hoary head,
 Has time the robe of honor spread,
 And there, oh ! softly, *softly* shed,
 His wreath of snow !

As frost-work on the trees display'd,
 When weeping Flora leaves the shade,
 E'en more than Flora, charms the sight ;
 E'en so thy locks of purest white,
 Survive, in age's frost-work bright,
 Youth's vernal rose decay'd !

To grace the nymph whose tresses play
 Light on the sportive breeze of May,
 Let other bards the garland twine,
 Where sweets of every hue combine ;
 Those locks revered, that silvery shine,
 Invite my lay !

Less white the summer-cloud sublime,
 Less white the winter's fringing rime ;
 Nor do Belinda's lovelier seem,
 (A Poet's blest immortal theme,)
 Than thine, which wear the moonlight beam
 Of rev'rend Time !

Long may the graceful honors smile,
 Like moss on some declining pile ;

Oh! much revered! may filial care,
 Around thee, duteous, long repair,
 Thy joys with tender bliss to share
 Thy pains beguile!

Long, long, ye snowy ringlets, wave,
 Long, long, your much-loved beauty save!
 May bliss your latest evening crown,
 Disarm life's winter of its frown,
 And soft ye hoary hairs go down
 In gladness to the grave!

And as the parting beams of day
 On mountain-snows reflected play,
 And tints of roseate lustre shed;
 Thus, on the snow that crowns thy head,
 May, joy, with evening planet, shed
 His mildest ray!

August 18th, 1809.

THE RUIN AND ITS FLOWERS.

SWEETS of the wild! that breathe and bloom
 On this lone tower, this ivied wall;
 Lend to the gale a rich perfume,
 And grace the ruin in its fall;
 Though doom'd, remote from careless eye,
 To smile, to flourish, and to die,
 In solitude sublime,
 Oh! *ever* may the spring renew,
 Your balmy scent and glowing hue,
 To deck the robe of time!

Breathe, fragrance! breathe, enrich the air
 Though wasted on its wing unknown!
 Blow, flow'rets! blow, though vainly fair,
 Neglected and alone!
 These flowers that long withstood the blast,
 These mossy towers are mouldering fast,
 While Flora's children stay—
 To mantle o'er the lonely pile,
 To gild Destruction with a smile,
 And beautify Decay!

Sweets of the wild! uncultured blowing,
 Neglected in luxuriance glowing;
 From the dark ruins frowning near,
 Your charms in brighter tints appear,
 And richer blush assume;
 You smile with *softer* beauty crown'd
 Whilst all is desolate around,
 Like sunshine on a tomb!

Thou hoary pile, majestic still,
Memento of departed fame !
While roving o'er the moss-clad hill,
I ponder on thine ancient name !

Here Grandeur, Beauty, Valor sleep,
That here, so oft, have shone supreme ;
While Glory, Honor, Fancy, weep,
That vanish'd is the golden dream !

Where are the banners, waving proud,
To kiss the summer-gale of even—
All purple as the morning cloud,
All streaming to the winds of Heaven ?

Where is the harp, by rapture strung,
To melting song, or martial story !
Where are the lays the minstrel sung,
To loveliness, or glory ?

Lorn echo of these mouldering walls,
To thee no festal measure calls ;
No music through the desert halls,
Awakes thee to rejoice !

How still thy sleep ! as death profound,
As if, within this lonely round,
A step—a note—a *whisper'd sound*,
Had ne'er aroused thy voice !

Thou hear'st the zephyr murmuring, dying,
Thou hear'st the foliage waving, sighing ;
But ne'er again shall harp or song,
These dark deserted courts along,
Disturb thy calm repose ;
The harp is broke, the song is fled,
The voice is hush'd, the bard is dead ;
And never shall thy tones repeat,
Or lofty strain, or carol sweet,
With plaintive close !

Proud Castle ! though the days are flown,
When once thy towers in glory shone ;
When music through thy turrets rung,
When banners o'er thy ramparts hung,
Though 'midst thine arches, frowning lone,
Stern Desolation rear his throne ;
And Silence, deep and awful, reign,
Where echo'd once the choral strain ;
Yet oft, dark ruin ! lingering here,
The Muse will hail thee with a tear ;
Here when the moonlight, quiv'ring, beams,
And through the fringing ivy streams,
And softens every shade sublime,
And mellows every tint of Time—

JUVENILE POEMS.

Oh ! here shall Contemplation love,
 Unseen and undisturb'd, to rove ;
 And bending o'er some mossy tomb,
 Where Valor sleeps, or Beauties bloom,
 Shall weep for Glory's transient day,
 And Grandeur's evanescent ray
 And list'ning to the swelling blast,
 Shall wake the Spirit of the Past,
 Call up the forms c' ages fled,
 Of warriors and of minstrels dead ;
 Who sought the field, who struck the lyre,
 With all Ambition's kindling fire !

Nor wilt thou, Spring ! refuse to breathe
 Soft odors on this desert air !
 Refuse to twine thine earliest wreath,
 And fringe these towers with garlands fair !

Sweets of the wild, oh ! ever bloom,
 Unheeded on this ivied wall !
 Lend to the gale a rich perfume,
 And grace the ruin in its fall !

Thus, round Misfortune's holy head,
 Would Pity wreaths of honor spread ;
 Like you, thus blooming on this lonely pile,
 She seeks Despair, with heart-reviving smile !

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FAIR Gratitude ! in strain sublime,
 Swell high to Heaven thy tuneful zeal ;
 And, hailing this auspicious time,
 Kneel, Adoration ! kneel !

CHORUS.

For lo ! the day, th' immortal day,
 When Mercy's full, benignant ray,
 Chased every gathering cloud away,
 And pour'd the noon of light !
 Rapture ! be kindling, mounting, glowing,
 While from thine eye the tear is flowing,
 Pure, warm, and bright !

'Twas on this day, oh, Love Divine !
 The Orient Star's effulgence rose ;
 Then waked the Morn, whose eye benign,
 Shall never, never close !

CHORUS.

Messiah ! be thy name adored,
 Eternal, high, redeeming Lord !
 By grateful worlds be anthems pour'd

Emanuel! Prince of Peace!
This day, from Heaven's empyreal dwelling,
Harp, lyre, and voice, in concert swelling,
Bade discord cease!

Wake the loud pæan, tune the voice,
Children of heaven and sons of earth!
Seraphs and men! exult, rejoice,
To bless the Saviour's birth!

CHORUS.

Devotion! light thy purest fire!
Transport on cherub-wing aspire!
Praise! wake to Him thy golden lyre,
Strike every thrilling chord!
While at the Ark of Mercy kneeling
We own thy grace, reviving, healing,
Redeemer! Lord!

THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

WHENCE are those tranquil joys in mercy given,
To light the wilderness with beams of heaven?
To soothe our cares, and through the cloud diffuse,
Their temper'd sunshine, and celestial hues?
Those pure delights, ordain'd on life to throw
Gleams of the bliss ethereal natures know?
Say, do they grace Ambition's regal throne,
When kneeling myriads call the world his own?
Or dwell with Lux'ry, in th' enchanted bowers,
Where taste and wealth exert *creative* powers?

Favor'd of Heaven! O Genius! are they thine,
When round thy brow the wreaths of glory shine;
While rapture gazes on thy radiant way,
'Midst the bright realms of clear and mental day?
No! sacred joys! 'tis yours to dwell enshrined,
Most fondly cherish'd in the purest mind;
To twine with flowers, those loved, endearing ties,
On earth so sweet—so perfect in the skies!

Nursed on the lap of solitude and shade,
The violet smiles, embosom'd in the glade;
There sheds her spirit on the lonely gale,
Gem of seclusion! treasure of the vale!
Thus, far retired from life's tumultuous road,
Domestic Bliss has fix'd her calm abode,
Where hallow'd Innocence and sweet Repose
May strew her shadowy path with many a rose.
As, when dread thunder shakes the troubled sky,
The cherub, Infancy, can close its eye,

And sweetly smile, unconscious of a tear,
 While viewless angels wave their pinions near;
 Thus, while around the storms of Discord roll,
 Borne on resistless wing from pole to pole;
 While War's red lightnings desolate the ball,
 And thrones and empires in destruction fall;
 Then calm as evening on the silvery wave,
 When the wind slumbers in the ocean cave,
 She dwells unruffled, in her bower of rest,
Her empire Home!—her throne, Affection's breast!

For her, sweet Nature wears her loveliest blooms,
 And softer sunshine every scene illumines,
 When Spring awakes the spirit of the breeze,
 Whose light wing undulates the sleeping seas;
 When Summer, waving her creative wand,
 Bids verdure smile, and glowing life expand;
 Or Autumn's, pencil sheds, with magic trace,
 O'er fading loveliness, a moonlight grace;
 Oh! still for her, through Nature's boundless reign,
 No charm is lost no beauty blooms in vain;
 While mental peace, o'er every prospect bright
 Throws mellowing tints, and harmonizing light!
 Lo! borne on clouds, in rushing might sublime,
 Stern Winter bursting from the polar cline,
 Triumphant waves his signal-torch on high,
 The blood-red meteor of the northern sky!
 And high through darkness rears his giant-form,
 His throne the billow, and his flag the storm!
 Yet then, when bloom and sunshine are no more,
 And the wild surges foam along the shore;
 Domestic Bliss, *thy* heaven is still serene,
 Thy star unclouded, and thy myrtle green!
 Thy fane of rest *no* raging storms invade,
 Sweet peace is thine, the seraph of the shade!
 Clear through the day, her light around thee glows,
 And gilds the midnight of thy deep repose!
 —Hail, sacred Home! where soft Affection's hand,
 With flowers of Eden twines her magic band!
 Where pure and bright, the social ardors rise,
 Concentrating all their holiest energies!
 When wasting toil has dimm'd the vital flame,
 And every power deserts the sinking frame;
 Exhausted nature still from sleep implores
 The charm that lulls, the manna that restores!
 Thus, when oppress'd with rude, tumultuous cares,
 To thee, sweet Home! the fainting mind repairs!
 Still to thy breast, a wearied pilgrim, flies,
 Her ark of refuge from uncertain skies!

Bower of repose! when torn from all we love,
 Through toil we struggle, or through distance rove;

To *thee* we turn, still faithful, from afar,
Thee, our bright vista ! thee, our magnet-star !
And from the martial field, the troubled sea,
Unfetter'd thought still roves to bliss and thee !

When ocean-sounds in awful slumber die,
No wave to murmur, and no gale to sigh ;
Wide o'er the world, when Peace and Midnight reign,
And the moon trembles on the sleeping main ;
At that still hour, the sailor wakes to keep,
'Midst the dead calm, the vigil of the deep !
No gleaming shores his dim horizon bound,
All heaven—and sea—and solitude around !
Then, from the lonely deck, the silent helm,
From the wild grandeur of the shadowy realm ;
Still homeward borne, his fancy unconfined,
Leaving the worlds of ocean far behind,
Wings like a meteor-flash her swift career,
To the loved scene, so distant, and so dear !

Lo ! the rude whirlwind rushes from its cave,
And Danger frowns—the monarch of the wave !
Lo ! rocks and storms the striving bark repel,
And Death and Shipwreck ride the foaming swell !

Child of the ocean ! is thy bier the surge,
Thy grave the billow, and the wind thy dirge ?
Yes ! thy long toils, thy weary conflict's o'er,
No storm shall wake, no perils rouse thee more !
Yet, in *that* solemn hour, that awful strife,
The struggling agony for death or life ;
E'en *then* thy mind, embitt'ring every pain,
Retraced the image so beloved—in vain !
Still to sweet Home, thy *last* regrets were true,
Life's parting sigh—the murmur of adieu !

Can war's dread scenes the hallowed ties efface,
Each tender thought, each fond remembrance chase ?
Can fields of carnage, days of toil, destroy
The loved impression of domestic joy ?

Ye daylight dreams ! that cheer the soldier's breast,
In hostile climes with spells benign and blest ;
Soothe his brave heart, and shed your glowing ray,
O'er the long march, through Desolation's way ;
Oh ! still ye bear him from th' ensanguin'd plain,
Armor's bright flash, and Victory's choral strain ;
To that loved Home, where pure affection glows,
That shrine of bliss ! asylum of repose !
When all is hush'd—the rage of combat past,
And no dread war-note swells the moaning blast ;
When the warm throb of many a heart is o'er,
And many an eye is closed to wake no more ;

Lull'd by the night-wind, pillow'd on the ground,
 (The dewy deathbed of his comrades round !)
 While o'er the slain the tears of midnight weep,
 Faint with fatigue, he sinks in slumbers deep !
 E'en then, soft visions, hov'ring round, portray,
 The cherish'd forms that o'er his bosom sway ;
 He sees fond transport light each beaming face,
 Meets the warm tear-drop, and the long embrace !
 While the sweet welcome vibrates through his heart,
 " Hail, weary soldier !—never more to part !"

And lo ! at last, released from every toil,
 He comes !—the wanderer views his native soil !
 Then the bright raptures words can *never* speak,
 Flash in his eye, and mantle o'er his cheek !
 Then Love and Friendship, whose unceasing prayer
 Implored for him, each guardian-spirit's care ;
 Who, for his fate, through sorrow's ling'ring year,
 Had proved each thrilling pulse of hope and fear ;
 In that blest moment, all the past forget—
 Hours of suspense, and vigils of regret !

And, oh ! for him, the child of rude alarms,
 Rear'd by stern danger in the school of arms !
 How sweet to change the war-song's pealing note,
 For woodland-sounds, in summer-air that float !
 Through vales of peace, o'er mountain wilds to roam,
 And breathe his native gales, that whisper—" Home !"

Hail sweet endearments of domestic ties,
 Charms of existence ! angel sympathies !
 Though Pleasure smile, a soft Circassian queen !
 And guide her votaries through a fairy scene,
 Where sylphid forms beguile their vernal hours,
 With mirth and music, in Arcadian bowers ;
 Though gazing nations hail the fiery car
 That bears the Son of Conquest from afar ;
 While Fame's loud pæan bids his heart rejoice,
 And every life-pulse vibrates to her voice ;—
 Yet from your source, *alone*, in mazes bright,
 Flows the full current of serene delight !

On Freedom's wing, that every wild explores,
 Through realms of space, th' aspiring eagle soars !
 Darts o'er the clouds, exulting to admire,
 Meridian glory—on her throne of fire !
 Bird of the Sun ! his keen unwearied gaze,
 Hails the full moon, and triumphs in the blaze ;
 But soon, descending from his height sublime,
 Day's burning fount, and light's empyreal clime ;
 Once more he speeds to joys more calmly blest,
 Midst the dear inmates of his lonely nest !

Thus Genius, mounting on his bright career,
 Through the wide regions of the mental sphere ;
 And proudly waving, in his gifted hand,
 O'er Fancy's worlds, Invention's plastic wand ;
 Fearless and firm, with lightning-eye surveys
 The clearest heaven of intellectual rays !
 Yet, on his course though loftiest hopes attend,
 And kindling raptures aid him to ascend ;
 (While in his mind, with high-born grandeur fraught,
 Dilate the noblest energies of thought :)
 Still, from the bliss, ethereal and refined,
 Which crowns the soarings of triumphant mind,
 At length he flies to that serene retreat,
 Where calm and pure, the mild affections meet ;
 Embosom'd there, to feel and to impart
 The softer pleasures of the social heart !

Ah ! weep for those, deserted and forlorn,
 From every tie, by fate relentless torn ;
 See, on the barren coast, the lonely isle,
 Mark'd with no step, uncheer'd by human smile,
 Heart-sick and faint the shipwreck'd wanderer stand,
 Raise the dim eye, and lift the suppliant hand !
 Explore with fruitless gaze the billowy main,
 And weep—and pray—and linger—but in vain !

Thence, roving wild through many a depth of shade,
 Where voice ne'er echo'd, footstep never stray'd ;
 He fondly seeks, o'er cliffs and deserts rude,
 Haunts of mankind, 'midst realms of solitude !
 And pauses oft, and sadly hears alone,
 The wood's deep sigh, the surge's distant moan !
 All else is hush'd ! so silent, so profound,
 As if some viewless power, presiding round,
 With mystic spell, unbroken by a breath,
 Had spread for ages the repose of death !
 Ah ! still the wanderer, by the boundless deep,
 Lives but to watch—and watches but to weep !
 He sees no sail in faint perspective rise,
 His the dread loneliness of sea and skies !
 Far from his cherish'd friends, his native shore,
 Banish'd from being—to return no more !
 There must he die !—within that circling wave,
 That lonely isle—his prison and his grave !

Lo ! through the waste, the wilderness of snows,
 With fainting step, Siberia's exile goes !
 Homeless and sad, o'er many a polar wild,
 Where beam, or flower, or verdure never smiled ;
 Where frost and silence hold their despot-reign,
 And bind existence in eternal chain !
 Child of the desert ! pilgrim of the gloom !
 Dark is the path which leads thee to the tomb !

While on thy faded cheek, the arctic air,
 Congeals the bitter tear-drop of despair !
 Yet not that fate condemns thy closing day,
 In that stern clime, to shed its parting ray ;
 Not that fair nature's loveliness and light
 No more shall beam enchantment on thy sight ;
 Ah ! not for *this*, far, far beyond relief,
 Deep in thy bosom dwells the hopeless grief ;
 But that no friend of kindred heart is there,
 Thy woes to mitigate, thy toils to share ;
 That no mild soother fondly shall assuage
 The stormy trials of thy ling'ring age ;
 No smile of tenderness, with angel power,
 Lull the dread pangs of dissolution's hour ;
 For this alone, despair, a withering guest
 Sits on thy brow, and cankers in thy breast !
 Yes ! there, e'en there, in that tremendous clime,
 Where desert grandeur frowns, in pomp sublime ;
 Where winter triumphs, through the polar night,
 In all his wild magnificence of might ;
 E'en *there*, affection's hallow'd spell might pour
 The light of heaven around th' inclement shore !
 And, like the vales with gloom and sunshine graced,
 That smile, by circling Pyrenees embraced,
 Teach the pure heart, with vital fires to glow,
 E'en 'midst the world of solitude and snow !
 The halcyon's charm, thus dreaming fictions feign,
 With mystic power, could tranquillize the main ;
 Bid the loud wind, the mountain billow sleep,
 And peace and silence brood upon the deep !

And thus, Affection, can *thy* voice compose
 The stormy tide of passions and of woes ;
 Bid every throb of wild emotion cease,
 And lull misfortune in the arms of peace !

Oh ! mark yon drooping form, of aged mien,
 Wan, yet resign'd and hopeless, yet serene !
 Long ere victorious time had sought to chase,
 The bloom, the smile, that once illumed his face ;
 That faded eye was dimm'd with many a care,
 Those waving locks were silver'd by despair !
 Yet filial love can pour the sovereign balm,
 Assuage his pangs, his wounded spirit calm !
 He, a sad emigrant ! condemn'd to roam,
 In life's pale autumn from his ruin'd home ;
 Has borne the shock of Peril's darkest wave,
 Where joy—and hope—and fortune—found a grave !
 'Twas his, to see Destruction's fiercest band,
 Rush, like a Typhon, on his native land,
 And roll, triumphant, on their blasted way,
 In fire and blood—the deluge of dismay !

Unequal combat raged on many a plain,
And patriot-valor waved the sword in vain !
Ah ! gallant exile ! nobly, long, he bled,
Long braved the tempest gath'ring o'er his head !
Till all was lost ! and horror's darken'd eye,
Roused the stern spirit of despair to die !

Ah ! gallant exile ! in the storm that roll'd
Far o'er his country, rushing uncontroll'd ;
The flowers that graced his path with loveliest bloom,
Torn by the blast—were scatter'd on the tomb !
When carnage burst, exulting in the strife,
The bosom ties that bound his soul to life ;
Yet one was spared ! and she, whose filial smile,
Can sooth his wanderings, and his tears beguile ;
E'en *then*, could temper, with divine relief,
The wild delirium of unbounded grief ;
And whisp'ring peace, conceal, with duteous art,
Her own deep sorrows in her inmost heart !
And now, though time, subduing every trace,
Has *mellow'd* all, he *never* can *erase* ;
Oft will the wanderer's tears in silence flow,
Still sadly faithful to remember'd woe !
Then she, who feels a father's pang alone,
(Still fondly struggling to suppress *her own*,)
With anxious tenderness is ever nigh,
To chase the image that awakes the sigh !
Her angel-voice his fainting soul can raise,
To brighter visions of celestial days !
And speak of realms, where Virtue's wing shall soar
On eagle-plume—to wonder and adore ;
And Friends, divided here, shall meet at last,
Unite their kindred souls—and smile on all the past !

Yes ! we may hope, that nature's deathless ties,
Renew'd, refin'd—shall triumph in the skies !
Heart-soothing thought ! whose loved, consoling powers
With seraph-dreams can gild reflection's hours.
Oh ! still be near, and bright'ning through the gloom,
Beam and ascend ! the day-star of the tomb !
And smile for those, in sternest ordeals proved,
Those lonely hearts, bereft of all they loved.

Lo ! by the couch where pain and chill disease,
In every vein, the ebbing life-blood freeze ;
Where youth is taught, by stealing, slow decay,
Life's closing lesson—in its dawning day ;
Where beauty's rose is with'ring ere its prime,
Unchanged by sorrow—and unsoil'd by time ;
There, bending still, with fix'd and sleepless eye,
There, from her child, the mother learns to die ;
Explores, with fearful gaze, each mournful trace,
Of ling'ring sickness in the faded face ;

Through the sad night, when every hope is fled,
 Keeps her lone vigil by the sufferer's bed ;
 And starts each morn, as deeper marks declare
 The spoiler's hand—the blight of death, is there !
 He comes ! now feebly in the exhausted frame,
 Slow, languid, quivering, burns the vital flame ;
 From the glazed eye-ball sheds its parting ray,
 Dim, transient spark, that fluttering, fades away !
 Faint beats the hov'ring pulse, the trembling heart ;
 Yet fond existence lingers ere she part !

'Tis past, the struggle and the pang are o'er,
 And life shall throb with agony no more ;
 While o'er the wasted form, the features pale,
 Death's awful shadows throw their silvery veil :
 Departed spirit ! on this earthly sphere,
 Though poignant suff'ring mark'd thy short career ;
 Still could maternal love beguile thy woes,
 And hush thy sighs—an angel of repose !

But who may charm *her* sleepless pang to rest,
 Or draw the thorn that rankles in her breast ?
 And, while she bends in silence o'er thy bier,
 Assuage the grief, too heart-sick for a tear ?
 Visions of hope, in loveliest hues array'd,
 Fair scenes of bliss ! by fancy's hand portray'd ;
 And were ye doom'd with false, illusive smile,
 With flatt'ring promise, to enchant awhile ?
 And are ye vanish'd, never to return,
 Set in the darkness of the mould'ring urn ?
 Will no bright hour departed joys restore ?
 Shall the sad parent meet her child no more ?
 Behold no more the soul-illumined face,
 The expressive smile, the animated grace ?
 Must the fair blossom, wither'd in the tomb,
 Revive no more in loveliness and bloom ?
 Descend, blest faith ! dispel the hopeless care,
 And chase the gath'ring phantoms of despair ;
 Tell, that the flower, transplanted in its morn,
 Enjoys bright Eden, freed from every thorn ;
 Expands to milder suns, and softer dews,
 The full perfection of immortal hues ;
 Tell, that when mounting to her native skies,
 By death released, the ³ent spirit flies ;
 There shall the child, in anguish mourn'd so long,
 With rapture hail her, 'midst the cherub throng ;
 And guide her pinion, on exulting flight,
 Through glory's boundless realms, and worlds of living light

Ye gentle spirits of departed friends !
 If e'er on earth your buoyant wing descends ;
 If, with benignant care, ye linger near,
 To guard the objects in existence dear ;

If hov'ring o'er, ethereal band ! ye view
 'The tender sorrows, to *your* memory true ;
 Oh ! in the musing hour, at midnight deep,
 While for your loss affection wakes to weep ;
 While every sound in hallow'd stillness lies,
 But the low murmur of her plaintive sighs ;
 Oh ! then, amidst that holy calm be near,
 Breathe your light whisper softly in her ear ;
 With secret spells, her wounded mind compose,
 And chase the faithful tear—for you that flows ;
 Be near ; when moonlight spreads the charm you loved,
 O'er scenes where once your *earthly* footstep roved ;
 Then, while she wanders o'er the sparkling dew,
 Through glens and wood paths, once endear'd by you,
 And fondly lingers in your fav'rite bowers,
 And pauses oft, recalling former hours ;
 Then wave your pinion o'er each well-known vale,
 Float in the moonbeam, sign upon the gale ;
 Bid your wild symphonies remotely swell,
 Borne by the summer-wind from grot and dell ;
 And touch your viewless harps, and sooth her soul,
 With soft enchantments and divine control !
 Be near, sweet guardians ; watch her sacred rest,
 When Slumber folds her in his magic vest ;
 Around her, smiling, let your forms arise,
 Return'd in dreams, to bless her mental eyes ;
 Efface the mem'ry of your last farewell,
 Of glowing joys, of radiant prospects tell ;
 The sweet communion of the past renew,
 Reviving former scenes, array'd in softer hue.

Be near when death, in virtue's brightest hour,
 Calls up each pang, and summons all his power ;
 Oh ! then, transcending Fancy's loveliest dream,
 Then let your forms unveil'd, around her beam ;
 Then waft the vision of unclouded light,
 A burst of glory, on her closing sight ;
 Wake from the harp of heaven th' immortal strain,
 To hush the final agonies of pain ;
 With rapture's flame, the parting soul illumine,
 And smile triumphant through the shadowy gloom !
 Oh ! still be near, when, darting into day,
 Th' exulting spirit leaves her base of clay ;
 Be yours to guide her flutt'ring wings on high,
 O'er many a world, ascending to the sky :
 There let your presence, once her earthly joy,
 Though dimm'd with tears, and clouded with alloy,
 Now form her bliss on that celestial shore,
 Where death shall sever kindred hearts no more.

Yes ! in the noon of that Elysian clime
 Beyond the sphere of anguish, death or time ;

Where mind's bright eye, with renovated fire,
Shall beam on glories—never to expire ;
Oh ! there th' illumined soul may fondly trust,
More pure, more perfect, rising from the dust,
Those mild affections, whose consoling light
Sheds the soft moonbeam on terrestrial night,
Sublimed, ennobled, shall for ever glow,
Exulting rapture—not assuaging woe !

THE END.





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